

PHOTOPLAY

25¢

MARCH



SONJA HENIE

ring—FORBIDDEN GREAT LOVES OF HOLLYWOOD By Adela Rogers St. Johns
PPY HELLION—The Daring Life Story of Don Ameche By HOWARD SHARPE

VITALITY

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PRESENT

Footwear
forecasts
for
Spring



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Vitality shoes give color to the spring costume picture. Foretelling the trend toward moulded lines—high-front emphasis and coordinated contrast, these shoes gain added interest in their adroit handling of fabrics and leathers—clothing your foot in colorful charm and imparting the grace of perfect posture.

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VITALITY

cut p21-22



ONCE IT WAS *Empty* —now it's full!

If there was hope for Harriet, there must be hope for you

et look into Harriet's life a moment. She came
te city and a fair position from a small up-state
w. No beauty, she was nevertheless intelligent,
ilof vivacity, and above the run-of-the-mill in
tiveness. What happened to her?

Te girls at the office were cordial enough at
st. Later, their attitude changed. They seldom
kd her to lunch, so she usually lunched alone.

"Just a bunch of cats," THOUGHT HARRIET

en usually found her interesting, yet seldom invited her
t. Most of her evenings were spent at home by the radio
a he movies—alone.

**"Wish some man were
here beside me," SHE SAID**



ei others of her own age enjoying themselves, she was
a s to understand why her own life was so empty, so flat.

Finally, it began to get her. She wanted friends . . . attention
. . . later, a husband and children. Yet she was haunted by
a vision of herself as an old maid, friendless and lonely.

**"Am I going to be one of these?"
SHE ASKED HERSELF**



Then one day her bored eyes came
across an advertisement dealing with halitosis (bad breath)
and the success of Listerine in arresting it. She could not get
the advertisement out of her mind; it haunted her.

"Maybe that's my trouble," SHE SAID

Fortunately, she had hit upon the exact truth—which no one
else had dared to tell her. Now she sensed a reason for the
coolness with which others treated her. She made up her mind
to begin using Listerine Antiseptic.

"I'll see what happens," SHE MUSED



Well, things did happen. She began to go out more . . . faced

the world with new assurance . . . made new friends. And
men looked at her with new interest and began to ask:

"MAY I CALL YOU UP?"

In less than a year, the empty little engagement book her
father had given her began to bulge with "dates." Life
began to be the romantic, exciting thing she had hoped it
would be. Each day was a new adventure.

A HINT FOR YOU . . . AND YOU . . . AND YOU

Don't assume that you never have halitosis
(bad breath). Everyone offends at some time
or other. The delightful way to make the
breath sweeter and purer is to rinse the mouth with
Listerine Antiseptic especially before business and social
engagements. Listerine quickly halts food fermentation, a
major cause of odors, then overcomes the odors themselves.
Nothing but Listerine can give your mouth that priceless feel-
ing of freshness. Ask for Listerine and see that you get it.



LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

Two-fisted American college student goes to Oxford! Oh, boy, here's a drama that packs a wallop every minute of the way!



Robert Taylor

in

A YANK AT OXFORD

with LIONEL BARRYMORE

Maureen O'Sullivan • Vivien Leigh

Edmund Gwenn • Griffith Jones • From an Original Story by John Monk Saunders

Directed by JACK CONWAY • Produced by MICHAEL BALCON

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



PHOTOPLAY



ERNEST V. HEYN
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BOOS AND Bouquets

PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best letters received each month: \$25 first prize, \$10 second, \$5 third, and \$1 for every other letter published. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Letters submitted to this magazine should not be submitted to any other publication. Address: Boos & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

"Tall, dark and handsome"—that's how Mae likes her men. But in "Every Day's a Holiday" La West herself goes brunette

FIRST PRIZE \$25.00

THE WINNER!

I AM a Wyoming cowpuncher who peruses every page of PHOTOPLAY each month with a palpitating pulse!

When I seen the December number on a magazine rack in a drugstore I took one good look at the cover and would have let out a terrific whoop only I was afraid of frightening a couple of shy looking women who were drinking chocolate ice cream sodas. I have done plenty of daydreaming while riding the range but none of my imagernary young ladies ever looked so gosh darn superfluously pretty as Loretta Young does look on that there December cover.

When I got back to the ranch I had to tear the cover off to perpect Miss Loretta from the greasy fingers of my bunkhouse pals. Then I carved out a frame and salvaged enough glass from a broken window and then framed her. Now one wall of the bunkhouse looks mighty pretty with Lovely Loretta a gracing its middle. I would bet a bottle of whiskey that if Miss Loretta's picture could just talk for a spell she would blush and say:

"I wish you cowboys would not stare at me so much because it embarrasses me."

I am much more than pleased on account of PHOTOPLAY's getting wider and longer because now it will not take so long to paper the big bunkhouse with PHOTOPLAY's pretty picture covers.

Yours truly,
"TEX" BRUNTON,
Casper, Wyoming.

SECOND PRIZE \$10.00

A CASHIER'S COMMENT

Through the medium of a tiny keyboard I have my fingers on the very pulse of the amusement world. I'm cashier in a movie theater, have been for six years, so I know the public's taste pretty well. I'm one of the persons they tell their likes and dislikes to; consequently, I'm one of the first to know just how well a picture is received, who the coming stars are, and, saddest of all, who the falling ones are.

In the past month I've picked up a few interesting things. According to the movie public:

George Murphy is practically as good as Fred Astaire. Judy Garland is as enticing as any Glamour Girl and twice as lovable. Her fan letter to Clark Gable in "Broadway Melody" really got the raves.

Sonja Henie is better than ever in "Thin Ice."

Paul Muni in "The Life of Emile Zola" is declared the finest actor on the screen; incidentally, in that picture I could really feel the audience liking it. That's the first time I ever actually felt the audience reaction.

Ronald Colman is sincerely liked by everyone. "The Prisoner of Zenda" made a hit with men as well as women, which only goes to prove men are romantic creatures, too. Madeleine Carroll, so the men tell me, is a honey.

George Raft is coming into his own at last for his splendid work in "Souls at Sea."

Robert Taylor is liked, but people are tired

of the Stanwyck-Taylor "just pals" attitude the press agents spread around. Give Taylor a good picture and let him put his teeth in his part and he'll come along.

Clark Gable can hold his own on our screen any time; he's the kind of a star that delights a cashier, one who really pulls in a crowd, and I mean every time. So I'll take Clark Gable.

MISS ELEANOR RUBLE,
Columbus, Ohio.

THIRD PRIZE \$5.00

THE AWFUL TRUTH

An open letter to Asta!

Asta, you are slipping. Not in your cute bright ways and not in the look in your tender wise eyes, but, Pooch, that figure!

Your close-ups are still the tops but when in your last picture, "The Awful Truth," you hid your face in your paws the side view was appalling.

You or your master had better send an SOS for Sylvia—or take this bit of free advice. Not so many dog biscuits, and try rolling many times a day. That would be right up your alley. You can laugh, literally, when you do and think of how many female two-hundred pounders are doing this daily to get a Hollywood figure.

You costarred with two of the finest comedians on the screen and, in ending, may I add that never have I spent a more delightful evening as when I witnessed "The Awful Truth." For good clean laughs I recommend it to the Tired Old World. Where can one

(Continued on page 84)



Saving pennies



is Dorothy Lamour's pet hobby—that's just one reason she likes LUX

SAVING PENNIES has always been one of this young star's pet hobbies—and she still thinks it's fun. But once saving pennies was a grim necessity.

"I couldn't always afford lots of stockings and undies," she says, "so I took the best possible care of them. I washed them in Lux every night so they would last longer. It saved me a lot!"

Of course, pennies don't worry her now, but she still insists on having her washables cared for the same way—with Lux. "I get so fond of my things,

I can't bear to see them wear out," she explains.

Every girl can share Miss Lamour's simple secret. Smart washables will wear *longer* with Lux care. Lux has no harmful alkali to fade colors. And with Lux there's no cake-soap rubbing to injure fibers. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

AT PARAMOUNT STUDIOS, Lux is specified for washing everything safe in water alone. "It not only saves on cleaning, but cuts down our replacement costs," says Frank Richardson, wardrobe director.

Off the set, Dorothy Lamour adores soft sweaters, freshly Luxed. You'll be seeing her in important Paramount pictures—don't miss "Her Jungle Love."

"Dottie" is also heard on a nationwide radio program each week. In her leisure (?) time this Paramount star likes to relax—in attractive Luxables.



"Lux has always saved me a lot on stockings," says Miss Lamour. "I hardly ever get runs!" Lux saves the elasticity of silk. Then it can stand sudden strains better—isn't so apt to run.

Specified in leading Hollywood Studios





Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and
Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

1938: Alice Faye, Joan Davis, Marjorie Weaver,
three lasses sprinkled with stardust, in "Sally,
Irene and Mary," the film that, way back in . . .

1925 . . . brought sudden star glory to these then
newly rising on the screen—Constance Bennett
Sally, Joan Crawford as Irene, Sally O'Neil as Mary.

Brief Reviews

PICTURES REVIEWED IN
SHADOW STAGE
THIS ISSUE

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★ ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN—20th Century-Fox

A pointed satire on the present administration, this is a rollicking well-staged, and very funny piece if you have a sense of humor. Falling asleep, Eddie Cantor dreams of ancient Bagdad, which is in dreadful shape. He suggests to Sultan Roland Young a few New Dealish measures which might be taken. Thereupon the film becomes a frantic and magnificently impossible hash. You'll like Tony Martin, Raymond Scott's band, June Lang and all the songs. (Jan.)

ATLANTIC FLIGHT—Monogram

Outside of the fact that this allows Young America a good look at Captain Dick Merrill, famed crack pilot, this dull story has little to offer. Paula Stone is giddily inept as the heiress-aviatrix who uses Dick's ability to save the life of Weldon Heyburn. Captain Merrill himself does a swell job. (Dec.)

★ AWFUL TRUTH, THE—Columbia

The happy combination of Irene Dunne and Cary Grant, plus a delightfully gay and romantic story, make this one of the best pictures this year. Married, very much in love, but stubborn, they find divorce rearing its ugly head, but finally solve their domestic relations in a merry, mad and very modern way. Irene and Grant are delicious, Ralph Bellamy and the supporting cast equally splendid. A command performance. (Dec.)

★ BARRIER, THE—Paramount

Rex Beach's story of men who went to Alaska during the gold rush to escape sins committed in the States, and of the romances which flourished in the wilderness, retains considerable interest in this latest screening. Jean Parker is the supposed half-breed who marries army lieutenant James Ellison. Leo Carrillo steals the show as Polleon, the trapper. (Jan.)

BEG, BORROW OR STEAL—M-G-M

A merry mix-up with Frank Morgan as the lovable scamp who lives by his wits. He invites daughter Florence Rice to be married in his French château, then discovers that he can't use buttons for money to pay the rent. John Beal steps in to take charge of both daughter and papa. George Givot, Herman Bing and Erik Rhodes aid in the hilarity. (Feb.)

BIG TOWN GIRL—20th Century-Fox

A happy tale of an overzealous press agent, Alan Dinehart, who makes a great radio star out of Claire Trevor, a small-town plugger. Donald Woods, as Claire's beau, turns in a gratifying performance, as do Miss Trevor and Dinehart. A cosy little picture you'll like. (Feb.)

BLOSSOMS ON BROADWAY—Paramount

There will be no bouquets for "Blossoms." The plot was nipped in the bud. Edward Arnold is a likeable rogue who keeps within the law only to find the heiress he was promoting is a phony, too. Weber and Fields are well presented; Shirley Ross sings well; Bill Frawley gets all the laughs. (Feb.)

BORROWING TROUBLE—20th Century-Fox

The familiar Jones family's homely tribulations this time involve the adoption of a wayward boy who is promptly suspected of robbing the Jones drugstore. This is like sugar-candy hearts with mottoes on them. (Jan.)

BOY OF THE STREETS—Monogram

Parents will approve the moral lesson in this little tidbit, and children will love the exciting action provided entirely by youngsters. Maureen O'Connor (a newcomer) sings nicely; Jackie Cooper is splendid; and Guy Usher and Marjorie Main turn in fine performances as the parents. (Feb.)

★ BREAKFAST FOR TWO—RKO-Radio

Barbara Stanwyck, leaving her tears behind her, emerges as a smartly dressed, gay and dominant Texan who works wonders with playboy Herbert Marshall's life, home and Wall Street business. Eric Blore plays assistant to Cupid, Donald Meek is a justice of the peace, and Glenda Farrell is a gold-digging show girl. You'll like it. (Dec.)

BRIDE FOR HENRY, A—Monogram

A lively comedy with a novel triangle idea, this has Anne Nagel marrying Warren Hull to spite Henry Mollison who forgot to show up at the altar. Then Mollison joins Anne and Warren on their honeymoon. It's light and frothy. (Dec.)

BRIDE WORE RED, THE—M-G-M

In a Viennese version of the Cinderella tale, Joan Crawford impersonates a cabaret girl chosen by an impish count to pose as a lady at a fashionable hotel. Here she comes upon a passionate postman, Franchot Tone, and a dizzy playboy, Robert Young. Miss Crawford is both gracious and compelling, but the weary plot defeats all. (Dec.)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S REVENGE—Paramount

John Howard, Scotland Yard detective who always gets his man, here finds himself tangled with international crooks who steal a box of high explosives—of all things. John Barrymore's banter lifts the gloom. Louise Campbell is again Howard's sweetheart. (Jan.)

CHARLIE CHAN AT MONTE CARLO—20th Century-Fox

The smoothness of Warner Oland as Charlie, the laughable blunders of son Keye Luke, and the tip-top comedy of Harold Huber contribute to make this tale of high finance and murder a "best" Chan story. Virginia Field and Kay Linaker are the maids of mystery. (Jan.)

★ CONQUEST—M-G-M

History, pageantry and romance brought to unparalleled heights of beauty by the peerless acting of Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer in one of the loveliest of love stories—that of Napoleon and Marie Walewska, the patriotic Polish countess who bore him a son. The production, photography and direction are of the finest, the huge cast including Dame May Whitty, Henry Stephenson, Reginald Owen and Maria Ouspenskaya is exceptionally brilliant. It cost \$3,000,000 and it's worth it. (Jan.)

★ DAMSEL IN DISTRESS, A—RKO-Radio

Aided by those zanies, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Fred Astaire overcomes a top-heavy plot about a titled heiress (Joan Fontaine) who falls for a London dancer, and turns on his finest rhythmic gymnastics to enchant you. George Gershwin's last score enlivens the entire piece. (Feb.)

DANGER—LOVE AT WORK—20th Century-Fox

In this outlandish story, the mad, modern type of comedy so popular at the moment comes a cropper. Jack Haley is a lawyer who tries to get a deed signed by a screwball family. Mary Boland is good, Edward Everett Horton and Ann Sothern worthy of mention. There is little excuse for the action. (Jan.)

DANGEROUSLY YOURS—20th Century-Fox

Among the current rash of jewel-thief pix this had better be ignored. A huge diamond is stolen, and Cesar Romero, the most obvious suspect, finds romance with Phyllis Brooks. Jane Darwell moves ponderously throughout, and Alan Dinehart is a heavy heavy. (Dec.)

★ DOUBLE WEDDING—M-G-M

The famous Myrna Loy-Bill Powell combination in a stew of romance and boisterous comedy. Bill plays a roustabout adventurer living in a trailer. When he lights out for Hollywood with Florence Rice and John Beal in tow, the staid Miss Loy upsets the applecart. Better go, but don't expect perfection. (Dec.)

DR. SYN—GB

George Arliss here plays the rôle of a parson by day, a pirate by night. When the revenue officers interrupt his peaceful smuggling, murder enlivens the proceedings. Margaret Lockwood and John Loder bill and coo. The supporting cast is splendid. (Jan.)

★ EBB TIDE—Paramount

Robert Louis Stevenson's powerful adventure story of human derelicts in the South Seas is filmed in Technicolor with masterly direction and a notably fine cast including Britain's Oscar Homolka (he played Paul Kruger in "Rhodes, The Diamond Master"), Ray Milland, Frances Farmer, Barry Fitzgerald and Lloyd Nolan. Story, production and acting are outstanding. You can't afford to miss this. (Dec.)

(Continued on page 98)

"THE KID COMES BACK"



Speeding to stardom faster than any other screen hero in years! Here's the daring, dashing new thrill in boy friends, with the devil in his eyes, a wallop in his mitt and heaven in his arms! Winning millions of hearts in every role he plays! See him now—more exciting than ever—in the tingling romance of a fightin' fool who knew how to love!

Shooting another love punch straight to your heart in "The Kid Comes Back"!



The laughing, larruping hero of "Kid Galahad"!

The heart-breaking, chin-busting gob of "Submarine D-1"!



with
WAYNE MORRIS

A WARNER BROS.
PICTURE

PHOTOPLAY'S

OWN *Beauty Shop*

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.

*As simple as ABC is that vague and
mysterious art of corrective make-up
when explained by movie experts*

HOW TO HAVE A NEW FACE—If you've been looking at yourself mournfully in the mirror and wishing to heaven there were something you could do to disguise the fact that your nose is too long, or your cheekbones too low, you can perk up and take heart because there is something you can do about it. Of course, it isn't any too easy, and it takes a lot of time, but it's worth all the trouble if you really want to look alluring.

You've undoubtedly been hearing a lot about "corrective" make-up and about the vague and mysterious art of "shading" to minimize your defects and emphasize your good points. Robert Stephanoff is the make-up expert at Samuel Goldwyn Studios—he's the man who makes Sigrid Gurie so completely lovely in "The Adventures of Marco Polo." He says any woman can look attractive if she blends carefully dark and light make-up to highlight her good points and cover up the bad ones.

You see, the whole idea is that the eye is caught by light and skips over darkness. The whole process is based on an optical illusion. It works on the same theory that a woman dressed in black will look thinner than one dressed in white.

So, you start with a good oily or cream foundation, because it's easier to blend for a shaded effect than a liquid or a powder foundation. This foundation must be the usual color you use (the same shade as your skin) and your powder must be the same color as the foundation.

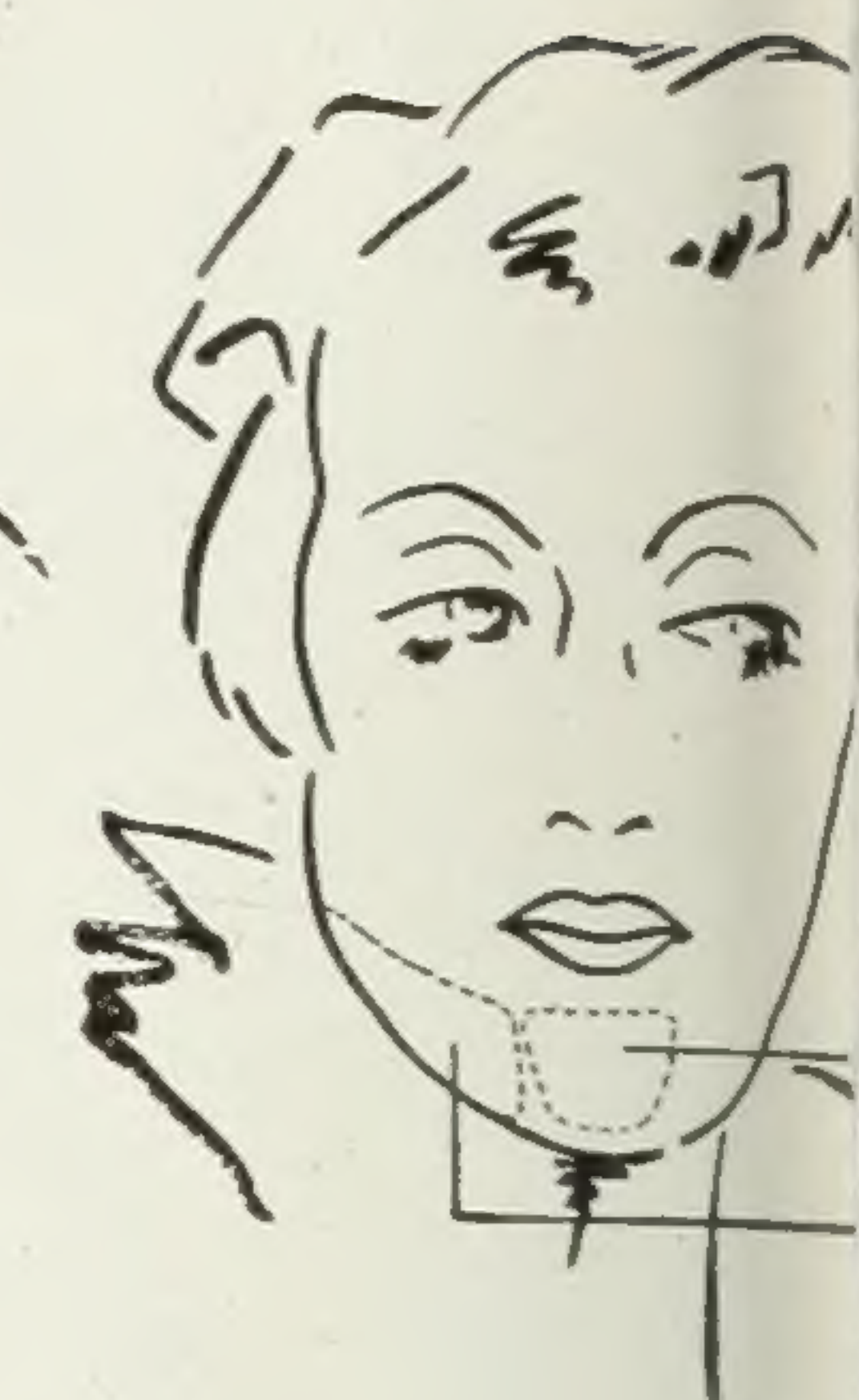
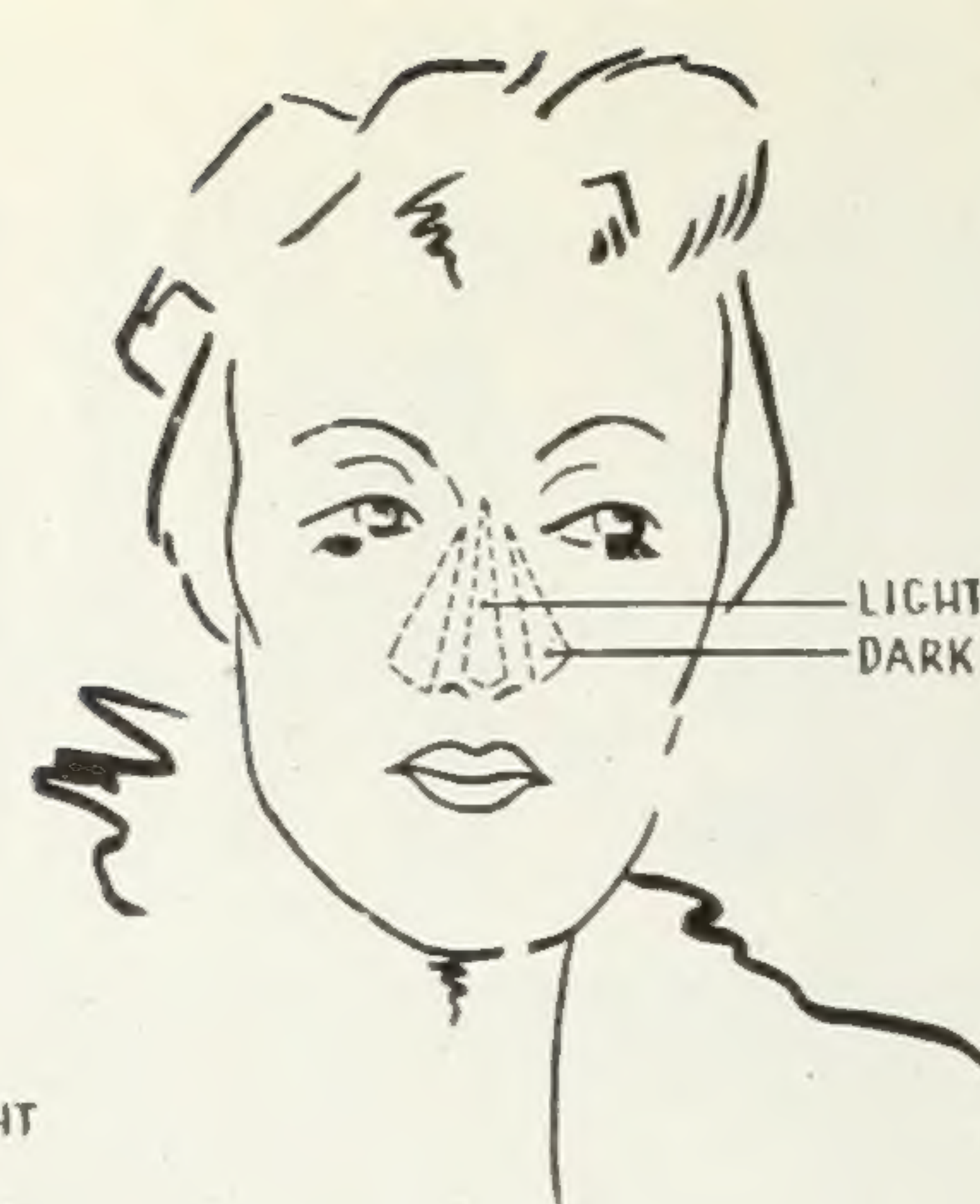
First, you apply the foundation evenly all over your face. Then, if your nose is too prominent, you take a foundation cream that is four shades darker than the one you have

on your face—made by the same manufacturer, of course, so it will be of equal consistency—and blend it down the top of your nose, leaving the sides of your nose and the rest of your face covered with your usual shade of foundation. This will make your nose seem less large, because the darker make-up makes it sink back. If there is no sharp line of separation between the dark and light foundation the effect won't be obvious.

That's where the trick lies and why it requires so much care—the cream must be so carefully blended that you don't see a dark streak—you don't see anything at all, as a matter of fact, except a very much more attractive person.

AFTER you've blended the foundations so the edges melt into each other, you pat your usual shade of powder on very carefully, so that you don't streak the foundation, and then go over it lightly with a powder brush.

If your nose is flat and too broad, you do just exactly the opposite from what you do when it's too prominent. You darken along the sides of your nose, and on the top you apply a streak of the foundation that is four shades lighter than the foundation that's on the rest of your face. This brings out the top of your nose and makes the sides sink



Would you like exotic high cheekbones? A narrow jaw? A smaller nose? Or perhaps larger eyes? The text and these diagrams will aid you



"Shading" gave Sigrid Gurie this intriguing long-eyed effect

back, so your nose looks much narrower. You're working with three shades of foundation now: the color that matches your skin, a shade four shades darker than that, and one that's four shades lighter—so you can see what extreme care you have to take not to look like a striped Indian. It's a lot of fun, though, practicing until you get it just right.

If you'd like to shorten your nose, Mr. Stephanoff tells you to put the darker foundation on the tip and just under it, and then blend it out carefully.

If you get to be very expert at this sort of make-up, you can even straighten a crooked nose. Put the darker foundation on the outside of the crook, and if you highlight the inside of the crook with the lighter foundation, your nose will look practically straight.

If you've been wondering how Dietrich gets that lovely exotic high-cheekboned look, here's how it's done. You highlight your cheekbones with the lighter foundation and then shadow underneath them with the darker foundation. Put the dark foundation on in a triangle and your cheekbones will look positively Oriental. The diagrams on this page show you just exactly how it's done. Study them carefully.

If you're using rouge and you want to get the same high-cheekboned effect, use a lighter rouge across the top of your cheeks and a darker rouge underneath. But be sure they're both blended together and seem to darken gradually underneath.

If you have hollow cheeks that you want to fill out, you bring out the hollows by using the lighter foundation on them.

WHEN Mr. Stephanoff is making up a girl with a narrow jaw, he simply puts the lighter foundation on the sides of her jaw and uses a darker make-up on her chin, to make her jaw look fuller and more curved. If you have a square jaw and want to make it look narrower, you do just the opposite.

(Continued on page 92)

CHOOSE THE BEST PICTURE OF



1937

OUTSTANDING PICTURES OF 1937

Calling all votes! Calling all votes! Here is your last chance
select the winner of PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal!

HAVE you cast your vote yet for the Best Picture of 1937? If your ballot isn't in, send it at once, or you're going to miss the band wagon! The votes are pouring in like an avalanche. There are several films running neck and neck in the race to win PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal. Your vote may swing the balance in favor of your pet picture! Mail it today. The polls close positively on March first.

Moving pictures are admittedly this generation's most popular hobby. They are something within the reach of almost every pocketbook. Each year pictures grow bigger and better. Those overworked words "colossal" and "stupendous" really do apply honestly to many of the year 1937's pictures. It is fitting that some honor should go to the picture which, in the minds of our hundreds of thousands of readers, has given them the most pleasure during the past year.

If you will glance at the list of previous winners of this award, you will see why we are so enthusiastically willing to allow you to be the judge in this momentous decision. We know you will choose a picture worthy to be added to PHOTOPLAY'S Honor Roll of Gold Medalists of which we are so proud.

A year is a long time—you perhaps cannot remember each and every picture you went to see. To jog your memory, we list here outstanding pictures of 1937. Space does not permit us to list every fine picture, and we wish to repeat what we said last month—any picture produced during 1937 may be voted upon. Vote for your favorite! (Note: Due to the fact that "The Adventures of Marco Polo" was not generally released during 1937 as planned, we herewith disqualify this picture from the voting. We ask anyone who voted for this picture to send in another vote for a different picture.)

Fill out the ballot at the right, or just write your choice for the Best Picture of 1937 on a piece of paper and send it to the Gold Medal Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. It is as simple as that! No rules or regulations. Just vote. Remember, after March first it will be too late.

PREVIOUS GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

- 1920
"HUMORESQUE"
- 1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
- 1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
- 1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
- 1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
- 1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
- 1926
"BEAU GESTE"
- 1927
"7TH HEAVEN"
- 1928
"FOUR SONS"
- 1929
"DISRAELI"
- 1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
- 1931
"CIMARRON"
- 1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"
- 1933
"LITTLE WOMEN"
- 1934
"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET"
- 1935
"NAUGHTY MARIETTA"
- 1936
"SAN FRANCISCO"

- | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Ali Baba Goes to Town | Love Is News |
| Angel | Make Way for Tomorrow |
| Awful Truth, The | Marked Woman |
| Barrier, The | Maytime |
| Black Legion | Merry-Go-Round of 1938 |
| Blossoms on Broadway | Night Must Fall |
| Call It a Day | Nothing Sacred |
| Camille | One In A Million |
| Captains Courageous | 100 Men and a Girl |
| Conquest | Parnell |
| Damsel in Distress | Perfect Specimen |
| Day at the Races, A | Plough and the Stars, The |
| Dead End | Prince and the Pauper, The |
| Easy Living | Prisoner of Zenda |
| Ebb Tide | Quality Street |
| Firefly, The | Road Back, The |
| Fire Over England | Rosalie |
| Good Earth, The | Second Honeymoon |
| Head Over Heels in Love | Stella Dallas |
| Heidi | Stage Door |
| High, Wide and Handsome | Star is Born, A |
| History Is Made at Night | Souls at Sea |
| Hurricane, The | Shall We Dance |
| I Met Him in Paris | Stand-In |
| I'll Take Romance | Swing High, Swing Low |
| It's Love I'm After | They Won't Forget |
| Kid Galahad | Topper |
| King and the Chorus Girl, The | Tovarich |
| Knight Without Armor | Three Smart Girls |
| Last Gangster, The | Victoria the Great |
| Last of Mrs. Cheyney, The | Vogues of 1938 |
| Life of Emile Zola | Wake Up And Live |
| Lost Horizon | Wee Willie Winkie |
| | Wife, Doctor And Nurse |
| | Woman Chases Man |

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

GOLD MEDAL EDITOR,
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

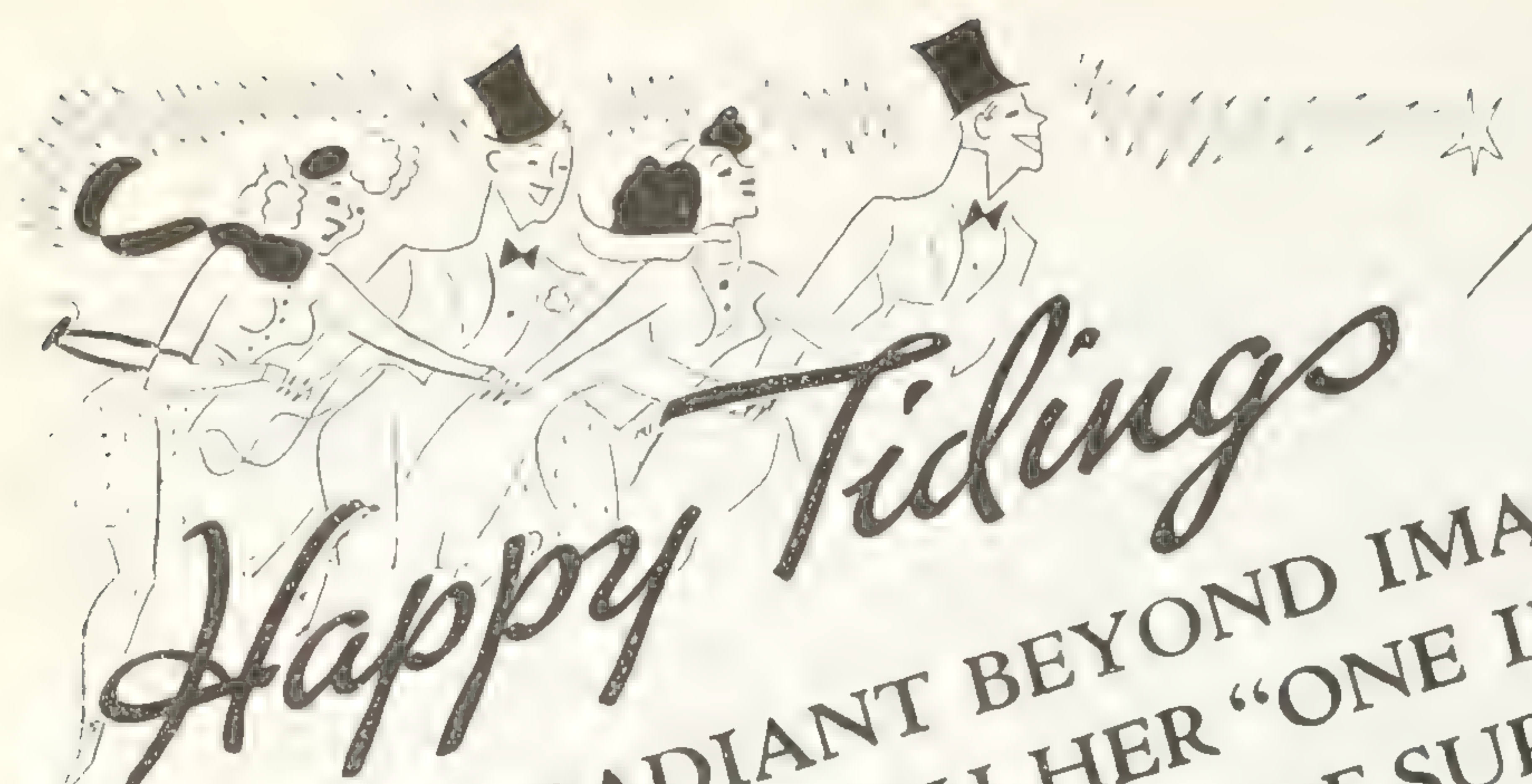
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NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the
best motion picture production released in 1937

NAME OF PICTURE _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



Happy Tidings

A SONJA RADIANT BEYOND IMAGINING...RE-UNITED.
IN ROMANCE WITH HER "ONE IN A MILLION" SWEET-
HEART...IN A MUSICAL OF SUPERLATIVE SPLENDOR!



SONJA HENIE



DON AMECHE

A show aglow with joy-laden
wonder...winging from gay
Norseland festivals to New
York's wintertime spectacles!
And Sonja breathlessly in love
...breath-taking on the ice...
the radiant queen of a world
of dreams come true!



HAPPY LANDING

with
JEAN HERSHOLT
ETHEL MERMAN
CESAR ROMERO

BILLY GILBERT
RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET
WALLY VERNON • LEAH RAY

Directed by Roy Del Ruth
Associate Producer David Hempstead
Original Screen Play by Milton Sperling
and Boris Ingster

SONGS! SONGS! SONGS!

"Hot and Happy", "A Gypsy Told Me"
"You Are The Music To The Words In
My Heart", "Yonny And His Oompah"
by Sam Pokrass and Jack Yellen

It comes to you, of course, from DARRYL F. ZANUCK and his 20th Century-Fox hit creators!



CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

SPENCER TRACY took an editorial idea right smack away from me . . . though he didn't know it . . . for I had intended to write about the need for Hollywood stars to look outside themselves . . . to try to better the world through some other medium in addition to their gift of amusement . . . and then as you can see if you will turn to page 30 this issue . . . Spence came along and expressed exactly the same idea in much more dramatic form than I can. . . .

The thought hit me recently one evening when I sat talking with one of the world's most famous stars . . . a charming person of great talent . . . he was going through heartbreak . . . death had touched him recently and also the threat of ill health . . . he felt completely hopeless that evening . . . beyond help . . . his work meant something to him . . . his fame pleased him . . . yet his life in the future seemed valueless, of no account. . . .

I left the star feeling very sad for him . . . for his grief was sincere . . . and all night

long, because he is my friend, I kept puzzling as to the cure for his melancholia . . . by morning I recalled the oldest rule in the world . . . help others. . . .

It seemed too routine to say that . . . but it started me thinking about what Hollywood and its famous people could do if they lent the glamour of their names to the important causes being fought for in this troubled world of today . . . think what it would mean if Hollywood male stars would back the Big Brother movement . . . that drive to help underprivileged boys to become good citizens . . . conceive what it could mean if the girl stars would back the drives against child labor . . . or men and women unite behind a man like J. Edgar Hoover in his noble campaign for crime prevention. . . .

I do not mean writing checks . . . after a point, when you are in the thousands-a-week class, earning money and spending it mean little . . . but to lend their moral support . . . to speak occasionally on these subjects . . . to really enter into them. . . .

Hollywood stars could be the greatest moral force in the world . . . the average person is so lonely and so brave . . . by the very color of their personalities the stars, plus their good works, could change society . . . for they have the gift of persuasion and the lure of charm . . . they could be the greatest preachers for good the world has ever known . . . and they could save their own souls . . . or if they are afraid of that word . . . at least their own happiness . . . in the process. . . .

PURELY Personal Reactions . . . with everybody picking lists of things right and wrong with the cinema I might as well stick my neck out . . . I nominate for the Academy awards of 1938 Garbo for her performance in "Camille" and Boyer for his Napoleon in "Conquest" . . . I expect a howl from the Muni fans who will point out to me the greatness of his performance in "Emile Zola" . . . but I'll beat them to that . . . I concede the Muni greatness in "Zola" . . . I



She has changed so little—the Garbo (left) of Dumas' famous "Camille" and the Garbo above. Yet ten long years have elapsed between the taking of these two pictures; and Hollywood still neglects its duty to the great Greta

think it is the second finest male performance of 1937 but never, to my mind, in the class with Boyer's "Napoleon" . . . it just so happens that for several months I lived next door to Boyer though I never got to know him . . . but my garden overlooked his and I could see him prowling about or driving off to the studio daily . . . so that after a bit I got to know his gestures and the tones of his voice as well as you know those of an old friend . . . but that man in "Conquest" I had never seen before . . . that man was one of the Titans of the world . . . so deeply did Boyer identify himself with the character of one of life's dictators that you understood his every mood and thought . . . to me that is the test of great acting . . . that ability to make you forget the personality of the actor and realize only the soul of the character portrayed. . . .

With a bow to his magnificent technique I never have felt that with Muni . . . to me he is always Muni first . . . the thoughtful . . . the conscientious . . . the artistic . . . but still Muni as Pasteur . . . Muni as Wang . . . Muni as Zola . . . for my money Boyer was Napoleon. . . .

Now Garbo like Muni is always Garbo as some one . . . Garbo as Mata Hari . . . Garbo as Anna Christie . . . Garbo as Camille . . . yet she brings one gift unique to her to every characterization . . . that is a spiritual essence . . . no other actress can project into love as she does . . . all her greatest rôles have been portraits of women in love and . . . while in every one of them she has been the great Garbo . . . each of those portraits of a woman's reaction to love has been different. . . .

On the preceding page you will see her as she was ten years ago and as she was at the beginning of last year as "Camille" and you will note how remarkably little she changed . . . yet at the time of the first portrait she was playing her passionate love drama both on and off screen with John Gilbert . . . as different a characterization as can be conceived from the silly little Camille who lived like a fool until a love so great came to her that she was glad to die of it. . . .

I am aware that today in the purely commercial sense Garbo is no longer "big box-office" at least in America . . . yet I do feel that the Academy owes not only her but the profession of screen acting the highest honor it can bestow to her whom for some strange reason it has so long neglected . . . fine as they are there surely is no comparison between the work of Bette Davis and Luise Rainer, to name the two most recent recipients of the Academy honor, and the work that Garbo has contributed to this industry . . . long before movie acting generally was regarded as anything save good craftsmanship she entered and raised it to the plane of art . . . the Academy has a duty to her to reward her before possibly it is too late. . . .

VERY highbrow note: I cannot understand why the important music critics of this country do not review pictures to comment upon their important creation of modern music . . . witnessing C. B. DeMille's stirring adventure film of "The Buccaneer" I was very aware of how subtly the score of that production was contributing to the desired

moods of the scenes . . . later, I learned it has been composed by George Antheil, one of the most provocative of living composers . . . in my own simple way I figure the music critics would give more to their public if they at least occasionally wrote about vital music like this rather than plugging along in the conventional path wearily commenting for the thousandth time on somebody's performance of "Aida". . . .

GRADUALLY, peace is settling over Hollywood . . . of the important stand-outs Jimmy Cagney is going back to Warners' after nearly two and a half years' absence and Frank Capra has already returned to Columbia . . . only Jean Arthur remains on strike . . . or had you forgotten her? . . . it wouldn't be surprising if you had . . . since despite her gay performances not a word about Jean has appeared in print since she walked out on Columbia . . . I don't know who is right or who is wrong in that contract quarrel . . . but I miss Jean . . . I feel it is too bad that she refuses to see the press and explain her actions . . . I have never yet seen a star defy the press and remain supreme . . . Garbo, of course, is the conspicuous example of the star who grants only the scantest interviews . . . yet she actually co-operates with the press by letting sufficient information about herself get out . . . by always posing formally for sufficient photographs . . . also she has the virtue of having originated the "no interview" attitude . . . the girls who have copied her in this have flopped at it . . . Dietrich tried it . . . and she's no longer under contract . . . Ann Harding tried it . . . and she's not being cast in pictures any more . . . Jean Arthur is trying it now . . . and look where she is . . . we hope this is how the story

ends . . . she'll come back and let us all be friends. . . .

HAVE you heard the good news about Tyrone Power's being cast as "Ferson" the young lover, to Shearer's Marie Antoinette . . . it seems perfect casting to me . . . for the actor in that rôle has to be very young yet utterly persuasive . . . enough of a woman to lose her head and her crown . . . I'm always baffled as to why Tyrone is such a baby on the screen . . . in reality he is an extremely mature young man though his years are only twenty-five . . . strangely the opposite is true of Robert Taylor . . . actually he seems very young yet on the screen most secure and worldly . . . "Ferson" however it will be utterly right to have Ty seem at once so young and so charming. . . .

If it ever gets set that Gable will really play Rhett Butler he says that he will make himself up just like the drawing of him that was run in the October Photoplay . . . nice compliment that . . . Scarlett O'Hara is still nowhere to be found . . . ever . . . when I read that story that they might sign up one of the White House raids as "Mammy" I realized there was still hope . . . with that magnificent publicity sense they've got at Selznick's they'll probably settle on the Duchess of Windsor . . . the finished version might not be exactly what we'd like to expect of "Gone With the Wind" but think what a box-office setup that could make . . . "Clark Gable Loves the Duchess of Windsor" . . . man alive would that be something . . . I hereby offer this great idea absolutely free to David Selznick . . . I mean I will if he guarantees me the first interview with Clark after his first day's work with the Duchess. . . .



Ruth Waterbury, by Lazlo Willinger

gallant with the ladies...beloved by
ry belle in all of New Orleans...feared
hose rats of the Seven Seas...his bold,
buccaneers...Jean Lafitte...the gayest
who ever sailed beneath the Skull and
ss-bones lives again in the grandest
orical romance ever to swing across
screen...Cecil B. DeMille's
ning adventure-epic...
"THE BUCCANEER." In
thrilling role of
dashing gentleman

pirate, who took time out from his pirateering
and his romancing to help Andrew Jackson win
the Battle of New Orleans and save America
from the British...Fredric March reaches new
heights of screen adventure. As the little Dutch
girl whose love forced the dashing pirate
to strike his flag...Franciska Gaal,
beautiful new Paramount star dis-
covery, makes a fitting team-
mate for that gentleman
pirate Capt. Jean Lafitte.

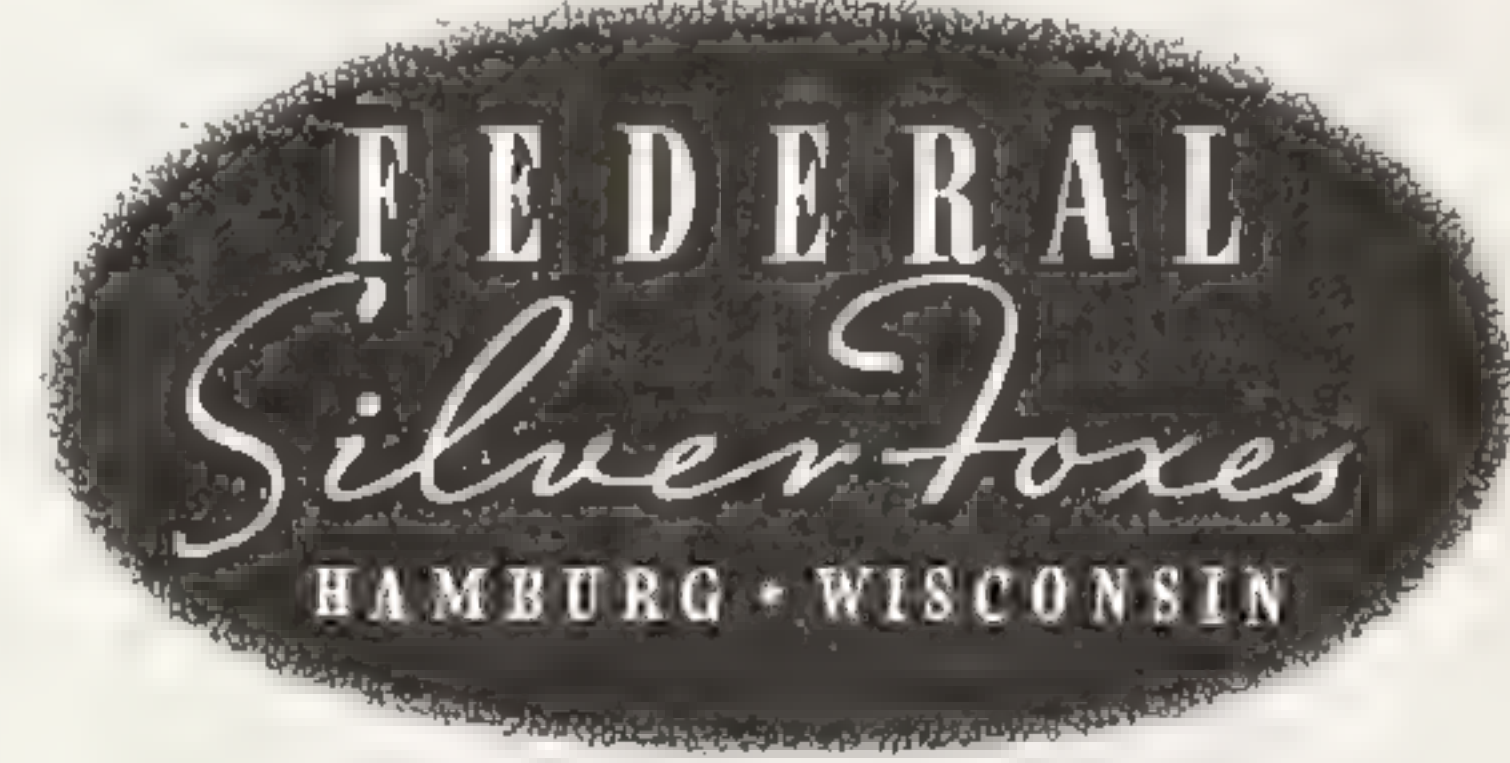
Adolph Zukor presents
a **Cecil B. DeMille**
PRODUCTION
FREDRIC MARCH
"THE BUCCANEER"

with **Franciska Gaal**
Akim Tamiroff • Margot Grahame
Walter Brennan
Ian Keith • Anthony Quinn
Douglass Dumbrille • Beulah Bondi
Robert Barrat • Hugh Sothern
Louise Campbell • Evelyn Keyes
Directed by Cecil B. DeMille

Screen Play by Edwin Justus Mayer, Harold Lamb
and C. Gardner Sullivan • Based on an Adap-
tation by Jeanie Macpherson of "Lafitte the
Pirate" by Lyle Saxon • A Paramount Picture



Prophecy of Spring, 1938—the suit with revers of soft, silky FEDERAL Silver Fox. Designers love this fur for its immense chic; you'll adore it for its soft flattery and youthful loveliness. All FEDERAL Foxes are abundantly silvered on a pure black background . . . the skins are large, light and supple . . . theirs is a more *lasting* beauty. Look for the FEDERAL name, sealed in an ear and stamped on the leather side. FEDERAL Silver Foxes are sold by stores from coast to coast.



Happy Hellion—

THE DARING LIFE STORY OF DON AMECHE

A daredevil is a sissy compared to

Don, whose antics—plus his acting—

have established a home-town legend



Ordinarily, a man's life is dull at the age of one, but ingenious Dom Felix found ways and means, even then, of remedying that

BY HOWARD SHARPE

IF you are in your late twenties and spent any part of your childhood in Kenosha, Wisconsin, you can say, "I knew him when." For of course you knew Dominic Felix Ameche. Everybody did.

He was, and is, a legend in that town.

If your father's store window was ever broken, and you got punished for the crime, it was little heller Dominic whose licking you took. He was the sturdy, grinning urchin with the shock of black hair and the lustrous, innocent brown eyes who came over to play and made a cave out of the autumn leaves in your back yard and ran when his corn-silk cigarette set them on fire, endangering the community.

And if you ever tried to get even with him you remember that, too. You'll carry the marks of his vengeance to your dying day.

Dominic Felix Ameche was born at the very beginning of 1908's summer, to the sound of rejoicing; for the Ameches were Italian and he was the first son. Blissful in the ignorance of what was to come, the family gave thanks to God that afternoon and spaghetti to the neighbors as soon as Barbara Hertel Ameche was well enough to go into the kitchen. Poppa Felix closed the



saloon early and got there in time for the christening.

Young Dom walked at seven and a half months. He would: of all the eight Ameche children—four boys and four girls—he was the chosen one, the one with the most vitality and the most agile mind and the most inventive ability. He was the only one who ever kicked Poppa in the seat of the pants.

Thereafter, Dom respected his father. The others he could handle, even when he was too young to reason; there was an intuitive thing in the way he smiled and pointed at the new puppy when his mother ran in to investigate crashing noises, in the way he feigned being asleep in a chair far removed from the wreckage of a once-proud lamp. Momma, increasingly appalled at this young devil she had brought into the world, was wont usually to believe, to cuff the puppy. It was easier than punishing the kid, who had pugnacious views on discipline and strength to justify them.

As the early years went by, and more spaghetti was served to congratulating neighbors, the puppy (now grown too old for believable prankishness) relinquished his martyrdom to Dom's new brothers and sisters. One, Louie, a passive and often miserable child, accepted the brunt of it.

"Louie did it," was the simple phrase, the standard acquittal formula, for large or small offense. It never occurred to Louie to protest, and, if it did, he put the thought away quickly.

AT public grade school—the dulllest period in any man's life—one incident is representative. It happened when the district nurse visited Dom's classroom to inspect the children's heads, a sanitary measure. Toward the noon hour the plump, white-starched woman grew tired, desired her lunch; and shifted to the easier method of asking the pupils point-blank if anything had been in their hair. Those who admitted to possession of guests were sent to the cloakroom.

At the question, Don (for the benefit of records and the convenience of Yankee classmates his diminutive was now spelled with an "n") held up his hand—he thought they were giving oranges away in the cloakroom as consolation.

If he did things of this sort it was because of a healthy lust to have his share of things,



For twenty years Don called this house in Kenosha, Wisconsin, "home." Since his debut on the screen he has bought a home for his parents in California



The pride of Kenosha's Franklin school. Wouldn't you know that, even at the age of ten, Don (center) would be tellin' the other kids what to do! He captained the Junior Basketball Team



Always a precocious tyke, Don, at the age of four, knew what he wanted and how to get it



Don't be taken in by those innocent brown eyes and that angelic look on eight-year-old Don. He was a devil, as his teachers and playmates (and his parents, too) will tell you

no matter how he got them. If he pretended to be deaf for three whole weeks during his third-grade year in order to get into the defective-children class it was because of an abounding curiosity—an impatience with all that was regular and ordained and approved by smug teachers and unimaginative parents. And if he brought home report cards on which was written the urgent message: "Work: Excellent. Attention: Lax. Deportment: *Dreadful!*" It was because he had an eager intelligence that made short work of study and then, restless, found other means of occupation.

If he was a problem of the first order, the recurring horned vision in the dreams of his teachers and the sole origin of Momma's nervous headaches, it was because he had more zest for life than other children, more impulsive fearlessness, more inherent taste for all and everything that was the corollary of excitement.

THIS was well, but, after all, his parents were only of flesh and blood. Exhausted, they sent him away to a private parochial seminary—St. Berchman's in Marion, Iowa—as soon as the administration would take him. He was eleven, and he started a tomato fight with his brother on the afternoon of his leave-taking. Momma didn't even protest, despite his ruined clothes and the gory walls of the dining room. She merely went to bed after his departure and stayed there, listening to the blessed silence, for days.

The sisters at St. Berchman's were strict and Don, during the next two years, found his ingenuity taxed. This was a challenge. He did what a fellow could. In the company of two classmates named Mark Tobin and Gabriel Vanden Dorpe, he made "French beds" in the dorm so that no one could sleep; he took up smoking as a habit, since even the possession of a cigarette meant, if discovered, expulsion; he made murals of the walls.

It was he who started the tradition of betting desserts on the outcome of world series games, with odds on ice cream. It was his agile brain that conceived the notion of transmuting the lead of punishment into gold.

For misdemeanors. St. Berchman students are assigned "numbers": 2 and 2 are 4, and 3's 7, and 4's 11—add 100, and on paper. Don, in spare study hours, copied out reams of these with a trick pen set-up that wrote

five at a time, and sold the result to his friends for sundry properties. It is significant that at the end of his first year he was the richest boy in school.

At the end of his second year, he suddenly assumed an arrogant air and went about assuredly, breaking rules with only the most sketchy efforts at concealment. Outraged, the sisters gathered in conference to vote his expulsion, only to discover that they couldn't. Don had the medal for dramatics and elocution; he was the lead in the school play and the mainstay of the orchestra; he was in the diploma class and the medal class in every honor group St. Berchman's possessed. If they fired him they couldn't have any Commencement.

So, after graduation, he went to Dubuque, where he was enrolled at Columbia Private High School and College, and where two things happened: he was introduced by a well-meaning priest, Father Sheehy, to a young, fresh-faced, exuberant girl named Honore Pandergast; and—in all good faith—he decided on a career. By hurried exchange of letters with his father he learned that the Ameches thought it would be nice if there would be a lawyer in the family, and,



The Ameches with five of an eventual brood of eight. Standing, left to right, Don, Betty, and Louis. Sitting, left to right, James; Dominic, the father; Bert; and Mrs. Ameche, the mother



At eighteen (above) Don was an honor student in college and knee-deep in his first love affair

nce he could think of nothing better to suggest, Don agreed. It was 1922; in that period, with post-War prosperity well on its way, what you trained for was unimportant. You'd be rich anyway.

He fell in love. It is possible at fourteen. Sometimes first love is a far deeper passion—surely more dramatic, more painful, more ecstatic—than any later emotion. Chemically, psychologically, it is possible.

Young Honore—Nora to the crowd of youngsters who made the genial Pandergast's living room their stamping ground—went to a girls' school in town and had, even then, a chic beyond her years or time. Among the gilded children of the Twenties, she gleamed of iridium; in an age without taste, she was without vulgarity; in the beginning day of the harum-scarum flapper, she was smart, poised.

You understand—she was not prodigious, she was not dopey, she was the antithesis of dead weight at parties. It was only that she did things better than her contemporaries—and Don's precocious mind appreciated this. He wooed her ardently, with her help. She was she, after all, who stopped by the gate of Columbia of afternoons and waited until he could appear and escort her to the nearest ice-cream shop. It was she who paid for her own sodas, since he had invariably spent his allowance on the day of its arrival. This, with a daily exchange of devotion via rural free delivery, sufficed for the first year.

The difference between fourteen and seventeen is the difference between boy and man. Through the long months of the next three years Don and Nora "went steady," grew up together, learned together the meaning of love. They went to tea dansants on Saturday afternoons, jiggling up and down "Freshie" and doing the open collegiate to "Jo, No, Nora" and "Sometime." The Charleston happened to America and along

the white walls of the Pandergast living room a row of handprints made a pattern, where the Bunch had practiced.

Once the boy and the girl quarreled, bitterly. Don was captain of the basketball team, and a football star, and on a certain Friday Columbia sent him off to attend a National Catholic Athletic Meet. He had a date with Nora for that evening, and no time to explain beforehand why he couldn't keep it.

Nora, waiting dressed within an inch of her life on the front porch, ate off three applications of bright scarlet lipstick and then rang another boy who had made no secret of the fact that he would like to be Don's rival.

VINCE was a little surprised, but gallant. Yes, he was very glad to hear from her, Babe. Yes, he'd be willing—yea, eager—to take her dancing that evening. But what about the boy friend? What about that big husky dope she ran around with?

"He ditched a date," Nora explained. "Nuts to the big boy tonight, huh?"

"Yeah," said Vince doubtfully. "Nuts."

The first thing Don heard upon his return was of her infidelity. He sent her a letter. Among other formal things it stated that he was wondering whether or not he still adored her quite so much as he used to. "It isn't just that you are a two-timing femme," it said, "but my care for you is fading."

The outrageous sentence was not silly to Nora at the time. On the contrary, she wept stormily for two days. Time, and a turn of circumstances, made her understand the hilarity of it later.

Often, just before she rolls over to go to sleep, she pokes the man beside her and says, "Don? How's your care for me? Fading?"

Her husband is inured to this by now. Usually, if he is very sleepy, he merely snorts. Sometimes he makes answer, in detail.

THE story of Don Ameche is more than merely a history of twenty-nine years in a man's life.

He is, personified, a generation—a period. It is necessary that you understand this, if you are to understand him. His heyday was only yesterday, his prime of maturity now. If he had been born six years later he would have been one of 1938's modern young; sunburned and wise beyond wisdom, yet with a clear-cut cynicism and a determined interest in world affairs and vocations and health and the coming revolution.

He would have hit manhood first in the early years of a depression, which would have been good for him. He would have spent his high school and college years to advantage, because that is smart to do since the world has crashed. He would have gotten drunk occasionally, but only occasionally and on good liquor. And he would have turned out to be a good lawyer, with an ever-growing clientele and a respectable, not a breath-taking, income.

But you see he was eighteen—the beginning—in 1926, when nothing mattered. He was ten, old enough to cry and laugh with his elders when the Armistice was signed. The first phrase his adolescent mind caught and held was "Return to Normalcy." The satirical value of that was lost on him and on a generation which had faith in nothing and patience with nothing and tolerance for everything. In a chaos essentially poison to youth, one thing remained, dormant but potentially magnificent, to help him survive at last; the fact that he kept his faith.

It was a varied faith, first in God and his Church, next in himself and in laughter and in the almighty omniscience of his luck. None of these things failed him, ever.

He was eighteen, then, and one part of his life—that part in which he possessed no personal identity—was over, and a new part

(Continued on page 94)



GINGER'S

"Having Wonderful Time"

Here's the redheaded girl who has learned a new way of having fun—a formula that takes life for a ride

BY DOUGLAS PORTMANN

IF you were invited to a Hollywood party and got a chocolate ice-cream soda instead of champagne and were asked to pass a scissors around the living room from person to person instead of being allowed to watch a bevy of nearly nude chorus girls do iniquitous dances, would you write the folks next

day and tell them: "Having Wonderful Time"? That's the sort of treatment Ginger Rogers' guests get when they go to her house. And there hasn't been anyone yet who had to be dragged there with a rope. They love it. They send post cards to the folks back home, too.

"Wonderful," they repeat, underscoring the word. "X marks spot where yours truly got to be It, playing tag."

I bet it was Ginger who made the catch. She's the one who's having the time—after all these years, and at long last. Here's the story of a redheaded gal who has found the formula for making a shindig out of life; who, having spent a good piece of her youth working like a fool for a career and being married not only to a man but to a profession, has shaken herself loose and created for herself a freedom that means happiness.

The Ginger Rogers I talked to the other

afternoon had an impudent shrug for love, an amused smile for other people's opinion. She's blowing a not-so-figurative tin whistle at everything, including herself, these days.

She's wise. Somewhere in the discard of her memory is a man named Lew Ayres, whom she is still legally married. With him is an era in her life, shadowed by studious drudgery and colored by the throes of her growing-up process, which she is forgetting as fast as she can. She won't even talk about it, nor of him. She hasn't the energy to waste. She's too busy, having a wonderful time.

This new recipe for her personal contentment has its component parts. It's easily analyzed.

Take five or six of the most attractive men in Hollywood, one at a time. Sprinkle Friendship-Without-Passion powder over each. Put in a Contract, calling for the



salary you want and the privilege of making two pictures a year with Fred Astaire, besides several comedies that star you alone. Add one house, built to order, and equipped with tennis court, studio, swimming pool, soda fountain. Season smartly with a hobby, like charcoal drawing, several vacations, a fishing rod and a very satisfactory fan mail report. Stir gently and take a bath in the result.

Why, you'll yell with delight until they hear you above the noise in China.

I LOOKED Ginger up in her dressing room last week to ask her about it. I was frankly curious: she hadn't been out in public for about three months; there hadn't been any serious or believable romance attached to her name; and yet her friends insisted that she was a new person, the happiest one in America, practically.

"I am," she said, when I told her this. She looked it, too.

"Well," I said, "if you know how you did

it I'd like to know the details. So would at least a billion other people in the world. What you seem to have is a better mouse-trap."

"It was no accident." She reached for a cigarette. "I've been working up to this for a long time—"

Having decided to make of her existence a fine, evolved pattern, Ginger set intelligently about learning a way of doing things—all things—so that they would be fun instead of routine. She took the activities, emotions, necessities of which her life was composed and examined each, individually; one by one, she made them work for her ultimate happiness.

There was love, most important of all things, to consider first. She decided against it. For a while, at least. If, as one day it must, love came along and sat down and despite all her efforts refused to go away, then she would accept it and do her darnedest, this time, to make a glorious, lasting

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day Ginger has an impudent shrug for love, merry tin whistle to blow at years gone by

FORBIDDEN GREAT LOVES OF

Beginning a series of hidden chapters that can now

be told. The first is a strangely beautiful tale of a

woman who held off Death by the bright shield of her

laughter and her tender love—"Sweet Samaritan"

 ONLY a few people knew about her love story.

She was not, of course, the kind of woman you thought about as the heroine of a great romance. The millions of fans who crowded the theaters to see her on the screen came to her for laughter and there is a strange tendency on the part of human beings to separate love and laughter.

Yet that laughter which she shared with them for so many years came to them in a roundabout way, because it was her great gift to him in those days after the War when it seemed that he would never laugh again. He had left so much of himself in the Argonne.

She couldn't bear that, for laughter was the very breath of life to him. Their love had been born of laughter—and so she used everything that was in her to make him laugh just once more—and once more—for in each day's laughter they cheated death. And to her amazement, the world began to laugh, too, never dreaming of that twisted figure in the wheel chair that was her real audience.

And she became a movie star.

That hidden chapter in her life was the very essence of her whole personality, for it is a fact that real comedy comes only from the tender, understanding heart, and that it grows best when it has been watered with tears and rooted deep in the soil of compassion and humility and penitence and warmed by the sun of faith.

All these things came to her because she loved much.

The last person, probably, whom you would cast for the star in a tale of *grande passion*, yet it seems to me in many ways that hers is the greatest of the untold love stories of Hollywood.

It can be told now, for she is far beyond the reach of human misunderstanding, and wherever she has gone that love must have been waiting for her, laid up among the treasures that are incorruptible. Without it, we couldn't know her completely or remember her as she really was. We have only a half-portrait of her. While she was with us, she had a strange fear that some people might misunderstand the glory of that love, might think it a cheap thing; and that she could not bear. I always thought that her soul was so white that one crimson spot showed on it too plainly in her eyes, whereas most of us are pretty well speckled with spiritual mistakes

and they are not so noticeable.

Even in Hollywood, only a few of her close friends knew and remembered.

I saw her look at one of Hollywood's most famous glamour girls one time, and that look has stayed with me always.

The girl was beautiful and young and in torment. "I can't bear it," she said. "I can't stand it. When I think of losing him, I think I shall die."

"My dear," the older woman said quietly, "when we have to bear things, we are given the strength to bear them."

The girl almost screamed. "You can't understand. You don't know what it is to be in love, to love a man so much you'd die for him or die without him, to lie awake nights and suffer as I'm suffering."

The woman's face then looked as I think Beethoven must have looked when, deaf to every sound in the world, he listened within himself to the greatest music of the ages. She was, I knew, listening to a great hymn of love out of a distant past, a love that had never faltered in all the years of loneliness.

But the glamour girl didn't know. She saw only a woman growing old alone, a woman who had never married, never had a child, never had a lover or a sweetheart, an old maid who could only make people laugh.

They didn't guess, and she was always afraid to speak.

When the glare of the Hollywood spotlight fell upon her, she was desperately afraid. The theater had never been the center of such merciless publicity. A thousand stories were hidden behind the curtains that dropped every night at the end of the performances. Besides, she'd never been very important in the theater.

Hollywood always frightened her a little, though she never let anyone know it; she put on a grand act for Hollywood. She loved it, but it was always a far country to her; it was never home. She was tied to it only by the love she felt for everything living and by the great channel it gave her to keep on making the world laugh as she had promised him she would.

But I have always wondered how she kept that good, hot temper of hers from flaring when some of the young things gave her that "You don't know how it feels to be in love"—remembering the man she had loved and

served and kept alive, to whom she had sacrificed everything, even that great desire for a child which always beat under her breast.

I NEVER met the man she loved. But someone who knew them both well made him seem very real to me, and sometimes she did herself, with just a word or two.

When she first met him, he was a slim, wild young fellow with that endearing charm which comes with a real love of life. He had very bright blue eyes that were always twinkling, when they weren't actually laughing. He must have been one of those really gay people. The monotony of everyday existence was difficult for him, but no emergency was too big and he had been as extravagant with his emotions as he was with his money.

"Only," this friend told me, "his emotional capacity was bottomless and his bank account wasn't. He was usually broke, but he was one of those rare people who didn't need money to have a good time."

He had run through a small fortune after he left college and eventually found his way into the theater, first in the box office, I think; then, as assistant manager and stage manager. She always believed that if the War hadn't come along his gift would inevitably have carried him to the top. It may be that she was right, for gifts he certainly had.

She was in the show of the theater where he worked. Not a star, of course. Her genius for comedy was still dormant and she was never beautiful. A tall, lanky, awkward girl, with an expressive face and a grand sense of characterization. She was a perfect foil for the comedians—she played opposite most of the great ones and I always thought she must have absorbed their tricks and technique without knowing that she did so.

There were a dozen girls in the show who made eyes at the brown-skinned, blue-eyed young assistant manager. But he never did more than kid with them, dance with them, and go on his way.

But from the first it was different with her, and that seemed strange to most of the other girls; for she certainly was the last one they'd have picked for anyone so gay and so fastidious.

Perhaps it was just that he was the first of the millions who came to love her for her warmth and sweetness, the first who saw through to the real woman. From the very first, she made him laugh. It puzzled her a little, but it was tender laughter. She learned to watch for that light that came into his eyes when he saw her. He was her first real audience, the first person who recognized in her that quality of all encompassing

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The crowds came to laugh, to cheer to applaud her, never dreaming that silent figure in the wings, and why he watched and waited the

BY ADELA ROGERS

HOLLYWOOD



T. JOHNS

DRAWING BY JOHN HOLMGREN

MARCH VERSUS THE

Words from the wise Freddie suffice to solve a dilemma familiar to Hollywood; to show, too, why he has attained such success as actor and husband

BY BARBARA HAYES

IF you live in New York or the Middle West, you may have had the pleasure before this reaches your eyes of having seen Fredric March and Florence Eldridge, his wife, in the frills and laces of *Sir Richard and Lady Steele*. For they've done this winter what years ago the fates prevented them from doing—they've appeared opposite each other in a play.

And so, even though the run of the play was short, they've made a dream of theirs come true.

Some time after young Frederic Bickel decided that he'd rather be a poor actor than a rich banker, he had the good fortune to meet John Cromwell, then a theatrical producer, trying to cast a play called "Tarnish." On a hunch of his own, Cromwell engaged the unknown Bickel as his juvenile lead.

It was Cromwell, too, who changed his name.

"Bickel's no name for an actor. What was your mother's maiden name? Marcher? Let's see—we want something simple. Edward Marcher—John Marcher—John March sounds better. How does it strike you?"

"Cockeyed. I can take the March—in a way it belongs to me. But I balk at Johnny. I've been Freddie too long."

"Fredric March, juvenile. Not so bad. Now if I can only get the ingenue I want—"

"Who is she?"

"I'll let you know when I've signed her."

Since he didn't sign her, Freddie never knew who she was till he and the new Florence March were on their honeymoon. One day he spoke of Cromwell and the play, "Tarnish." Florence said, "He offered me the ingenue in that, and I wasn't free to take it."

"So it was you," marveled Freddie. "What a waste of time—"

Through the years the Cromwells and Marches have remained close friends. When the Marches started hunting for a play, it was understood that Cromwell would direct it. He came in to Freddie one afternoon with a script. "I think this is it."

IT was a comedy drama of the early eighteenth century, written by Horace Jackson. Freddie took it home and read it to Florence. As the last line fell from his lips, she rose and proffered her hand. "That's it."

When I went to see Freddie on the set, I found him back in the Nineteenth Century, looking simply elegant in the tight trousers, tails and burnished boots of the

French pirate, Lafitte. He was playing the fade-out scene for De Mille's "The Buccaneer." Sideburns, a swarthy make-up and a swagger little carat-shaped moustache gave him an alien look. Under his dark brows, he stared somberly out to the sea that was now his only home and would be his grave.

The scene ended, he brought his somber gaze and French accent down off the ship.

"What you wan-n-nt?" he demanded, twanging his nasals. "You wan-n-t story? Come to dressing room, I geeve you story, I geeve you—say, what in blazes is this, any-

way?" He addressed an invisible someone. "I'm going to sue this outfit for willful mutilation of a good Middle Western accent."

March has an affable way with him. The ease that you feel in him on the screen you feel in his presence. He melts stiffness by assuming its nonexistence. In a spirit combined of nonchalance and good will, he takes over the conversational reins and moves off at a pleasant canter. You have only to sit quiet and enjoy the ride.

"What'll it be?" he inquired. "Sense or nonsense? Rye bread or toast—?"

"Stage or screen?"

"Both," he returned promptly, "and thanks for the chance to go on record. I've heard a lot of chatter spilled on both sides, and here's my spoonful. Strictly personal, remember. One man's opinion, for what it's worth.

"Screen. Stage." He held up both forefingers, then crooked the right. "Screen speaking. What's the stage good for? Does it give you more money, more comfort, more security? Why play to thousands when you could be playing to millions? If you're in a flop picture, you still get paid. If you're in a flop play, your notices won't pay the grocer."



1. A tall, lanky, expressive face and a gr... zation. She was a perf... tians—she played oppos... ones and I always thoug... bsorbed their tricks an... knowing that she did so... ten girls in the show who... brown-skinned, blue-eyed... ager. But he never did... them, dance with them.

it was different with... strange to most of the... tainly was the last one

STAGE



Every man has his loves—and Fredric March proves no exception to the rule. An even five serve to keep this star busy—and happy. Three of them—Penny, wife Florence and Tony (top) . . . go where he goes; the fourth awaited him in N. Y. A fifth is typified by an offstage shot of the Marches (left) and by a scene from "The Buccaneer" (above) with newcomer Franciska Gaal

He crooked the left forefinger. "Stage speaking. The screen's an industry, the stage is an art. They roll you up in a can and send you out like so much spinach. They muffle you, they gag you, they type you, they regiment you, they make you a puppet dancing to a director's tune. They give you five years and dump you into the dustbin. They—shall I go on or do you get the general idea?"

He dropped his fingers. "Freddie March speaking—out of the fullness of his experience and the folly of not knowing how to keep his mouth shut. And I think if I tell you exactly what happened to me, I can give you a clearer notion of what I'm driving at.

"I didn't cut any figure in the theater when I came to Hollywood. I was still in the struggling phase. For all I know, I might have stayed there. Or gone back to the bank. Luckily for me, it can't be proved either way. I was lured to the movies because of the money in it. Why shouldn't I say so? Nine out of ten—make it nine and three quarters—are lured for the same reason.

"On the other hand (put this to my credit) I didn't sneer at the movies. I didn't take their money with one fist and sock 'em in the jaw with the other. I thought they were putting on plenty of trash. Well, doesn't the stage? I also thought that the trend was away from trash. I saw them doing things I thought it would be exciting to go in and do with them. I thought, for anything as new in the field as they were, they hadn't much to apologize for.

"Certainly they owe me nothing in the way of apology. They gave me money and comfort and security and a chance to act in some fine pictures. When I started, my name meant little in the entertainment world. Whatever it means now, I owe to the screen. I'm not sticking my finger in my mouth, and denying I had anything to do with it myself. I did my best. But the movies gave me the chance to do that best.

"I was grateful. I was shocked when certain business advisers wanted me to ask for an adjustment after 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr.

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THEIR



HOLLYWOOD



REPUTATIONS



Do you know which girls pictured opposite are members of the "Clam Club"? Who's called "nice guy"? "Sphinx"? "Fairy Godmother"?

*More than 300 Hollywood commentators can and do tell you
how the Hollywood girls rate as stars—but there's just one sure
way of finding out how the Glamour Girls stack up as regulars*

BY JEANNETTE MEEHAN

YOU have only to lean over your back fence some morning to learn what Mrs. Smith's Aunt Ellen has heard about Anastasia Eyelashes.

You have only to keep your ear cocked while being prettied-up in your beauty parlor to learn what the President of the Ladies' Aid told her manicurist about That Certain Leading Man.

You have only to consult statistics to learn which of the Hollywood girls are most persistently courted by Beau Box Office.

There are three hundred odd Hollywood commentators to tell you that all the boys are rushing Lana Turner; that Madeleine Carroll is the most beautiful girl in town; that Percy Profile and Patsy Pout have pf-t-t-t.

Everybody knows, or can easily find out, in just what measure of repute (ill or otherwise) the various Hollywood girls are held by columnists, exhibitors and Walla Wallians. But little consideration has been given to the stars' Hollywood reputations. By that, I do not mean those reputations which involve top billing, polo playing, or the size of the weekly stipend—but their reputations as mere people.

Just how do the Glamour Girls stack up along the latter line? Well, there's one sure way of finding out.

Don't ask their press agents. Don't ask their bosses. Don't ask the people who bathe in their swimming pools and share their caviar. And, for heaven's sake, don't ask the people who have bet on their horses.

If you really want to find out how a movie queen ticks, ask the people who work with her.

Ask the bit player who once muffed his line right smack in the middle of her best "take." Ask the fitter who has (literally) stuck pins in her during a two-hour fitting stretch. Ask the unit man in the publicity department who must persuade her to pose with her arms around the lion's neck during "Be Kind to Animals" week. Ask the make-up man who must work on the lady star at the blue (and breakfastless) hour of 7 A.M. when the lady's tongue is apt to be as sour as her stomach.

Ask their directors, their photographers and the lowest salaried laborers on their sets. Ask the people who are around all during the tedium of a twelve-hour working day,

for it is then that a bad disposition, like murder, will out.

No star can escape the keen perceptions of the people who must please her, and she has no way of exercising jurisdiction over their private opinions, some of which can't be printed.

YOU hear a lot about the temperamental proclivities of Hollywood actresses, and no one can deny that Hollywood does nourish a few nasty-tempered Pickle Pusses at its celluloid bosom. Certainly no one can deny that there are a few picture personalities who can, and do, create a static atmosphere wherever they happen to be present.

With some, as with Katharine Hepburn, it's an act. With others, as with Constance Bennett, it's simply the result of a highly volatile disposition.

Miss Bennett is one of the positive-plus girls.

It was Constance who started me out on the wrong foot about movie stars. That was six years ago, just a few weeks after I landed my first job as a "legger" for a now defunct trade paper.

One of my initial assignments was to cover Miss Bennett's marriage to her Marquis.

There were about fifteen press representatives who went to the home of George Fitzmaurice that afternoon, the day of Connie's wedding, and every one of them was more important than I. I was just a cub reporter who, for fifteen dollars a week, had a job to do. I took it pretty doggone seriously.

None of us that day had asked to be wined at Connie's wedding supper, or even to view the ceremony, but we did want a peek at the bride's ensemble and perhaps a chance to ask a question or two.

I suppose a gal has a right to run her own wedding, but I think Connie would have won fifteen loyal friends right then and there, if only she hadn't kept us outside, warming the curbstone for three hours with nothing but a November chill for company.

AS it was, the newspaper accounts describing how Connie became the Marquise le Bailly de la Falaise de la Coudraye were none too kindly.

One reporter, unable to contain himself longer, went into print with these words: "—reporters who, by means of colorful word pictures, had built Connie into the dream idol of romance-hungry working girls, suddenly became anathema to her. For three hours they could not get within a mile of Connie, and when they did manage to exchange words with her she treated them to a verbal sleight-of-hand exhibition that would put Houdini to shame."

Since then, Hollywood correspondents have often discussed Connie among themselves, and I, for one, have always wondered why she adopted such exaggerated indifference to less important people whose jobs, nevertheless, were as important to them as hers was to her. You see, I can't help remembering some of the truly great artists—George Arliss, Marie Dressler, Madame Schumann-Heink—who somehow always found time to see me even though I was only a punk kid whose editorial opinions no one cared about or needed.

No doubt you've heard of Hollywood's Clam Club. Garbo is President, Katharine

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THE MIRACLE AT *The John Barrymores*

BY IDA ZEITLIN

It's the strangest situation in Hollywood—this happy May-December marriage. Here's the truth behind it

THE truth of it, if the truth were known," said John Barrymore, "is rather nice."

This most colorful one of the Royal Family of actors was discussing his fourth wife and what she has done for him. He wouldn't have to discuss Elaine, himself, love, or any other given topic, to hold your interest. He is no longer young, but he could keep a debutante absorbed in an exposition of the more complicated movements of a rotary engine. He could spellbind a gangster with a running commentary on the pros and contras of the Baconian theory. He could probably keep an eel from wriggling for as long as he chose to exercise his gift of tongues. He can make words pirouette and turn handsprings and jump through hoops. He can pierce human follies, including his own, with the thrust of a phrase full of glee and free of malice.

He is master of all forms of humor, from the Rabelaisian on up or down to the most gently ironic. The sallies he tosses overboard would suffice to make half a dozen reputations for wit. For, no matter what has happened, he is still John Barrymore and it is a pleasure to hear him talk.

Now, by request, he was talking about Elaine and himself. For theirs has been a more startling and stormy romance than ever a scenario writer dreamed of—and one which now has worked out into a true love story.

"If it amuses people in Dubuque to think that you jump off roofs and bounce back up again, let them be amused, bless their hearts;

it's got nothing to do with you," John Barrymore said. "If they tell each other that you wear your hair down to your nose because you're really a potato some farmer forgot to dig up, well then, you're contributing to folk fantasy, which makes you a public benefactor and a poet to boot, and does you in yourself no appreciable harm.

"The moment you're a public figure, you belong in a sense to the public. If they choose to translate you into a hero or a scarecrow, that's their privilege and what difference can it possibly make to you? Publicity depends on the transmitter. If Nick Carter interviewed Mussolini, he'd make a whale of a good dime novel out of the interview. William James would make a psychological study, Winchell a nifty. Mussolini remains what he is.

"So far as I'm concerned, I blame no one for what he thinks. I've been a reasonable figure of absurdity for a number of years—Punchinello today, Melpomene tomorrow,

A girl of twenty married a man of fifty-four. Contrary to all expectations, that marriage is a success — because Elaine Barrie dared to do something no Barrymore wife had ever done before. John, himself, tells you the facts

Benedict forever. My—romance, shall we call it—" his brows rose in an arch at once saturnine and benign; then, with a formal inclination of the head, "romance, with your cherished permission, remains what it is. And the truth of it, if the truth were known, is rather nice—"

He went as far back to the beginnings of this colorful Twentieth-Century romance as any great story teller ever needs go.

LYING ill in a New York hospital, John Barrymore flipped open one of a dozen letters that had come in the morning mail. That letter was from a girl at Hunter College, asking whether she might interview him for the school paper. "She was going to be a newspaper woman," he observed parenthetically, "till she met me. Then she became newspaper copy."

Normally, he'd have tossed the letter to the floor. Why he didn't this time, he can't

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SHE GETS AWAY WITH MURDER

*That Lombard girl, who has all of
the gravy and none of the grief—
has she earned those rare privileges?*

BY JANET BENTLEY

IN Hollywood they say that Carole Lombard gets away with murder—that's what they say.

They say it because they think an actress should stick to acting, and they cite the cases of Gloria Swanson and Ruth Chatterton who earned the hard way, learned that even girls with divine histrionic talents aren't fitted to run the show behind the camera as well as in front of it. "They" also point to Hollywood's extra ranks which are replete with proof that artists often have extraordinarily bad business heads.

Of course, an actress' attitude toward her career goes through a perfectly natural metamorphosis as she graduates from the leg-art class and works her way up to the top spot in the credit sheets. During her years as an embryonic celestial she was a thing of joy to the studio. She did as she was told. She was the studio Pandora when the publicity department was in a pinch. Ah, yes, she was an awfully good girl back in those days when she had little to do but look well in a drafty bathing costume.

But now—now Crosby croons her love songs and Gable treats her tenderly; and she's a big star who makes a lot of money; and—well— isn't it about time she spoke up in a meetin' and set out to have a few things her own way?

It's at this point that most Hollywood producers take to their crying chairs. It's their contention—their most definite opinion, in fact—that actors are creative, and therefore are persons of highly combustible dispositions who should be pampered as little as possible.

When Jimmy Cagney decided he was making too many pictures a year at Warner Brothers, the studio went to court to squelch such an alarming display of independence. Warners lost on a technicality and Jimmy won his freedom—but Warners' was the moral victory because the redheaded actor is definitely not the box-office draw he used to be.

Girls like Joan Crawford and Claudette Colbert deserve every credit for their pro-

fessional records, but it's an interesting fact that in each of their cases the only pictures they made that fared really poorly at the box office recently were stories they both fought for. In Joan's case it was "Rain"; in Claudette's it was "Maid of Salem."

NATURALLY, both producer and star have their just arguments (and I ain't takin' sides!). However, people can say what they like about "buttonhole-makers" when they refer to movie producers, but no executive is deliberately out to ruin his own product. After all, the Thalbergs and the Goldwyns were already guiding influences in a million-dollar industry, with their fingers firmly on the public pulse, when the Joan Crawfords were still winning beauty contests. And these same producers feel that the less control a star is given over her own career, the happier the whole movie family will be.

This policy has provoked many a producer-actor battle. It's one of the things that

lends excitement to the Hollywood scene. But, while the betting is usually even, the producers seem to have an edge on the victor's side—judging from the cases of Bette Davis, Myrna Loy, Ann Dvorak, Constance Bennett and Mr. Cagney.

Then—along comes Carole Lombard who demands a lot of almost unheard-of privileges—and gets them! Not only that, but she got them with a minimum of unpleasantness. There were no suits or sulks on either side. Not a sour grape was thrown.

Well, when that happened the Hollywood gang simply had to say something about it, and so they said—"the gal gets away with murder."

Indeed?

Facts, you know, are sometimes like horses—they look entirely different when viewed from two different directions!

And so it is with the facts about Carole. Consider her particular state of stardom
(Continued on page 88)



There's not a producer in Hollywood who wouldn't jump at the chance to put this dynamic young blonde under contract—at her own price. What's the answer?



The father said, "He's in no fit shape to get into anyone's car." Said the mother, "He's only a little sick." Said the boy—

Listen, HOLLYWOOD !

BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON



Mr. Anderson tells why this scene with Kenny Baker and Andrea Leeds is so typical

Through a strange and arresting story, a great novelist gives you, the film audience of the present, his idea for the movies of the future

ILLUSTRATION BY
CHARLES D. MITCHELL

pose, in a way of walking, some movie queen. I have an idea that our women are more effected than our men. It may be that the modern mechanical development of life has freed women more than men. There is a certain dullness and sameness to small-town life. There is the temptation to live in this dream world, always being fed by the movies.

Any man who writes is always looking at people, thinking about them, trying even to think with them. For us storytellers, people are our materials. A man tries constantly to lose himself in others.

What do these others want?

Perhaps, after all, we want only escape from self.

THERE is a good deal to be said for romance. We more serious storymakers are always trying to arrive at a thing we call "truth to live." It is mighty elusive. Not many of us can escape the grind of existence. The coal miner who spends five or six days out of every week buried away in a dirty hole down under the ground, and who comes home to a shack in a company-owned coal-mining town, crying children on the floor, a tired and overworked wife—such a man goes off, on a Saturday night, with two or three comrades, to get drunk.

There is his break in an admittedly dreary existence. Your drunken miner feels suddenly brave and big. He slaps his comrades

on the back; boasts of the number of tons of coal he has dug out of the earth during the week; even, perhaps, on his staggering way homeward, with one or two other miners, he joins in a song, or speaks a little tenderly of his wife.

"The old girl will give me hell again when I get home, but things are tough on her, too. I'm going to blow her and the kids out to the movies, that's what I'm going to do."

The movies are a kind of drunkenness for her and the kids, too.

THERE are all these strange people, out of this strange other world, so close there, as you sit in the small-town movie theater. If you let yourself go you can imagine yourself up there on the screen with them. You go into such houses as, in the real life you seem destined to go on living, you know you will never enter.

You are in the house of a millionaire and a butler enters. You see people eating rich foods, see how the insides of rich people's houses are furnished.

You hear these faraway people, now brought close. They are talking. You are at Saratoga, at the races, you are in strange foreign cities, on an ocean liner going to Europe, in an African village, in a Western gold-mining town. You see kings ride through cities, hear their voices speaking.

Up and down the earth you go, in and out of cities, in and out of houses. You fly through the air, walk in strange streets.

You are there in the little movie theater with the farmers, who all day have been cutting corn, or plowing for next year's wheat. The little merchant who is about to fail in business, who owes a note at the bank he can't pay, is there with his wife and daughter. His daughter is tall and handsome. She has arranged her hair after a style copied from some movie queen. The man who cleans the town streets has come with his tired-looking wife. She has been ill for a long time but is trying heroically to carry on, to do her own housework, keep her little rented house neat and clean for her man.

These and dozens, even hundreds, of others you have come to know rather well, all crowded into the little theater. A book to read tonight would cost a dollar, two dollars, three dollars. We can go to our little movie theater for twenty-five cents.

It's good anyway to get away from the house and among people.

However, there is something. There is always present a kind of stinging regret.

Why is it that presently, when we go out of the theater, there is this letdown. So many of these lives, pictured here on the screen, stay so far away. They stay forever in this queer dream world we try so hard to draw close to and can't.

Couldn't something be done to make more real our own lives?

A YOUNG man is sitting near me in the movie theater. He is a young fellow of twenty-two. He has a rather strong, serious face. He is sitting with his father and mother and with a younger sister, a girl of fourteen.

It happens, you see, that I know this family. The father, a tall thin man with big gnarled hands, has come to the theater in his overalls. They have, however, been freshly washed and he has had a shave.

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SPENCER TRACY



Right: the new Tracy playing polo with Joan Crawford. Above: working with Bartholomew in "Captains Courageous"

CY FACES FORTY

To a question that has bothered
many of us, this brilliant actor gives
an amazing and inspirational answer

BY GLADYS HALL

SOME thirty years ago, in one of the large apartment buildings on Prospect Avenue in Milwaukee, a pair of distraught parents faced one another. The mother said, between tears and nervous laughter, "He's run away again." The father answered, "I have developed all of the abilities of a master sleuth since he came into the world. But I'll track him down, never fear."

And he did. He tracked the small, sturdy boy down to the South Side, found him playing Cops and Robbers in an alley behind a saloon, with two youngsters known by the tasty names of "Mousie" and "Ratty," sons of a saloon keeper.

So the small boy was returned to his mother, there to be gathered to her heart and wept over. The small boy wept, too, with the quick rich sympathy for another's pain which was his even then. But even as he wept he knew that he would always want to run away, all of his life.

A few years later this same boy, now in his teens, sat, one night, at the family dinner table, trying to muster up the courage to tell his parents that he wanted to join the marines; that he meant to lie about his age, if necessary, for love of his country. The restive youth sat at the table, clearing his throat loudly and repeatedly; but when the folks would look at him with their warm affectionate eyes, he'd ask them to pass the potatoes!

He did, a few days later, try to join the marines; told the truth about his age and was rejected. Next, he tried to join the United

States Navy; meant to lie about his age but when faced with it found that he couldn't; told the truth again—and was accepted. Then he had to tell the folks. He walked around the block fifteen times and chewed seven packages of gum before he could muster up the courage. Then he barged home and his mother wept and his father patted him on the back with a big hand that shook and two days later he was off for the naval training station at Norfolk, Virginia. He fought the war at Norfolk, looking eastward to the sea. A cruise in a whaling ship was as near as he got to France.

The rest is, for the most part, recorded Tracy history.

For the little boy was Spence, of course. And Spence, today, is the same little boy.

WHICH all leads up to what Spence told me recently across the teacups in the M-G-M commissary. (Spence has become a habitual tea drinker.)

He said, "I'm thirty-seven now. I'm facing forty. I'm beginning to take stock of myself. I'm trying to make a map of where I've been and where I'm going.

"I'm trying to appraise myself, find out what I am, what are my assets and what my liabilities. I'm trying to make a list of what I've accomplished in, say, the past five years. And another list of what I'd like to accomplish in the next five or fifty.

"First, I take a look in the mirror and know that anything can happen! I must be the Miracle Man, no foolin'! For I take a look—and what do I see? I see a guy who's getting away with murder!

"I don't look like an actor, not even to myself. I don't look like any actor I've ever seen. I'm just a plain-looking mug who might be driving a truck if things ran according to magazine covers.

"Next, I try to figure my outstanding characteristic. Is it brains? Nope. Is it fire, the kind that sweeps everyone and everything along in front of it? Nope. And then I eliminate most of the qualities that make a man a little important and I come to *nerve*.

"That's the answer. That's what I've got the most of—*nerve*. For it takes the helluva

lot of nerve, when you come to think of it, to be competing in the same medium with these Gables and Taylors and all.

"THEN," Spence said, "I check back and make notes on what I've accomplished; the things I've done that have meant the most to me. First, there was my move to M-G-M. That opened doors to me, gave me the chance to make 'San Francisco' and 'Captains Courageous' and 'Fury.'

"Then there was knowing Will Rogers. You can't have had Bill for a friend and not be more of a man than ever you were before. There was the birth of my daughter and there is the progress my son Johnny has made, in school and in every way. And there is having one farm all paid for. These are the things that have meant the most to me in the past five years.

"And now I'll kind of check myself over, figure out a bit what are my virtues and vices, faults, good points, habits, and so on . . . well, I'm not extravagant, I'll say that. I have my polo ponies, but they are my only luxury. I don't have a yacht. I haven't got a 'little place' down at Palm Springs or Malibu. We've only got the house we live in, all bought and paid for. I haven't any hobbies or 'collecting' bees in my bonnet. I don't belong to ritzy clubs. I don't gamble. I don't even play cards, can't sit still long enough. I don't give a damn about clothes.

"I'm not temperamental. I'm not fussy about details. I always put my 'o.k.' on stills—if I bother to look at them. I do have definite convictions. When I feel a conviction working on me I'll fight for it, being Irish. But what I fight for has got to concern me deeply. I only fight when I *have* to, not just for the hell of it.

"I've got one big virtue, just one—punctuality. I'm the On-Time Guy all the time. In fact, I'm the best set-opener-upper in this business. Whenever I have an appointment of any kind I'm always there, chewing my fingernails, twenty minutes ahead of the other fellow.

"I think I'm a pretty good businessman but I haven't any consuming ambition to possess a lot of money. I'm one of those who believes that you can only sleep in one bed at a time, ride one horse, eat one meal, wear one suit of clothes.

"I'm too trusting. I always believe the best of people and often get fooled. I like people, like to have people around me. I'm not self-confident, far from it. I never start

(Continued on page 91)



Left: Spencer (with his mother) in his costume of the priest in "San Francisco." It was this rôle that confirmed a secret theory of his and changed his "after forty" plans

SHE WALKS IN

*The lovely words of Byron's poem
fit Del Rio like a glove. Take a hint
from her and walk in beauty, too*

BY MITZI CUMMINGS

WE spun the lovely words of Byron's poem over in our mind:

*"She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;"*

We knew the one woman who was like the poem. We wanted to ask that one woman the one question that has always bothered us: how does a great beauty judge other women?

"Is your opinion," we asked, "predicated upon an exquisite complexion? Lovely hair? A smartly gowned, fine figure? Delicate hands? Interesting eyes? A sense of humor? Or what?"

And the one woman who is like the poem, the magnificent Mrs. Gibbons, whose other name is Dolores Del Rio, answered us quickly, emphatically, "I judge by one thing . . . she must be *soignée*!"

We flipped back the mental pages of our French-English dictionary and remembered that *soignée* meant not only dressed according to style, but also, no room for criticism in any form . . . a woman who was as she should be, in all qualifications.

"It takes much work. It takes constant self-discipline. It takes schedule." She saw the predatory look in our eyes, and went on, "And since you ask me, I shall tell you what I, myself, do."

Impressed, we grasped our pencil firmly, listened carefully, made notes meticulously, and wrote the following. It's the how, the when, the why of being *soignée*—Del Rio version.

FIRST of all, regardless of her own qualifications, Dolores Del Rio has a husband who is a thoroughly artistic, distinguished and handsome gentleman. For several years Cedric Gibbons has been the art director of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and is responsible for the fine, tasteful backgrounds of their pictures. The home he has created for Mrs. Gibbons, in the modern style, is a perfect setting for her, and he likes to see her each evening when she comes down either to dine with him, or ready to accompany him to some glorified Hollywood party, in that setting.

He also likes to see her, not when she is dressing, not when she is debating what gown to wear, not when she is powdering her sun-

(Continued on page 78)

BEAUTY



The third of PHOTOPLAY'S Most Beautiful Women—they were Annette Louise, Marlene Dietrich, Dolores Del Rio and Madeleine Carroll—reveals a beauty ritual for all.



re CAMERA *Speaks*



Six feet two of brawn, plus an infectious grin and a naïve personality, made Wayne Morris a runner-up on Hollywood's heart-throb list. Rumored engaged every five minutes, he's wed only to his career.

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES
PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD
AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST



You must have done it—this swing version of the old-fashioned square dance. Now it's hit Hollywood! At this tropical party at the Troc, glamour girls go to town when the leader shouts Swing That Thing!

Photographs by Hyman Fink





Lana Turner (far left) cuts a mighty cute figure while Mrs. Tom Brown (upper left) shows Billie Dove and Tom it's all in the legs; and Kay Francis (lower left) Shags with Ray Bolger. Even a busy executive and his wife, the Jack Warners (above left), Truck. Singled out to "Rise and Shine," Claire Trevor shines with her eyes shut when Jimmy Ritz improvises. But the surprise of them all is Marlene Dietrich (above) with Hal Roach



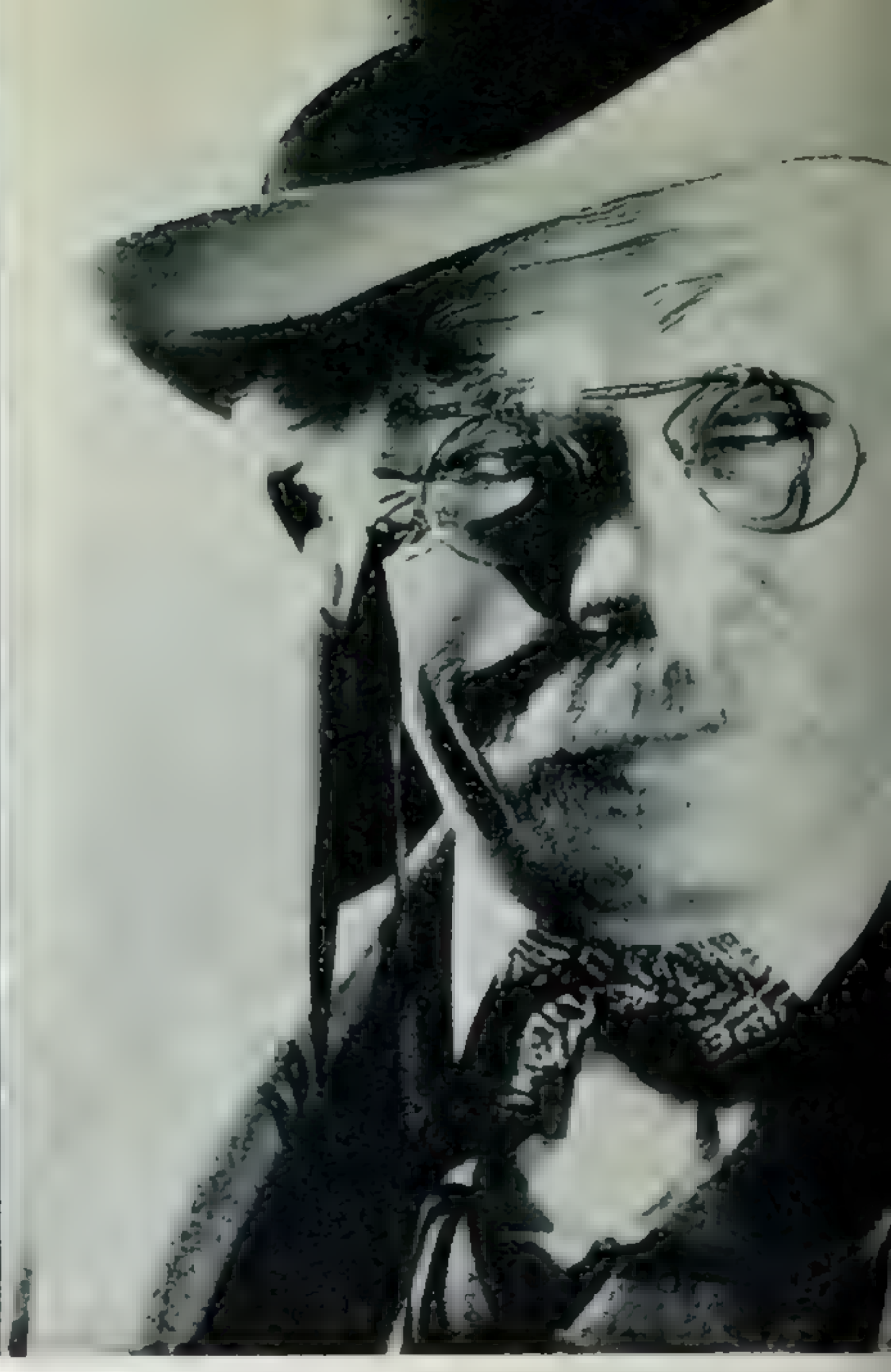
Once stardom waned for this veteran but after "In Old Arizona" it was brighter than ever



A gangster rôle in a stage play won him a film contract but they said he'd never make a star



Ernest Carlton Brimmer is his real name. A saga of the early West won him greatest acclaim



His superb interpretation of life of a famous scientist made him last year's "finest actor"

Who are they?

They're as well known to you as your next door neighbor—but do you recognize them here? Check up on page 92



He frightened little children in this movie but the Academy statuette was just reward for what fine performance

Gary Cooper, in his latest picture, has the support of a fine character actor. Do you recognize him?



Director Lloyd Bacon and Robert Montgomery are amused at what this star has done for art





British by birth, Hollywood has brought him his greatest success. He's in England now making films



He first starred in Western films but proved he was as versatile in the salon as in the saddle



She came to films from musicals, they cast her in drama, now they discover she's a fine comedienne



Usually a portrayal of suave rôles, who breathed life into what Victor Hugo character?



This little old lady isn't Whistler's mother—she's America's No. 1 box-office aristocrat and a world favorite



You haven't seen her on the screen for more than a year—but Hollywood's first lady of sophisticated rôles is returning soon



Hiding behind those specs is which glamorous movie queen? She's top-notch in smart comedy or drama

Teddy Roosevelt came to life again when what-the-heck actor played this rôle with Babs Stanwyck



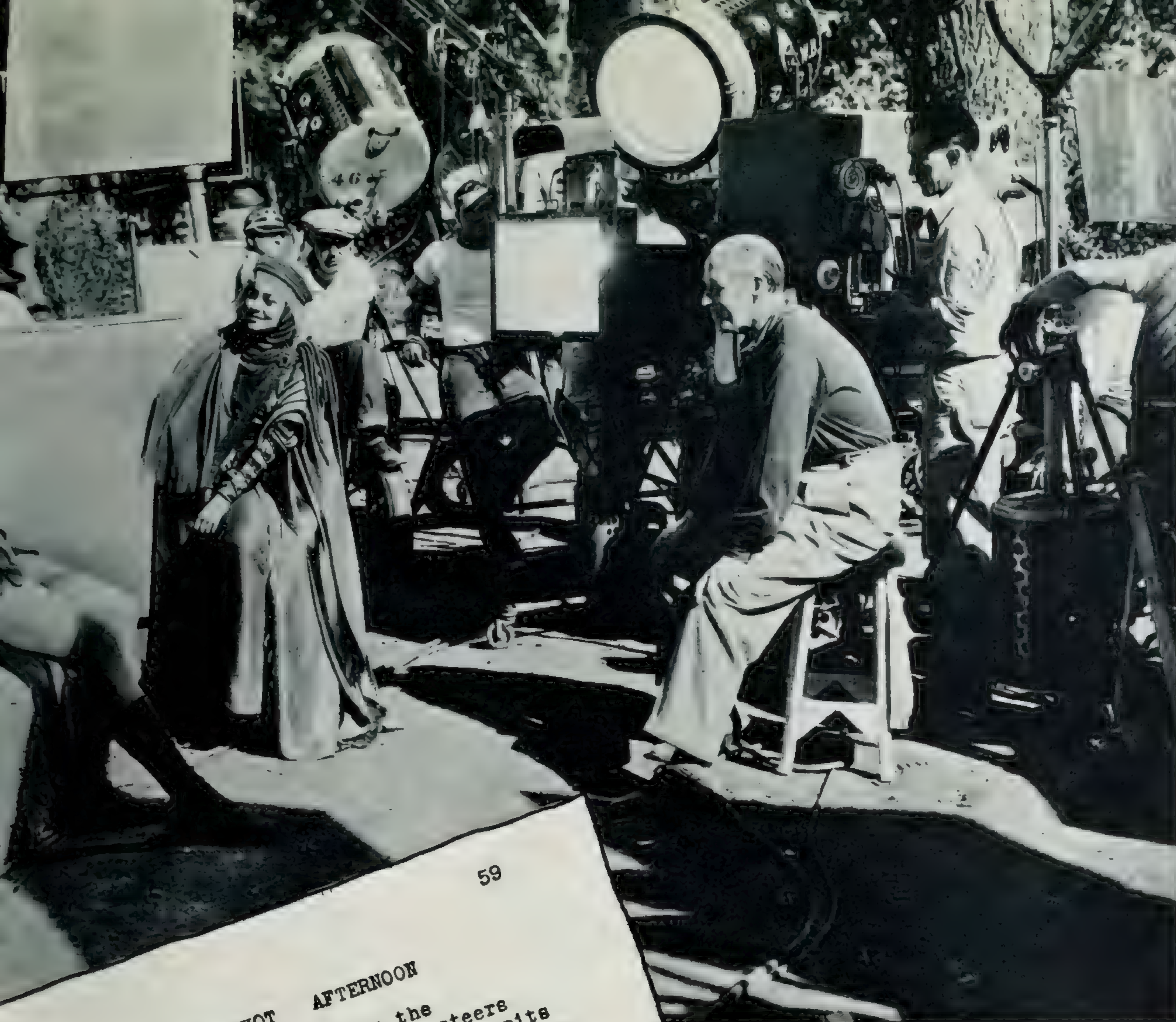
Slant-eyed Orientals—one famous for gangster rôles, the other for beauty. Recognize them?



Newest Queen

Her father named her Myrna after a flag-stop on a hick railroad; she picked up the Loy on a detour through vamp rôles. But her fans made her 1937's Queen of the Movie





Following the script of Robin Hood



Straight from Hollywood! Highlights in the Warner

Bros. Technicolor film, "Robin Hood." Photographs

follow the pages torn from an actual shooting script

MADE WITH TABLE MED.SHOT AFTERNOON
ables have been set in a row down the
the glade. In the foreground two whole steers
pigs are being turned on spits over fiery pits
under the bustling supervision of Bordo. Outlaws
are moving through background, thoroughly enjoying
s...already beginning to gather near the tables...
grily taking a morsel of food.

AND ROBIN MED.CLOSE
LOOK AT THE SCENE. Marion as col; an unwilling
ner, refusing to talk. Robin watches the peasants,
ng, forgetful of Marian for the moment.

ROBIN:
(softly)
To them-
(indicates serfs)
-this is a night in heaven.
Slits for rags...kindness, in-
stead of whips...unlimited food,
instead of hunger. Why -
(exhilarated)
- they're actually happy!

MARIAN:
(indifferent and icy)
Are they?

ROBIN:
(looks at her side-
wise. Curiously;
Aren't you even a little pleased
to see them enjoying themselves

MARIAN:
I think it's revolting!

ROBIN:
(slowly- gently;
almost pitying)
Your life has been very a
hasn't it, my lady?...Too
perhaps. If you could kn
I knew them. Their infir
and goodness...their lo

Marian glances at him, touched in
puzzled at what strange manner
looks at him, Robin again intent
scene before him -

Robin (Errol Flynn) entertains his
prisoners, Lady Marian (Olivia de
Havilland), Sir Guy (Basil Rath-
bone), Sheriff (Melville Cooper)



MED. SHOT LITTLE JOHN
FROM Robin's angle. Little John, a giant
worn yellow jerkin and hose, and a scarlet cap,
green feather, and carrying a great quarterstaff, calmly
standing on the opposite end of the bridge, calmly
surveying them. Robin goes out from his end, Little
John advances and there is no room to pass.
As Robin and Little John meet. Will stands on the
bank, bored, to watch.

75. LITTLE JOHN:
I've only a staff and you threaten
me with a long bow and grey-geese
shaft. Are you not man enough...
ROBIN:
Give me time to get myself a staff.

76. TWO SHOT ROBIN AND LITTLE JOHN
- fighting in the middle of the bridge. The
strike, parry, get through with occasional
neither will give ground.

77. CLOSE SHOT ROBIN
-- as he ducks a whistling blow. They
fight.
ROBIN:
(grins)
... a lesson you want -
(wham!) the right

44.

109. MED. SHOT ROBIN AND FRIAR TUCK

SHOOTING from the outlaw's angle, as the Friar
carries Robin. This time Robin is enjoying himself,
whacking Friar Tuck across the butt with the flat of
his sword, and treating him like a capious steed.
But in midstream the friar gives a mighty heave and
Robin goes flying over his head into the stream.
He manages to retain his sword but when he does,
thigh deep in water, Friar Tuck is waiting for him,
sword in hand. Without further words they cross
blades.

110. TWO SHOT ROBIN AND FRIAR TUCK

in a terrific swordfight, mid-stream. They cut,
slice, job, feint, swing and guard, without either
having the advantage.

ROBIN:
(gasping)
Come now, my fat friend --
(feints and
cuts and is
parried)
... you see I'm the better man.
Why not give up...

Friar Tuck redoubles his attack.

FRIAR TUCK:
(panting)
As soon as I've let a little air -
(slice - cut - parry)
-- into your bellows --
(a mighty slash which
Robin parries)
-- you'll whistle a different tune!

As they continue the duel -

DISSOLVE TO



The dialogue waxes hot, the fight hotter, as Robin and Little John (Alan Hale) battle with staffs in the middle of the bridge. Robin ends in the creek but Little John joins his outlaw band. Below: Little John catches merry Friar Tuck (Eugene Pallette) pulling a fastie as King Richard (Ian Hunter) looks on in amusement. Lower Left: Robin and Friar Tuck in hectic battle to see which will carry the other ashore. Neither wins



316. MED. CLOSE SHOT THE GROUP
- laughing as Friar Tuck clenches his fist
strike. But Little John, suspicious, grasps
forces it open and out rolls a stone.

LITTLE JOHN:
(indignantly, to Robin)
Now look, master -- is that fair?
This quiet pudding seeks to kill



CLOSE SHOT ROYAL BOX SIR GUY:
 Arrest this man!
 As he shouts, open commotion breaks in Robin's men managing to clumsily get in armed men.
 At the same instant, Robin, instead of back through the crowd, leaps into and forcing him back... pushes the face, sending him sprawling, and Lady Marian and a quicker word
 Thank you.
 - he dashes to the rear of silken canopies that form



MED. SHOT THE GROUP

As Marian approaches them. She is nervous but determined.

MARIAN:
 I want to help him!

WILL SCARLET:
 How did you find us here?

MARIAN:
 Never mind that now! Oh, please -- don't stand there staring! Tell me what I can do!

Friar Tuck looks at her long and earnestly. There are tears in her eyes. He turns to the others.

FRIAR TUCK:
 She's speaking truth.
 (to Marian)
 Have you thought of anything?

MARIAN:
 Yes!
 (they cluster around her)

Above: Robin has just won an archery tournament that has placed him in the hands of his enemies, the Normans. Sir Guy and Prince John (Claude Rains) now order his arrest. Robin is captured after a terrific sword fight between Prince John's men and the outlaw band. Below: Marian, ward of King Richard and Robin's lady fair, risks her life to escape from Nottingham Castle and joins Robin's band at an inn near the outskirts of Sherwood forest. Here she seeks aid in a desperate plan to help Robin Hood

FOLLOWING
 THE
 SCRIPT
 OF
 ROBINHOOD



GLAMOUR BOY



Scion of the Hollywood that has made him both famous and afraid of fame, this young Nebraskan is now the victorious "Yank at Oxford." Still young enough to like polo shirts, victrolas and new ties, he's adored by many girls, adores only one. Earnestly anxious to be a good actor, he's also inordinately proud of the grain business in his own home town, for, should acting fail, he wants to be Robert Taylor, businessman

Possessor of the husky voice of Sunday-night radio repute—Dorothy Lamour. After her one year of screen work, American wives (and husbands) think she's glamorous; producers know she's box-office. On the set, she handles her rôles intelligently (witness "The Big Broadcast"); off the set, she tackles the wife business likewise, with young orchestra leader Herbie Kay as beneficiary

NEWEST SIREN





Through childhood, Eleanor's dog was her pal



Gay and laughing today, she was bashful at this age
Baby Eleanor and her mother



Beginning a career—night club dancing at 15

THE *Family Album*

Swimmer at 5, medal winner at high school age



Dancing cured shyness and made fr



a Broadway show—"Fine and Dandy"

LEANOR OWELL

onic Pavlowa improvising ballets



The "World's Greatest Feminine Tap Dancer" saw the light of day 24 years ago in Springfield, Mass . . . her friends call her Ding . . . long-legged and awkward, she went to dancing school not to become a dancer but to overcome shyness . . . a new world opened to her . . . at 12 Gus Edwards discovered her doing acrobatic routines on the sands of Atlantic City . . . signed her for a kid revue . . . same season danced in a night club revue at \$75 per week . . . following two summers found her dancing at an exclusive club in Atlantic City . . . was honor student throughout school but decided on Broadway rather than college . . . tap dancing lessons from Jack Donohue put her in line for a job with Ben Bernie at his club Intime . . . when engagement ended tramped streets for months before landing rôle in "Follow Thru." . . . "Fine and Dandy," Ziegfeld's "Hot Cha," "The Varieties" followed . . . "George White's Scandals" took her to Hollywood . . . she created no excitement and was again doing four-a-day on Broadway when M-G-M signed her for "Broadway Melody of 1936" . . . is five feet six and a half inches tall . . . weighs one twenty pounds . . . her eyes are blue and her hair reddish brown . . . no time for marriage now

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE



Background: the opening scenes of Paramount's new Continental comedy, with stars Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert. Setting: a department store in Nice. Situation: the problem all has to do with the purchase of a pair of pyjamas. Gary wants to buy only the tops! Claudette, a complete stranger and French, enters and offers to buy just the trousers! That, as you can imagine, leads to things! Perhaps the most versatile actor in the whole production is one you'll never see on the screen—Director Lubitsch himself, who tries on pyjamas and makes love to Claudette (all for art) with a technique that merits an Academy award







GREAT ACTOR

Success and royal rank mark Boyer's recent rôles. His private life remains the same—a quiet world of books and music; its center is his wife, Pat Paterson



Cal Yorker's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

ife, love and the pursuit of fun—

hat's the formula for this month's

headline news of the gay Gold Coast

MIDDLE AISLE TIDBITS

VIRGINIA BRUCE calls her new groom Jack—which proves that habit is strong. Jack Gilbert was her first husband. J. (which may account for the Jack) Walter Ruben is her second.

A first marriage has taught her practicality, Virginia claims. Instead of a monstrous diamond engagement ring, Virginia asked for a family town car and got it.

Together, they bought a cozy Beverly Hills home and had the wedding ceremony

held there. Mr. Ruben carried his bride out of the house instead of over the threshold.

The bride, need we add, never looked lovelier.

THE LAUGH OF THE MONTH

IT was all caused by those two hundred monkeys that escaped from the zoo scene in Bing Crosby's new picture, "Doctor Rhythm." Overnight the monkeys made a wholesale exodus from the studio lot, leaving the entire town of Hollywood alive with capering animals.

Workmen in a near-by factory practically swooned when the place was suddenly alive

Celebrants at the Ruben-Bruce wedding reception: (back row) Countess di Frasso, Kay Francis, the Jack Warners. Front row: Mrs. Bert Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Ruben, Mr. Taylor. Left: a major film problem is mastered by Selznick ingenuity—this card is given in eloquent silence to studio callers

with jibbering monkeys. A hysterical neighbor lady even summoned the local police to remove one from under her bed.

A reward of two dollars each brought back a few of the monkeys, but somewhere in Hollywood thirty-eight monkeys have decided to go native.

SURPRISE FOR SPENCER

WHEN Spencer Tracy returned home from the preview of "Mannequin," in which he shared honors with Joan Crawford, he found a registered letter containing a new M-G-M contract which boosted his salary an even thousand dollars a week.



Bing (left) pins his faith on Santa Anita instead of Santa Claus for a Christmas day gift

The elusive Dr. Joel Pressman and his missus — Claudette Colbert behind those glasses—attended the opening

SANTA ANITA OPENS

BIG APPLE—DIETRICH STYLE

THE gaiety of Marlene Dietrich since her return from Europe has all Hollywood wondering, especially since Marlene's screen future seems slightly problematic, what with her Paramount contract at an end. However, Marlene doesn't seem at all depressed—she has become the greatest exponent of the "Susy Q" this town possesses.

The other day at a very sedate party given by Dolores Del Rio, Marlene began to dance and, before the evening was over, she had Errol Flynn, Lili Damita, Cedric Gibbons and Dolores deep in the midst of the hottest Big Apple imaginable.

BITS FROM THE HOLLYWOOD FRONT LINE

WHEN it came time for Carole Lombard to treat the "Food For Scandal" cast and crew, Carole proved again that she's Hollywood's most original thinker-upper. Instead of the usual case of coca cola or ice-cream cones, Carole had one hundred pounds of bananas delivered to the set. . . .

Joe E. Brown had the most unusual accident of the month. While driving through Malibu, a buck deer ran smack into Joe E.'s car, plunging a hoof through the radiator. "I must have had my mouth open and the thing was trying to hole in," Joe E. explains. . . .



It was an extra special big day for the Joe E. Browns, for their son, Donald, celebrated his twenty-first birthday

Whoops, we're off to the races. Carole Lombard and Clark Gable have taken up sulky racing. To see the two tearing through the highways and byways in a little sulky behind a monstrous horse, is—well, you name it. . . .

After being starred at Columbia for two years Richard Dix has been re-signed by RKO where he was a star for seven years and where he made a notable hit in "Cimarron." . . .

Walt Disney has entered the educational field. He has just completed a child's primer, which has been accepted for use by the N. Y. public school system. So now Mickey Mouse will teach first-grade children their lessons. The text book will sell for forty cents. . . .

A VICKI LESTER NEVER FAILS

THESE young movie players do get around. In April Walter Wanger brought ten New York artist's models to Hollywood for "Vogues of 1938." Dorothy Day was one of them. Her picture was seen and Miss Day was signed by Mervyn LeRoy, Warner producer who changed her name to Vicki Lester (Janet Gaynor's screen name in "A Star is Born").

After she had appeared in "The Great Garrick" and "Food for Scandal," LeRoy agreed to release Vicki from her contract so she could be assured a featured contract with Pan Berman at RKO. RKO thinks Vicki is a future Carole Lombard.



Two of Hollywood's most ardent members of the spectator-sports circle, Gilbert Roland and Constance Bennett, follow the race



Producer and actor alike flocked to the track. Ernst Lubitsch and Spencer Tracy



BIGGEST HEART THROB OF THE STARS

THERE is something about Hollywood stars and new houses that goes a point beyond understanding.

Trips to Europe, town cars, leading rôles and all the trappings usually leave them in a more or less normal frame of mind. But let stars build a house and then watch the reaction! A strange new gleam comes into their eyes, a spring creeps into their step, a gosh-what-a-swell-world attitude radiates in all directions. Even when they declare the building is driving them crazy, you know they really love every minute of it.

For instance, there's Ray Milland and the new house he's building. Ray was so downright goofy over that house, that on the night he came home from a three weeks' location trip, he couldn't wait for daylight and insisted upon a bit of night prowling right then and there.

Armed with a flashlight, Ray and his wife were thrilling to the odor of new plaster on the top floor when footsteps were suddenly heard below. Dousing his light, Ray motioned Mrs. Milland to be quiet. Slowly and stealthily, the steps came closer and closer until a harsh voice close at hand cried, "Put 'em up, buddy. I've got you." A ray from the flashlight caught the reflection from a gleaming revolver as Ray demanded to know what was going on. Of course, it turned out to be a policeman who had seen Ray's light in the darkness of the house.

AND then, there's Kay Francis who just built her new home out in Gopher Gulch. Kay simply haunted the place, urging workmen to hurry, and even tugging at a few bricks and boards herself. And when it came to moving, Kay insisted on doing most of that herself, piling her car full of belongings and following the vans every trip.

There was a time when Bob Montgomery's friends thought of calling the home builder to one side and telling him the worst—that, frankly, they had stood all the house-building stories they could possibly stomach and if he didn't soon switch from the wonders of bathroom fixtures to the problems of the Guild, they might do something drastic.

But George Raft was the worst. Since he had never owned a home of his own, you can well imagine his hysteria over his new house. The trouble was George interfered so much with the carpenter's work by insisting on everyone's knocking off every hour for a coca cola bust, the Union or something threatened to picket Raft by wearing huge signs reading:

George Raft is unfair to his own house.

As we said, we don't know what it is that gets them about a new house going up. But it certainly gets them. (Cont'd on page 67)

George Jessel explains the mysteries of pari-mutuel betting to his mother and Edward G. Arnold. Mrs. Jessel, Sr. is well known to radio from her son's broadcasts

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK



★ ROSALIE—M-G-M



★ WISE GIRL—RKO-Radio

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures

METRO spent about \$2,000,000 on this and it ought to be something pretty special. That it turns out to be just a good show in fancy dress may be the result of too many expectations, or it may be that mixing a West Point football story with a mythical kingdom romance was not such a great idea. It curdles, at times. Still, for your money you get the greatest set ever constructed anywhere, a generous helping of Nelson Eddy's voice singing good Cole Porter tunes, plenty of Eleanor Powell's incomparable dancing, lots of Frank Morgan's funny hesitating speech, and a lot of other things too numerous to list here. Ilona Massey, attractive newcomer, sings beautifully. Ray Bolger is Eddy's pal. "Rosalie" and "In the Still of the Night" are hummable tunes.

CRISP, vital Miriam Hopkins gives you what the papers call another "sterling performance" in this picture. She's aided by a fine story, Leigh Jason's memorable direction and a cast that seems to enjoy what it's doing. Two children, played by Marianna Strelby and Betty Philson, are orphaned, and struggling artist Ray Milland adopts them. Whereupon, their grandfather and a young aunt—portrayed electrically by Miss Hopkins—set out to get the kids back. It's a hold-your-hats-boys situation, ripe with comedy. Milland, always likeable, apparently was meant by providence for this rôle. More than ever, Henry Stephenson is substantial and distinguished; the children, twelve and ten respectively, are good actresses. Catch this as soon as possible.



★ MANNEQUIN—M-G-M



★ THE GIRL WAS YOUNG—GB



★ LOVE AND HISSES—20th Century-Fox

AGAIN Joan Crawford is magnificently the shop girl who, by intelligence, beauty and ambition, rises from the slums to happiness and wealth. This time she gets out of the button factory by marrying Alan Curtis, who's new to the screen but not to life, apparently; he has definite vitality. When he shows himself at last as the rotter he is, Joan goes nobly into a gown shop to model clothes by Adrian. At last she marries good, kind, rather dull Spencer Tracy who grew in the gutter himself and made his pile with bare fists. Trouble comes with a strike and Curtis' attempt at blackmail—but Joan holds up her chin, hitches her girdle, and sails in to prove that the good always survive.

Joan is stunning; Tracy gives staunch support.

ONE always expects a deft handling of suspense, sane dialogue, and expert delineation of character in Director Alfred Hitchcock's pictures, and this one is no disappointment. The story plot itself, however, unless you believe that faith moves mountains, is apt to seem built on coincidence, and certainly English police methods are too leisurely to an American accustomed to hearing our police sirens.

Nova Pilbeam is the constable's daughter; Derrick De Marney, a young man accused of murder. The clue is a belt from his coat found around the dead woman's neck. Nova believes in his innocence, and attempts to help him escape.

The entire cast is exceptional. You will like this British picture.

ENCOURAGED by the fine success of their first feudal screen comedy, Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie return with even greater gusto to another smart battle of wits and half-wits and music and gags. The result is outstanding and, incidentally, surprising; for, displaying a birdlike singing voice and an entirely new personality, Simone Simon shoplifts top honors while Ben and Walter are fighting it out in the background.

Bernie asks Winchell to give a boost to Simone, a foreign singing star. Winchell claims she is a fraud in his radio and newspaper chatter, so Bernie engages Georges Renavent to dream up a dramatic story in which Simone is his daughter who deserts society for show business. Winchell falls for it. When he finds that he has raved about Bernie's protégée he arranges a typically theatrical coup and fixes everything, including Simone's romance with Dick Baldwin. Much hilarity goes on as the story is unfolded, the new Gordon-Revel tunes are a delight and the picture doesn't run one single foot longer than minimum requirements. Director Sidney Lanfield's cutting is the plot's salvation.

Those who were roundly cussing and discussing Simone are now shouting her praises; the diminutive French actress finished under the wire as just about the biggest surprise of the year with her exceptional singing voice. Smart showmanship, clever production, and the unfailing Zanuck formula contribute to make this exceptional entertainment.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Buccaneer, The
In Old Chicago
Man-Proof
Girl Was Young, The
Hollywood Hotel
You're a Sweetheart

Love and Hisses
Mannequin
Rosalie
Wise Girl
I'll Take Romance
Bad Man of Brimstone

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Franciska Gaal in "The Buccaneer"

Hugh Sothorn in "The Buccaneer"

Alice Brady in "In Old Chicago"

Tyrone Power in "In Old Chicago"

Simone Simon in "Love and Hisses"

Myrna Loy in "Man-Proof"

Rosalind Russell in "Man-Proof"

Joan Crawford in "Mannequin"

Spencer Tracy in "Mannequin"

Miriam Hopkins in "Wise Girl"

Ray Milland in "Wise Girl"



★ HOLLYWOOD HOTEL—Warners

THIS is a potpourri of music and buffoonery put over with abundant but not too brilliant enthusiasm by Dick Powell, the Lane sisters—Rosemary and Lola—Louella Parsons with her radio clan, including Frances Langford, and a large cast.

In the course of the one-syllable plot of small-town youth making good in Hollywood, Dick Powell performs in his popular shy-boy manner. He also sings some tuneful airs to pretty Rosemary who, as Cinderella girl doubling for glamour queen Lola, warbles engagingly back at him.

Louella Parsons offers a natural bit of acting in her movie debut, but Lola over-farces the pampered star rôle. Happiest contributions are Benny Goodman and his swing band, and Raymond Paige's arrangement of "Black Eyes." It's all noisy fun.



★ MAN-PROOF—M-G-M

It isn't so much that Myrna Loy is just never cast in a bad picture; the point is she makes any cinema that stars her a fine piece of entertainment. Without her efforts this would be a long, utterly dull conversation piece. The story premise is very simple: Myrna, a young, emotionally unevolved girl, is in love with man-about-town Walter Pidgeon. Rich Rosalind Russell steals and marries him. Myrna sets frankly out to get him back—with astonishing results; Franchot Tone lurks here and there, waiting cagily. With Miss Loy's superb interpretation of character, the film becomes a good psychological study interspersed with high comedy that nudges, rather than smacks, your humor sense. One scene in which Myrna gets tight on champagne is, or will be, picture history.



★ IN OLD CHICAGO—20th Century-Fox

MRS. O'LEARY'S temperamental cow, immortalized since the great Chicago fire of 1871, is the gift to Darryl Zanuck, for the producer, in the famous lantern-kicking legend, has achieved a vivid picture of that city's early days. Not only the cow, but the whole O'Leary tribe is given fictional prominence in this absorbing screen story. Widow Molly O'Leary (Alice Brady), arriving in bustling young Chicago with her three children, makes a living as a washerwoman, while her children, inheriting fighting Irish qualities, soon carve their names on the city records. The eldest son, Jack (Don Ameche), eventually becomes mayor, backed by his brother Dion (Tyrone Power), a thoroughly unscrupulous politician. Their careers bring them in contact with many colorful characters of that lusty period, among them dance-hall girl Belle Fawcett (Alice Faye); and also bring the brothers into violent conflict with each other. Just as their disagreements reach a climax, the city's catastrophe takes place.

Alice Brady gives a magnificent portrayal of a brave strong-minded woman; next in line for acting honors is Tyrone Power. The picture has power in the strength of its many character portrayals set against the sweep of a larger scene. But the spectacle of the fire, terrifying as it is, falls a bit short of the stupendous effects expected. Director Henry King and the large cast have acquitted themselves admirably in this not-to-be-missed film.



PRESCRIPTION FOR ROMANCE—Universal

A SLOW-MOVING story of romance on the run. Henry Hunter, embezzler, deserts his sweetheart, Dorothea Kent, and flees to Wendy Barrie, a young doctor in Budapest. Believing him innocent, Wendy shields Hunter from detective Robert Kent, with the help of Mischa Auer. Things happen when Miss Kent appears on the scene. But guess who falls in love with whom? You're right.



DAUGHTER OF SHANGHAI—Paramount

ANNA MAY WONG enlists in the U. S. government's campaign to capture leaders in a smuggling ring along the Pacific Coast and contributes considerably to an otherwise tame picture. Miss Wong deserves better than this picture offers. Snarling Charlie Bickford, J. Carrol Naish and barrel-chested Larry (Buster) Crabbe have outstanding supporting rôles. Just another movie.



EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY—Paramount

THEY'LL all be holidays for Mae pretty soon, if this little number is any indication. Since film sex has gone subtle she's left with little to do except walk, which isn't enough. Paramount produced this lavishly, but the story of a female crook who dabbles in turn-of-the-century politics drags like the West inflection. Edmund Lowe and Lloyd Nolan, with Charlie Winninger, try hard to entertain.



CHECKERS—20th Century-Fox

JANE WITHERS clicks again in this story of a race horse that endangers the romance of Stuart Erwin and Una Merkel. Together Jane and Erwin own the horse and, while the two are traveling from track to track, Una responds to the wooing of Andrew Tombes. To top it off, the horse breaks a leg and Stuart has miseries until Miss Fix-it Withers steps in.

(Continued on page 95)

WE COVER THE STUDIOS

—and find that scene stealing, cob-

web making and toiling stars are all

a part of a Hollywood working day

BY JAMES REID

IN "Naughty Marietta," Nelson Eddy made his first appearance singing at the head of a company of Louisiana foot soldiers, slogging through a swamp. It was an effective "entrance." So effective that M-G-M repeated it in "Rose Marie." Only this time Nelson was riding—at the head of a platoon of Northwest Mounted Police. That was even more effective.

Now, for the third time—in "Girl of the Golden West" (in which he again costars

with Jeanette MacDonald)—he enters at the forefront of a horde of he-men, all singing. Out on the vast back lot at M-G-M, he is riding a horse down "a mountain road." On his left is Leo Carrillo; on his right, Leonard Penn. Behind them string a band of bandits, all on horseback. Nelson, tricked out for the occasion in sombrero and chaps, is the bandit *Ramirez*.

The camera, mounted on a truck, and centered on Nelson, precedes the bandits down the road. But it also catches Carrillo, whose singing is done with that happy-go-lucky, attention-attracting, scene-stealing Carrillo smile. That is all right with Director Robert Z. ("Pop") Leonard. The nearness of Carrillo makes Nelson "give" all the more.

However, something unscheduled happens on the first "take." (Something usually does.) Carrillo's mount, despite Leo's frantic efforts to keep him under control, starts rearing, cavorting and prancing. This will never do. Director Leonard calls for a re-take.

"A fine thing!" says Nelson, feigning outraged innocence. "I give my all, and what happens? Carrillo's even got his horse trained to steal scenes!"

Leo is embarrassed by the left-handed compliment. This is a trait common to most scene-stealers. Consider Spencer Tracy, for example.

Tracy is playing an airplane mechanic in "Test Pilot." Clark Gable has the title role with Myrna Loy as his wife. The set is a recreation of the life of Clark Gable and Myrna Loy who were once King and Queen of the movies in a recent newspaper poll.

Spencer has no reverence for their regal stature. He harries them. He facetiously hails each of them as "Your Majesties." But, on the other hand, he has no reverence for Spencer Tracy.

He does a praiseworthy scene with Clark Gable and Director Victor Fleming praises the result. "Yeah," says Spencer, "Power and Talent couldn't have done better." Or he does a notable bit of solo acting, and Fleming says, "So. Spencer says, 'It smelled like ham to me.'" Some of his own comments on some of his best performances are unprintable.

We see him steal a scene as he probably never did before. By accident.

The set is the small kitchen of the cheap apartment that Clark and Myrna, newly married, have just rented. Spencer, as an interested bachelor-buddy, is inspecting the place. He opens this cupboard, takes a look, slams it shut, opens another.

In the middle of the "take," unwary Spencer slams a door on one of his own fingers. He does what any man would do under the circumstances. He yowls in pained surprise.

"Their Majesties," Myrna Loy and Clark Gable, get plenty of razzing from another star and champ scene-stealer in "Test Pilot"

Carole Lombard, costarring at present with French Fernand Gravet, has her own interesting definition for playing comedy





Retamed with Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald is "The Girl of the Golden West" in David Belasco's epic

he remembers only in the nick of time that lady is present. With an effort, he keeps his thoughts mute.

Fleming wants no retake. He likes the unscheduled realism. So will you.

NEAR by, another big M-G-M picture is starting. This is "Madelon," a tale of life and love along the water front of Marseilles. The rôle was intended originally for Luise Rainer, but Luise is now seriously ill. In the rôle, instead, is Maureen O'Sullivan—just back from England where she played with Robert Taylor in "A Yank at Oxford."

Maureen is bright-eyed about her break. But she isn't exactly unhappy to have it happen in Hollywood. She tells us why: "Over there, making a picture, you're pretty much on your own. You have to do most of your worrying, yourself. Here, you have at least ten people to help you worry. That's Hollywood. And I like it."

We see a scene about which everyone worries in advance. Maureen's sweetheart, James Stewart, is about to sail away on a ship that will be gone three years. She is to wait on the pier. His father, Wallace Beery, is to pick her up and carry her to a house a

hundred and fifty feet away.

Is Wally equal to the assignment? Has the gunshot wound in his leg, received during his last picture, healed sufficiently? He says it has.

The scene begins. Maureen faints. Wally picks her up, starts toward the house. He shows not a sign of a limp. Everybody relaxes—except Wally. He has to carry Maureen up the street again, for a retake. Before the scene is finally on film, he has carried her three times.

"If I'd known they would do the scene that many times, I'd have asked 'em to get me a wheelbarrow," he grumps. Not that Wally is intimating that the scene has cost him painful effort. Far from it. All that he is intimating is that he hates to have to work.

OVER at 20th Century-Fox, on the set of "Sally, Irene and Mary," is another star who perpetually tries to persuade the world that he has an antipathy for work. His name is Fred Allen.

In this backstage musical comedy, he tops a cast that includes Alice Faye, Tony Martin, Joan Davis, Marjorie Weaver and Jimmy Durante. Allen appears in practically every

scene. And between scenes he groans constantly about his fifty-eight pages of dialogue.

"Do you know how tired I am?" he demands. "I feel like a nerve that's fallen out of a tooth and is just walking around. I came out here to lose weight. And, so far, I've gained five and a half pounds. I tell you, there's no justice."

In the script, Alice Faye inherits a boat. Everybody troops down to the water front to see if it won't do for a showboat. It eventually will, but when they first glimpse the ship, it is a tired wreck, filled with cobwebs.

Action on the set is now at a standstill, while a "special effects" expert artfully sprays cobwebs over the scenery. Allen, lazily watching him, says, "There is the meanest man in Hollywood. He even keeps the spiders out of work. He can turn out more cobwebs in an hour than eight thousand spiders could in a year."

Allen still is shaking his head about this incredible business of movie-making as we move on, to the set of "The Baroness and the Butler."

THIS is the picture that brings Annabella, the French star, to the American screen. Opposite her is William Powell. She asked for him as her costar after meeting him in Paris on his recent trip abroad. It was carefully explained to her that he was under contract to another studio. She still couldn't see why the costardom couldn't be arranged. It was arranged. Annabella is that persuasive, even in person. (P. S. She is blonde with lively brown eyes.)

Powell looks rested after his long vacation trip. But you can't be around him without sensing that he still is low-spirited. He says, "From now on, I'm going to do only two pictures a year. That's enough, if the two are good. If I rush through five a year, only one of the five may be good. This way, people can expect more by seeing me less. Also, there is such a thing as trying to do too much. I've seen it happen: people overworking, wrecking their health, even dying."

Though he still may be playing comedy, he is not forgetting Jean Harlow.

Again, as in "My Man Godfrey," he is a butler. The setting, however, is Budapest—where the People's Party elects him to the same Parliament in which his baron-employer (Henry Stephenson) serves. We see the scene in which the baron, who doesn't know how to lace his own shoes, begs Bill to reconsider, while the baron's daughter (Annabella) upbraids Bill for being a "traitor." Bill blithely replies that he expects life to go on as before, when the parliament isn't in session.

Before the scene begins, Bill, standing close to Stephenson, absent-mindedly plucks lint off Stephenson's coat. He is so used to being a butler now that he even butts between scenes.

Next, at Warners, we see Carole Lombard, the ex-Mrs. Powell, making a comedy about a butler and a queen—a movie queen. It's tentatively titled "Food for Scandal." Ferdinand Gravet is the butler.

They are doing one of those scenes that everyone present, including the players, enjoys. Carole, living up to the popular idea of feminine glamour in a décolleté gown, is having a tête-à-tête dinner with Ralph Belamy in a cosy alcove of her luxurious apartment. Gravet, toggled out in a wig and a



"My Man Godfrey" is back again butting in the inimitable Powell fashion in "The Baroness and the Butler." But Bill issues an ultimatum that won't please his legion of fans

gold-braided uniform, knee-length, that makes him look like one of the King's footmen, is serving the meal, assisted by Marie Wilson and Allen Jenkins.

Bellamy has romance on his mind. But every time he attempts to get it off, he says no more than two or three words when one of the trio of servants enters, interrupting his thoughts. First one, then another appears, until his frustration mounts to the explosion point.

The tough thing about doing comedy is, according to Carole: "selling *yourself* on the idea that what you're doing is funny. Usually, that's no cinch. The only time it comes easy is when you're doing a scene that would be funny, no matter who played it."

WE look in on Stage 22, to see what Bette Davis is doing, in the curls and crinolines of nearly a century ago, in "Jezebel." Bette, it seems, is coming up to a death scene.

She and Director William Wyler are having an argument. A friendly verbal bout but—still a bout. Willie isn't satisfied with Bette's make-up for the scene. She "isn't pale enough"; she "doesn't look tired enough." Bette is arguing that she has done death scenes before, has always worn this kind of make-up, and has "always looked realistic."

Neither can convince the other. Finally, Bette says, "Willie, don't tell me you won't listen to reason! Don't tell me I'll have to go temperamental on you!" She flounces off to her portable dressing room, as if she's going temperamental here and now.

Wyler, with a gleam in his eye, stalks after her. He takes off her door the white board with the name "Bette Davis," turns it over, prints something on it, then hangs it back up. The sign now reads: "Simone Simon."

Bette flings open the door to see what he is doing, and unwillingly laughs. But she

isn't changing her make-up until make-up expert Perc Westmore (already sent for) arrives, to referee the argument.

They still are waiting for Westmore, and the business manager is shredding his hair over the production delay, as we head for the Warner back lot and the set of "The Adventures of Robin Hood." Here, another business manager is rendering himself bald over production delay. The picture is in Technicolor and, because of lighting problems, they can work only five hours a day. And today there are nine hundred people on the set, and it takes an hour to line them up for one "take."

This is a vast set—a market square in Twelfth Century England. In the center of the square towers a primitive gallows. All about the square are extras in tatters, rep-

resenting the angry populace, being held in check by other extras in the chain-mail uniforms of medieval soldiers. At one side stands a silken pavilion, housing nobles who have come to watch the sport of seeing *Robin Hood* hanged—*Robin Hood* being played by Errol Flynn, who has Olivia de Havilland for his *Maid Marian*.

Two cameras are filming the scene, from different angles. Sun reflectors have to be set for each of them. Then, because of the size of the set, Director Michael Curtiz has to do his directing via a loud-speaker. Between his accent and the echoing acoustics the extras have their troubles, finding out what they are supposed to do, and when, and where.

The extras, after standing around and being pushed around for an hour, aren't up to being excited when *Robin Hood* is finally trundled into the square in a two-wheeled cart. Curtiz calls for a retake, meanwhile delegating an assistant director to bawl them out in plain English. The second take is better. The third is perfect. But by that time the business manager, incredulously feeling the top of his head, fails to find a single hair to tear.

DRIVING on to Columbia, we find Francis Lederer, back from his honeymoon, involved in a melodramatic fantasy titled "The Lone Wolf." It's about a jewel thief, a good fellow withal, who comes to the aid of a desperate princess (Frances Drake). His bride, Margo, was originally penciled in for a rôle in the picture, but is not present. The reason is amusing, if unromantic. She is wearing braces on her teeth, which she doesn't want to remove till April.

We find Frances Drake making some "transition" scenes with some minor players getting in and out of a hotel elevator. Lederer is sitting on the side lines, gingerly smoking a cigarette. It seems that the script calls for him to smoke throughout the picture. Being a non-smoker in real life, this is a real chore for him. He reeled in a scene this morning. So now, between scenes, he's building up his resistance.

A girl near us comments on Frances Drake's "beautiful figure," very noticeably in a low-cut satin evening gown. Lederer

(Continued on page 87)

PHOTOPLAY Fashions

BY GWENN WALTERS

Katharine Hepburn wears this colorful Howard Greer ensemble in "Bringing Up Baby." The black frock, striped in red and white, has long, tight sleeves and a tiny upstanding collar. The beige double-breasted Cabby coat has a straight front, a flaring back, huge buttons and exaggerated revers





Silver-bullion embroidery, studded with tiny cut steel beads, lends a glittering note to the sheer black woolen dressmaker suit Adrian designed for Joan Crawford to wear in "Mannequin." Draped sleeves and a snugly fitted waist are new features of the short jacket which reveals a velvet vest. The skirt is pencil-slim, short and has side slits. Adrian repeats the suit fabric and embroidery motif in the envelope bag and, as final accent to the costume, adds a large, shallow-crowned hat of untrimmed felt

o trims this black jersey
hich Rosemary Lane,
pearing in Warners'
ood Hotel," wears so
gly. A wide belt joins
hered skirt to a tail-
use. A concealed front
closing, double breast
and a tiny back collar
igning details. Rose-
urban is draped of the
bric. Note the inter-
ut of her suède shoes

otograph by Elmer Fryer



White stripes the fabric of the topcoat and jacket of Dolores Del Rio's three-piece woolen suit designed by Irene of Bullock's Wilshire. The full-length topcoat is single-breasted with triple button closing to match the styling of the jacket. The skirt has two front gores that release fluid fulness. Irene, the designer, stressed the coloring of the fabric stripe in neck scarf and gloves. Dolores is appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "Shanghai Deadline"





Una Merkel, M-G-M player, adds zest to her spring wardrobe with this two-piece frock of brown, tan and burnt-orange plaid. The jacket, collarless, with button closing, patch pockets and studded belt, shares detail interest with a skirt which achieves distinction by means of minute godets. A pheasant quill pierces Una's brown felt hat

Photoplay's Fashion



Marjorie Weaver, appearing in "Sally, Irene and Mary" with Alice Faye, suggests light felt hats to give new life and verve to dark street or sport costumes. Navy suède bows and matching suède band add chic to her Byron sport hat "Allure," (above). Note that this felt flaunts a cleverly rolled back brim and an effectively draped crown



A casual grosgrain ribbon bow is perched right at the front of this smart felt model, aptly called "Town Talk" (upper left). It's one of those youthful, gay off-the-face models created by Byron. Worn decidedly back on the head in the season's newest manner, here is a hat to top off tailored or casual costumes of the North or South. Marjorie Weaver of Hollywood gives you a preview of this model



A gay red bug (center) coquettishly perches on the edge of the grosgrain ribbon trim of "Town Chatter," a Roxford model. Here is a felt with the spirit of 1938 caught in its soft-rolling off-the-face brim and cleverly molded crown. Marjorie gives you an idea of the charming possibilities of this charming hat. Smart enough to cause "Town Chatter" indeed

Look to the lower left for Roxford's "Caprice," a smart whim of fashion in felt. That rolled back brim has infinite flattering possibilities—the crown is one of the new crushed-top types that gives a smart high-low effect. Suède in contrasting color forms a tailored trim—the final accent is a gleaming metal buckle. Marjorie Weaver shows you what a wise choice for spring this model is



WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on page 96

Dark dresses with touches of white are indispensable in a spring wardrobe. Phyllis Brooks, appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "City Girl," wears a black crepe frock (above), tailored for town wear, with a bias skirt and fitted blouse, a stand-up collar and cuffs of embroidered crisp white piqué

Another dark dress which Phyllis wears with touches of white (directly above) is also for dressy occasions. Styled with hip yoke and circular skirt, it is of navy sheer with cuffs and yoke of lace and embroidered batiste. The smart new sailor hat, white gloves and blue bag provide the proper dash

The bolero frock is still the chic costume for afternoon wear and this one of black crepe (above center) is contrasted by a striped blouse in shades of deep rose and dusty pink. Phyllis is holding the smartly cut jacket

Phyllis' sport frock (right) is of lightweight beige woolen printed with a brown geometric motif. The high-necked, short-sleeved blouse is joined to the skirt of sunburst pleating with a belt of the softest brown calfskin





Photographs by Clarence Bull

Atop her suit skirt of deep green, Eleanor Powell alternates with a matching tailored jacket with a gay Tyrolean sweater coat. Her hat is in a design of red, yellow and green on a white background. Her ascot ties snugly at the neck. Her green brushed velour skirt is banded with a silk cord of contrasting color. Costarring Nelson Eddy, Eleanor is appearing in M-G-M's musical "Rebecca."

or repose this ensemble
 woolen, worn by Anita
 claims top fashion honors.
 frock has crescent breast
 that close with brown but-
 match those that line the
 ening. The topcoat of
 b yarn plaid has a tuxedo
 lynx. Anita's "beanie,"
 d shoes are beige and her
 dskin handbag comple-
 e narrow belt of her frock.
 " is Anita's latest film





"LUCKY SEVEN" HATS

*Look what the "Snow White" dwarfs
have done to milady's headgear*



Adaptations of the caps worn by the dwarfs: "Doc," modeled by Ann Miller, is of pale blue antelope and styled with rolled brim and flat, peaked crown

Here's "Sneezy," a black antelope chosen by Lucille Ball. In the hand it's perfectly flat; when worn, it fits snugly around the head with a slight double peak in the crown



"Dopey," another of Ann's selections, is made of violet felt (the same gay shade of an Easter egg) and is typically fairy-tale with its amusing crumpled crown and rolled brim

Photographs By Ernest Bachrach

"Happy," worn by Anne Shirley, is of larkspur blue felt. The cocky brim is pleated in the front, and the gnome-like crown is extended to form—of all things—a chin strap



There are several ways to wear "Sneezy." Here Lucille Ball has knotted the tails in back. Above left, she pulled the tails over her shoulders. But sometimes she knots them on top

Cal York's Gossip

(Continued from page 51)

SHIP OFF THE YOUNG BLOCK

AT young fourteen-year-old of Bill Powell's is plenty art. The other night, Bill in- ed the boy out to dinner in le, told him to pick his restau- t—anyone in town. Powell, nior immediately selected the eadero. But, in the car, driving to the fa- us night spot, the lad suddenly nged his mind. You see, the knew that at such a popular ce his dad would be meeting so ny of his friends that he would e little chance to talk to him. as an important evening, too, anding much talk, Junior fig- ed. He has just been made edi- of his exclusive military school er, and he had a small matter printing-press gift to pry out Dad." So the boy settled on a ll, inexpensive restaurant off e beaten path where Bill could et none of his friends.

ENNA—HOLD THAT LINE

IE'S carrying the weight of the re Hollywood studio on her ong shoulders, still she can't get oig-head. That's Deanna Dur- r for you. The other night, after cking late at the studio, she ned a Los Angeles playhouse ee if she could get tickets to ea legitimate show. Only if she old pick up the tickets ten min-

Fashion hint to farmers presented by Betty and Jackie Coogan at the Big Apple party at the Troc



John Boles, Bob Mont- gomery, those party-giving Frank Chapmans, and Ernst Lubitsch do some vocalising



June Lang, whose divorce from Vic Orsatti becomes final in the summer, bestows her smiles these days on A. C. Blumenthal

Père Dick is getting plenty of fun out of it, however, which might have been his idea, anyway.

WHAT THE BIG TEN ARE DOING

Shirley Temple: the little girl with the golden curls is slowly, but definitely, turning into a brunette. Shirley's hair is taking on a much deeper shade of brown—and so it will remain. Mrs. Temple, who has never permitted any kind of dye to be used on Shirley's hair, feels that the child's fans would much rather see her with out-and-out brown hair

than to know she was having it dyed simply for pictures.

Clark Gable: having the time of his life working in "Test Pilot," and flying with Spencer Tracy, even if the studio did have to take out additional insurance on the picture because of it. Clark, who had the chicken pox when he was a kid, had lots of fun scar- ing g.f. Carole Lombard when she was ex- posed to it by a publicity man. Told her it was a lot worse than most adults supposed.

Robert Taylor: unlike most Hollywood ac- tors who go to London for pictures, Bob brought back no English-made suits with him —just a topcoat.

Bing Crosby: Bing's the busiest man in town these days. Spending as much time as he can at Santa Anita track, to watch over his string of racing runners who, this year, are really earning prize money for him. With his radio work, pictures, and that new heir in the Crosby household, Bing more than has his hands full. (Continued on page 70)

utes before curtain time, the voice on the other end of the line informed her.

"But why didn't you tell them who you were?" a friend asked her, when she hung up the receiver dejectedly. "They would have held them for you."

Deanna frowned. "Oh, yeah? They would probably have said, 'and who does she think she is?'"

IT SOUNDS SUSPICIOUS

IT will be a long time before Joan Blondell forgets that trip she and Dick Powell took to the Cleveland auto show. Dick, when he was there, secretly bought their little three-year-old son a miniature auto, equipped with a one-cylinder motor. It was delivered the other day. Of course, Dick expected the lit- tle one to hop right in and drive off. But, despite the lad's enthusiasm for doing just that, Mamma Blondell thinks it's far too dan- gerous a toy for a baby of such tender years.





In the Palm of Your

You'll know yourself, your friends

and family better if you read this

unusual series on hand analysis

DEANNA DURBIN:

These hands show an exceptionally well-balanced person. Why? Because the three parts of the fingers are in even proportion

BY MATILDA U. TROTTER

PLEASE turn your hands over and let's study your fingers from the inside. To make it easier, divide your fingers into three parts: the upper part, or the part with nail on the back, indicates your mental ability; the middle portion shows your business or money-making ability; the lower denotes your physical propensities, your fondness for food, drink, pleasure and luxury.

Note the lines running across your fingers and whether all three parts of each finger are of about the same length. If they are, you are exceptionally well balanced. You should be wise, practical, intelligent and prudent, and you stand an excellent chance of succeeding in whatever you undertake.

If your fingers are not well balanced in their division, compare the three parts and see which one predominates. The predominating one rules you. If it is the upper, you are intellectual, interested in the things of the mind. If the middle rules, business and acquisition of money concern you chiefly; and if the lower part is very thick, you are a physical person, and care mostly for the sensual pleasures of life. Note the even proportion of these three sections on the hands of Deanna Durbin. Deanna is exceptionally well balanced.

If the lower section of your finger rules and your palm is red, you will be completely dominated by your physical desires and appetites. If the upper part rules and your hand is dead white, you will be so intellectual that you will not trouble to eat enough or take the proper exercise, the result being that you will not have enough vitality to accomplish very much.

THE thumb also should be divided into three parts: the upper, which denotes will power and determination; the middle portion, indicating logic and reason; the lower Mount of

Venus, the fleshy part between the thumb and wrist denoting love, sympathy, passion and grace.

The upper part of your thumb should be a little shorter than the middle part, otherwise you are domineering, stubborn and unreasonable. However, if the upper part is very much shorter than the middle section, you are inclined to be vacillating, weak-willed and, while you always know the right thing to do, you seldom have sufficient will power to make yourself do it.

Large thumbs stand for strength of character, force, practicality, generosity, determination in the face of all obstacles, and independence in thought and action. Notice Clark Gable's thumbs the next time you see him in the movies. Or study the picture of his hands on the next page. Much strength of character and determination are disclosed by those thumbs of his. Other points of interest shown by the famous Gable hands are listed below. Read all the points carefully; then check your own hands against the characteristics of his and make your own deductions. It will prove an interesting and informative game.

FLEXIBLE HANDS:—this shows that Mr. Gable likes most people; but, whether he likes them or not, he can adapt himself to them.

FINGERS:—spatulate, showing his love for outdoors and country life, sports of all kinds and fondness for animals. He is original and demands originality in others. Even though he is somewhat conventional in his own ideas, people who are narrow-minded and stuffy bore and irritate him.

THUMB:—shows stubbornness and determination in the upper part; in the second part, logic. This means that Clark may be coaxed;

but don't ever try to force him to do anything. His motto is live and let live, and the person who wants his companionship had better abide by this. He can see both sides of any question and he makes every effort to be fair in his judgment and in his dealings with others.

HEART LINE:—if you will use your magnifying glass, you will discover chains and irregularities in Clark's heart line. This means he is attracted to many. However, the lines of affection on the outer side of his hands tell that he gives his love and affection to few.

HEAD LINE:—there is much more slope to the head line in Clark Gable's left hand than in his right. This tells you that Clark is much more practical now than when he was younger; that he is less possessive and also that he no longer allows his imagination to run away with him.

WIDE PALM:—this increases his restlessness, love of adventure and travel. He would have made a splendid officer either in the army or navy, and he also could have been a great explorer, had he chosen to follow that line of work.

ON a woman, a large thumb tells you that she will marry only the man who can support her. She is practical in the extreme. No gigolo need waste his time knocking on her door, for she will have none of him.

Small thumbs are romantic. Their owners see and desire sentiment and beauty in all things. The woman with a small thumb marries for love. Can her husband or lover support her? What cares she, so long as she has love. In fact, supporting him would be the least of her worries, just so long as he remembers the small services of love so dear to the heart of the romantic.

In judging the size and quality of a thumb, be sure to notice how it is set onto the side of the hand. The nearer the thumb is to the wrist the lower it is set.

Low-set thumbs indicate generosity, freedom in speech and action, and determination.

Medium-set thumbs denote well-balanced views, even temper, fairness and logic in all things (if the logic is not overbalanced by a too-heavy upper part).

High-set thumbs are not very adaptable, and the higher the setting the lower will be

(Continued on page 89)

Land

JANE WITHERS:

Jane's palms are an excellent example of the fine-lined network that occurs in some palms. Jane is so impressionable that she orders upon the psychic



CECILIA PARKER:

These are the hands of a person who has won her way through her own efforts and abilities. Her conic fingertips show you that she is of a romantic make-up, has the power of quick perception, as well as the gift of intuition

CLARK GABLE:

The Gable thumbs are the keynote of the star's make-up. They show much strength of character and determination. Surprisingly enough, his spatulate fingers show that he is somewhat conventional in all his ideas





Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, Bill Haines and Kay Francis go into a huddle—but they aren't discussing pictures. Kay's getting some free advice on decorating that new house of hers (see page 51)

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 67)

William Powell: Bill is feeling his old self again. On loan out to 20th Century-Fox for the lead opposite Annabella in "The Baroness and the Butler," he has all of his new friends on the lot raving about his friendliness and grand sense of humor.

Jane Withers: they are calling little Jane "Hollywood's gift to B pictures," since her award as sixth in the "Big Ten Box-office Champions of 1937." It's the first time a movie star, making strictly B pictures, ever made the "First Ten." She leaves in late February on another tour of personal appearances, and will visit in her old home town, Atlanta, Georgia.

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers: will be hard at work again in "Carefree," their reunion picture, by the time you read this.

Sonja Henie: getting in the "First Ten" was a real thrill to the unspoiled little Norwegian skating star, since it made her the first player to ever achieve this distinction with only a year's work on the screen to her credit. Following her tour of principal cities with her Hollywood skating troupe, she will immediately start another picture, since her new contract at 20th Century-Fox calls for three pictures to be completed during this year.

Gary Cooper: the same shy, "there's nothing new about me" guy. Home and the new baby are more attractive to him now than ever before.

Myrna Loy: after holding out for considerable time, Myrna this month signed her new contract with Metro, calling for a terrific raise in salary. Besides having a picnic working in "Test Pilot" with Gable and Tracy, Myrna has her hands full thinking up gags to top those of William Powell.

Keeping Up With the Jones

JUST before the precious Jones baby arrived, Allan went around town deep in thought. He wanted to buy a very special present for it, but couldn't figure out what it should be. Irene was more than a little shocked with his decision. He took home a new-born colt that night. It will grow right up with the youngster.

Studio Nurse

WHEN we heard, last week, that a woman named Peggy Coleman was retiring, we drove hurriedly over to her house to talk with her for a little while. She has always been, to us, an intensely important person. Head studio nurse out at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for thirteen years, we felt that perhaps now, in retrospect, she might have some fascinating things to tell us. You see, during her long service every important star at that studio has, at some time or other, come to her for comfort, and, while being bandaged or painted with iodine, has poured out his troubles to her.

Aside from her ministrations to ailing stars, Miss Coleman has been a wonder-

ful help to the studio. She was consulting authority on studio hospital scenes and it was she who taught Clark Gable to die convincingly in "Parnell." Clark's her special pet, she admits without coyness, which makes her one of legion at least; and proves something for Clark. No man is a hero to the woman who swabs his throat during a flu epidemic.

She really does have some fine stories to tell, this brisk person with the nice smile and the amused eyes. If you ask her, she'll describe Frank Morgan's reactions on that day when he woke, desperately ill, to hear Peggy calling an undertaker. That was because the studio ambulances are handled through a Culver City funeral parlor—a fact Frank didn't know.

For turnabout value: Peggy was ill herself, once. She lay on a cot waiting to be taken away for an appendectomy, opened her eyes because of a noise in the room, and saw John Barrymore standing beside her. He was wearing a magnificent blue military coat, but no trousers. "To scare me, I guess," she mused, remembering.

Then there was the time Ethel Barrymore, bothered with an eye infection, refused treatment from the specialist Peggy called in because his name was Dr. Blind . . . and the afternoon when Luise Rainer, as the silent wife in "The Good Earth," got stung by a bee and added a scream to the script. Peggy was rushed all the way to location, but didn't mind; Luise is a lovable patient. . . .

FOR glamour girls who diet too strenuously and have nervous collapses on the set, Miss Coleman offers this antidote: a hypodermic needle and a good lecture.

She once made the headlines by calling Max Baer a crybaby. "Men suffer so at the slightest thing, anyway," she remarked when we talked with her.

Garbo, Miss Coleman assured us, gets the stomach-ache. We were just about to ask the remedy when our hostess said, dreamily, "I've worked on all her pictures, and I'm terribly fond of her. She's a very dainty person—and her feet aren't big! One day, during the filming of her second picture one of the fourteen horses that were drawing her carriage fell and was dragged along by

the others. It was a very spectacular accident."

"Yes?" we prodded, anxiously. "I had a terrible time fixing that horse up," said Miss Coleman.

What—A Script Tease, Too?

WISE ones in both New York and Hollywood thought Gypsy Rose Hovick was just fooling when she said she was deserting the strip-stage permanently for the flickers. But they had her wrong. She is buying a home in Beverly Hills and will commute between there and Manhattan to visit new hubby Robert Mizzy. Despite all that talk about Gypsy's screen career being none too secure, the studio has discovered that she is really a rare gal. A "comedienne-heavy," they call her. It's a type extremely difficult to find. She's tall graceful enough to be a typical clothes horse, yet comic enough to take custard pies square on the chin without losing her dignity.

An Editorial Eye-Opener on Movies

AT last, in "We Make the Movies," edited by Nancy Naumburg, those unseen toilers who make the movie wheels go round have a chance to speak their piece, and a vastly entertaining and eye-opening piece it is. Herein, producer screen writer, casting director and other fellow experts who work together on a film, from its start to its finish, describe their respective jobs, thus rounding out a most authentic picture of the industry.

For the serious student of the film, here is good sound advice on how to prepare screen material; realistic accounts of the problems to be faced in readying a picture for its release, with practical hints as to how to solve them. For the interested movie-goer, the book is a fascinating series of answers to the "How did they ever film that?" question.

Though each chapter tells of countless hours of day and night grind while a picture is in production, and of gray hairs and headaches acquired in the process, the final impression is one of an enthusiastic labor of love not to be equalled by followers of any other career in the world. Which explains, perhaps, why this book is so important.



It's practically the charge of the light brigade when Phil Regan and his famous brood ride up hill and down dale in cinema city. They are (left to right) Joseph, Marilyn, Phil, Sr., Joan and Phil, Jr.

"My skin's delicate"
says Joan Bennett

"I depend on
ACTIVE lather to
guard against
COSMETIC SKIN"

COSMETIC SKIN—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—comes when *pores are choked*. Lux Toilet Soap's **ACTIVE** lather guards against this because it removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*.

"I use rouge and powder, of course," says Joan Bennett. "But I always use Lux Toilet Soap!" And Louise Platt tells you: "I use this nice soap because I think soft, smooth skin is very important to charm!"

Don't take chances! Protect your skin, keep it lovely by using this gentle soap before you renew make-up—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed.

Joan
Bennett

SEE THESE LOVELY STARS
IN WALTER WANGER'S
"I MET MY LOVE AGAIN"

Louise Platt



I WOULDN'T DREAM OF
RISKING **COSMETIC SKIN**.
IT'S EASY TO GUARD
AGAINST IT WITH
LUX TOILET SOAP



Clever girls everywhere
guard against
COSMETIC SKIN the
Hollywood way...

Win the
admiration,
romance, every
girl longs for



9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Ginger's "Having Wonderful Time"

(Continued from page 19)

bounty of it. But until then—a stop-sign to Cupid.

Love would be a nuisance, upsetting her careful plans, troubling her sleep, making her nervous and discontented.

To the procession of hopeful, freshly groomed swains who came bearing gifts and invitations, Ginger made honest answer. I think you are nice, I like the way your hair curls, it is fun to dance with you, I can't imagine anything nicer than wearing your orchids or eating the food you buy.

But if it's love you want, I'm sorry. Forget romance, and I will go with you, and we will have a wonderful time together.

In the last year, five men have liked her enough, if not to keep from falling in love with her, at least to respect her ban on sentiment. Jimmy Stewart, gay and young and ineffably a smart bachelor-about-town, squired her for a time. You saw them everywhere: dashing through the rain from theater exits in slacks; in white tie and décolletage at the Troc—usually laughing, sometimes in solemn conversation about who invented buttons or technique on a roller coaster. When she was busy he ran about with Virginia Bruce. Neither girl was a rival of the other.

When Jimmy became ill and went away for a long rest, a young socialite named Alfred Vanderbilt came to town, and during a short period he and Ginger had fun together. They gave a roller-skating party that almost every important star in Hollywood went to—so that next day most of the people in every studio came to work limping. And the papers said, in effect, "Oh you Vanderbilt and Rogers . . ."

But before very long he'd gone back to New York and Cary Grant had rung Ginger's doorbell, bringing candy and flowers. They made a marvelous team: he's robust and indefatigable on the dance floor or in sports and his sense of the usual Hollywood neurosis just isn't, that's all; and he likes to laugh better than almost anything else in the world.

I SPENT a Sunday at that beach house Cary and Randy Scott share together, and Ginger, due to show up at eleven, wandered vaguely in at two in the afternoon. She'd been to church, she said. Cary called her "Goldy," with justification: the new Ginger somehow glitters with that vibrant sheen. They clattered off in her car a little later, to look at real estate—Cary'd heard of a hilltop for sale at some outrageous bargain.

The watching columnists had wonderful time with this, too. "Ca-ry luhvs Gin-ger!" they said through their typewriters—albeit through their hats. Because, in a few weeks, it was Robert Riskin, the scenarist, who sat next to Ginger at previews and brought her to parties.

Just now they say Lee Bowman has supplanted Riskin. "Supplanted" is the wrong word; because, since all these men were only her friends in the beginning, they remain her friends. But, then, the publicity department has to have something to wire to the press syndicates, hasn't it?

There was the business of love, then; and there was her career. Ginger fixed that by going in and having a little chat with her bosses at RKO. She's a shrewd showwoman—she knows that one of the most important reasons why she is in the big box-office Ten is her entente with the graceful Astaire; they are listed as a team. Still, if she makes nothing but dancing pictures as his co-

star, she loses her respective identity with the public. She's half a star, sharing her glory with another personality just as vital.

In her own right, Ginger is a good comedienne. The answer, then, was to make pictures like "Stage Door," in which she stood or danced alone. Two pictures with Fred a year would balance neatly with the other schedule.

There was learning what to do about vacations. She's had four in the last three years and they've all been hectic, nerve-racking, much more tiring than her regular work at the studio.

The first of these she needed fearfully. She'd been slaving for two and a half years without a rest. They offered her a week in New York ("A whole week," they said) and she went happily.

New York tore her to pieces. For seven days and four of the nights it mobbed her, it came for interviews, it asked her to pose for stills, it besieged her to autograph little books. Finally, in desperation, she put on the dark wig she had used for her last picture and took a cab up to Harlem. In the noisiest club there no one recognized her; she was with Florence Lake and several celebrants asked for Florence's signature, but they ignored Ginger. She stayed until four o'clock in the morning.

A LITTLE later, Texas asked her to come to their Centennial celebration so they could make her the admiral of their navy and she went; but it wasn't much fun. After all, she was still a movie star on parade.

She got three shopping days in New York again and that was just plain work. When the studio allowed her another three days before she started "Stage

run like crazy back to the cottage, to spend the dreary day playing backgammon before a fire.

Two afternoons were clear. On the first, Ginger caught one small fish, which that evening tasted rather like broiled carpet but which she ate determinedly. On the second she saw an Indian in full regalia and with an Oxford accent. He was so pretty she decided to make a charcoal sketch of him and he posed willingly for an hour, until it started to rain again. Then he withdrew into his blanket.

Ginger wasn't finished. "Tomorrow, at the same time," she told him. But the next day there was a storm, and for six days thereafter. And the seventh day was the Sabbath, and Ginger came home to Hollywood.

From now on she'll spend her vacations in bed, where at least you can't get rained on. And Ginger will make her whole life one long vacation, anyhow, since she has learned to enjoy her work at the studio.

THE final—and I rather think the most important—thing necessary to her having wonderful time, all the time, was the house which she built last year. Since its completion she has made it the center of her life; it's the reason why you never see her at any of the night spots in Hollywood.

"Why," she asked of me, "should I go out and spend some man's good money for something I've got at home? If I liked to drink it would be different, but as it is I just sit and get bored in a cabaret while everyone else gets tight. My own food is better than what you find in night clubs. And I don't give a hoot about the publicity."



"Having Wonderful Time" may be the name of the film but Ginger and Peggy Conklin don't seem any too happy in this scene

Door," Ginger tried a new approach. She got in her car and drove, alone, to a place near Santa Barbara. She won't tell where it is, because she might want to use it again. There she sat all day in the sun, reading; she went to bed early, got up late. This was getting somewhere, at last.

After "Stage Door," providence took a hand and saw that she was offered a four weeks' vacation. The girl was almost hysterical. She packed golf bags, tennis rackets, play shorts, swimming suits and a cousin and went off to Banff, near Lake Louise in Alberta, Canada, for a month of sports. So it rained every day she was there. Each morning, at sunup, she and her cousin Phyllis Fraser would charge hopefully out of their cottage, laden with paraphernalia; usually, just as they reached the lake, the rain would start—and they would

The house is on top of a mountain, where it belongs; the main building has two bedrooms, a living room, a dining room, a solarium, and a gigantic playroom with everything a playroom should have and a soda fountain instead of a bar. You can have a drink if you like, but usually you're too busy concocting messes out of five kinds of ice cream and bananas and cherries and nuts to ask for a Scotch and soda.

Behind the house proper there's a pool and tennis courts, and above these, on the summit, is a little studio with living quarters where Ginger does her charcoal work and looks at Catalina, sixty miles off, on clear days. She's good with those little charcoal sticks. I saw some self-portraits she'd finished, and a head of Katharine Cornell, and she'd managed more than a resemblance in all of them.

Ginger and her mother moved the place before it was finished, only a bed for furniture. Last Year's Eve, just after she had taken possession, Mervyn LeRoy and Jean MacDonald and a lot of her friends up a progressive dinner, and invited But, of course, she was the one who to furnish the entree. The whole party ate it, in Ginger's bedroom, lighted candles and flashlights, off borrowed cardtables, because the bedroom was only room in the house that had been plastered. Caterers shuffled about in the sawdust, stumbling over bits and levels and saws and other pedimenta left by the carpenters. When that Rogers girl has an enthusiasm she admits of no half measures.

The friends who crowd her house are friends she has known for years. Ordinarily, a star plays politics as she rises in box-office, making intimate those who can help her. Well, Ginger makes new friends occasionally—not only because she likes their looks, but the old ones stay on.

Ben Alexander, Florence Lake (Ginger's closest confidante), cousin Phyllis Fraser, Courtney Ryley Cooper, Lucy Ball, Margaret Sullivan, Andy Devine, Betty Furness and Johnny Green—there's no space to list all of them. They come to Chez Rogers to play games and have a wonderful time. No one ever gets tight; they get sick, sometimes from eating too many glutinous concoctions at the fountain, but not tight there's no time. Everybody's always busy trying to beat someone else at a game.

GINGER, for that matter, is the most game-conscious hostess in Hollywood. Her favorite is a thing she calls "Quotations"; you divide up into two teams and separate; then each person writes a quotation or a trite phrase like "It never rains but it pours" on a slip of paper. The teams get together in the playroom then, and exchange slips. With a two minute time limit, you have to get up and act out the quotation given you—that your own team can guess what it is—and it's all pantomime. For instance, for the "rain" phrase you indicate words on your fingers, shake your head for "never," stand huddled under an imaginary umbrella, tilt a pitcher for "pours." Later in the evening, you can get around to famous events in history like Cleopatra and Anthony on the Nile.

When a Rogers party plays Murder with all the lights out, you can hear them in Westwood Village, fifteen miles away. I often have.

They like to do another dignified thing, too, which is a take-off on hide-and-seek. One person hides and the everybody starts searching. Those who find him must just stay quietly with him, wherever he is, until at last or poor goat is left wandering around the house, all alone.

The last time they did this Andy Devine was last, but not exactly the goal you see Ginger, who was It, had chosen to hide in a small closet full of mop heads and things. And there were fourteen persons playing the game. It took almost ten minutes to extricate them when Andy finally opened the door and another hour to replace all the displaced locations.

"So it's fun," said Ginger to me, putting her feet up on a table. "I've got things settled for myself at last—I'm free, I'm not in love—I've got everything that I want—I'm having a wonderful time!"

In this New Cream **the "Skin-Vitamin"** *the substance which helps* *to make Skin Beautiful*

What makes one woman's skin so smooth—vital looking? Another's dull and dry, even rough?

TODAY, we know of one important factor in skin beauty. We have learned that a certain vitamin aids in keeping skin beautiful. The important "skin-vitamin" about which we are learning more and more every day!

Aids skin more directly

Four years ago, doctors found that this vitamin when applied right on the skin, helps it more directly! In cases of wounds and burns, it actually healed skin quicker and better!

Doctors found a way to put this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Cold Cream. They tested it—during more than three years! In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and



Mrs. Ogden Goelet Blonde, petite, with a delicate fair skin.
"Pond's Cold Cream with the 'skin-vitamin' has done wonders for my skin.
Now it's never rough or dry—seems to keep smoother and fresher looking always."

supple again when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" was applied daily. And this improvement took place in only 3 weeks!

Women report benefits

Today, women who are using Pond's Cream—the new Pond's Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin" in it—say that it *does* make skin smoother; that it makes texture finer; that it gives a livelier, more glowing look!

Just use this new cream yourself! In a few weeks see if your skin is not smoother, brighter looking! Use it just as before—for your nightly cleansing,



(ABOVE) Mrs. Goelet at an informal musicale.

(LOWER LEFT) In the Museum of Modern Art, looking at the famous "Bird in Flight."

Mrs. Goelet's home is in New York, where her appreciation of music and art is well known to her friends.

for the morning freshening-up, and during the day whenever you make up. Leave some on overnight and whenever you have a chance. Put it in especially where there are little rough places or where your skin seems to be dull and lifeless.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

**EXTRAORDINARY
1¢ OFFER
AT LOCAL STORES**

While they last! With purchase of a regular 3 1/2-oz. jar of Pond's Cold Cream, you get for only 1¢ extra a large introductory bottle of DANYA, Pond's new-type preparation for the hands.



**BOTH CONTAIN
THE ACTIVE
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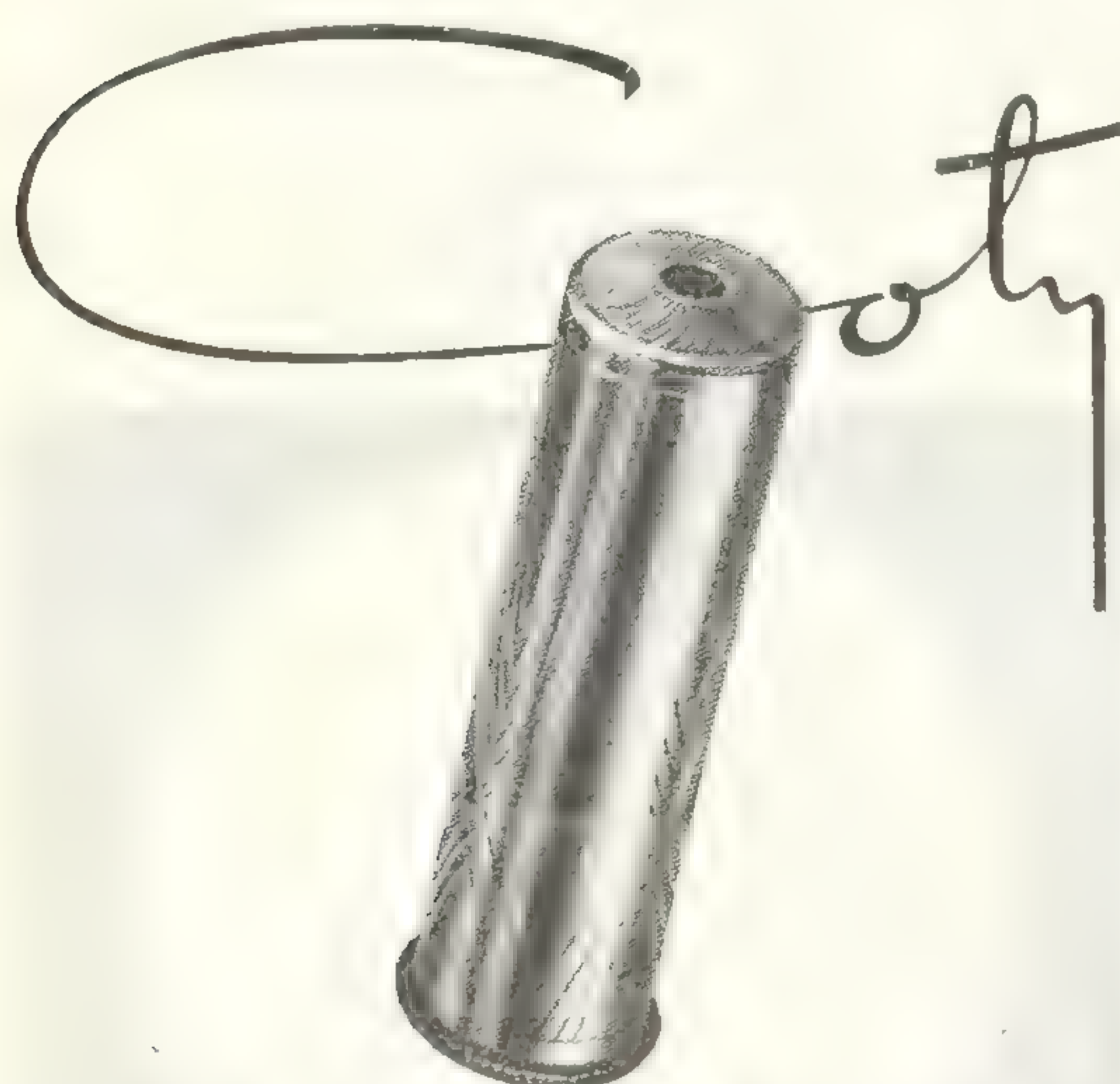


No!

Every girl knows that bright lips tempt. But some girls forget that rough lips repel.

So choose your lipstick for two reasons... its sweet, warm color...and its protection from Lipstick Parching.

Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick is enriched with "Theobroma," a special softening ingredient that protects the soft, thin skin of your lips...encourages a moist, lustrous look. In 5 thrilling shades, Coty "Sub-Deb" is just 50¢. "Air-Spun" Rouge is new! Blended by air...its texture is so mellow-smooth, it seems related to your own skin! 50¢.



SUB-DEB LIPSTICK
50¢

Eight precious drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb". That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

Their Hollywood Reputations

(Continued from page 25)

Hepburn is Vice President in charge of Dignified Silence. Margaret Sullivan belongs and Marlene Dietrich is eligible for membership.

All are expert camera-dodgers. Getting an appointment for an interview with any one of them is like gaining an audience with The Presence. And the people who work at their studios complain that the ladies are all vastly unco-operative when it comes to matters involving publicity, portrait sittings, and the conditions under which they are willing to work.

It's only an exclusive few who call these girls by their first names and there's very little genial informality on their sets. I was very amused, for instance, by the electrician who told me that the ambition of his life was to catch Marlene Dietrich in a crap game.

Simone Simon is a perfect example of a girl who has learned that the marketable value of temperament or temper is questionable.

At first, Simone's erratic conduct was a defense mechanism. During her early days in Hollywood she understood very little English. We can appreciate, then, why the questions of Hollywood reporters often confused her. She was terribly afraid of saying the wrong thing, and it was because of this phobia that she made her mistake. Instead of admitting her dilemma and seeking experienced advice, Simone would "dumb it up" and say nothing at all. Reporters found her a deadly emulator of the Sphinx.

Simone also made another mistake. She carried her silence and her reluctance to co-operate into her professional association with studio executives. She would be late on the set, make appointments and not keep them. When she was disciplined, she pouted.

Today, Simone recognizes her mistakes and is trying to change the opinions of those people at the studio who still regard her in the light of a cantankerous colt.

OF course, there are two sides to every story. At least, these girls have the satisfaction of knowing they're getting along all right in spite of the opinions that emanate from the ranks.

Too, we must remember that very few, if any of us, can claim to be little winged darlings when it comes to dispositions. We're too chemical. Our whatchamacallits are too susceptible to flattery, fame and fortune.

It follows logically, then, that no one in Hollywood is a Perfect Angel—and aren't we glad? Perfect Angels make such dull copy.

However, talk to the majority of people who work with the stars and you'll hear that, on the whole, they are a very normal, a very sane, and a very generous race of people.

Everyone, naturally, has his or her especial favorite, and it's too bad there isn't space to give every lady her proper due.

You'll hear, for instance, that Joan Crawford comes darn near being the most gracious star in pictures. There isn't a member of her working crew for whom she hasn't, at some time or other, done something especially thoughtful.

For example, there was the laborer who fell from a scaffold and broke his leg during production on one of Joan's latest pictures. Because of certain circumstances surrounding the accident, the man discovered that studio compensation covered the resultant doctor bills for only one week.

Joan discovered it too, and for five additional weeks, while the ailing man's bone mended, she paid the bills.

You'll hear that Carole Lombard is a fairy godmother to newcomers—ask Margaret Tallichet, or Dorothy Lamour, or Fred MacMurray, any one of whom will tell you that Carole is responsible for more than one rung in his or her ladder to success.

You'll hear that Ginger Rogers is the darling of the news photographers, because Ginger is just the opposite of those exasperating glamour queens who get all gussied up to go someplace where they know perfectly well they'll find photographers—and then pretend they don't want their pictures taken.

The scribblers are all fond of Shirley Temple, too, because she's not the spoiled moppet you'd expect, but a really good child who minds her mother.

They admire Myrna Loy because she's a girl who has found "her man" and doesn't care who knows it. The man, of course, is her husband, Arthur Hornblow, Jr.

They all cheer for Sigrid Gurie because she's the only movie girl imported from Norway who will admit that she falls flat on her face every time she puts on a pair of skis.

BUT, in all the acquired evidence, the names of two girls occurred with increasing persistence. One, suh, is that cute blonde comedienne from Kentucky, Una Merkel.

A studio-employed chauffeur told me that Una was one of the few out of the many movie girls he has piloted about town who always talks to him as though he were Somebody—who always finds time to inquire about his wife and kids.

It was during production on "Saratoga" that one of the prop boys learned that Una's father was suffering from influenza. Unknown to Una, during his lunch hour, he took time to drive home for a prescription that had once helped him fight the same bug. He wanted Mr. Merkel to have it.

"I didn't mind the trouble," the boy said to Una later. "You're such a nice guy that I kinda figured your Old Man must be a nice guy, too."

When it comes to being nice, Una is like that elephant we hear so much about—she never forgets. And when you speak of the very normal size of her headgear, Una will answer like this:

"Any time those of us who enjoy success feel our heads beginning to swell, we can speedily cure the malady by remembering what we once were, and by remembering that we can go back to being what we once were just twice as fast as we came up."

THE other name I heard sung in praise so often was that of a girl who is deserving of particular credit because she's one of the ten biggest box-office attractions in Hollywood, and when you're one of the ten biggest box-office attractions in motion pictures you don't have to be nice to anybody!

The name is Claudette Colbert, and, according to the people who work with her, she has no peer in sportsmanship.

Of all the things I heard about her as I talked with fitters, hairdressers, prop boys and scores of other artists and technicians, the words of one assistant director struck me as being particularly trenchant.

"Good-humored? Generous? Yes," he repeated, "but Claudette's is a rarer type of sportsmanship—the homely, garden variety that isn't patronizing.

When she does something nice she lets it go at that. There's none of this holding out her hands for mental kisses such as is the habit with some movie stars.

Miss Colbert, apparently, does think of herself as a star, or as a terribly important person. The day I talked with her she had just returned to her dressing room from the set of her current picture, "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." I saw in Claudette few of the usual evidences of brilliant and lucrative success. She sat on her feet in an overstuffed chair. She unfastened the first button of her high collar "for comfort."

How is it that Claudette has avoided that "certain swagger" that too often accompanies a Hollywood success? Isn't she ever tempted to change the tone of her nose?

"Oh no," laughed she, by way of answer, "you don't know my family. As long as they're around me I don't stand a chance of losing balance. My mother, my husband and my brother are my best friends, but, believe me, they're also my severest critics."

BESIDES that, however, Miss Colbert must maintain some rare state of mind to have such an army of faithful followers. In just what light might she consider her enviable position.

Without the slightest hesitation she said, "Why, I'm a working girl."

So that's the answer!

When she is walking on or off a set she never thinks about glory or glamour. She's merely a hard-working person who earns her salary, just like the fitter, or the grip, or the hairdresser.

"After all," she explained, "I need every person on the set just as much if not more, than they need me. Naturally, we're all out to give our best, and our best depends on mutual cooperation. They work for me and work for them."

There you have it. Claudette spurs the velvet carpet and purple robes. On the set, she's one of the gang, and that's why the studio boys and girls would do or die for her.

Other people like her, too: her boss, her fellow stars, and Hollywood's correspondents.

Hollywood writers aren't very awed by movie folks. Stars are just part of their reportorial jobs, but the press gang will vote for Claudette any day, because she doesn't go in for any hanky-panky.

If she doesn't want to talk, at least she'll tell you so, and won't keep a fellow cooling his heels and his temper for a ten-day period of indecision.

And if she says she'll talk, she means it literally. There will be no coy evasions.

We, here in Hollywood, know that movie stars have to think a lot about themselves, and for that reason wonder if they'd ever be satisfied with anything but movie stars.

Claudette is the only one who has ever given us what sounds like a really frank answer. She has the courage to admit that the future years frighten her.

"I'm a sissy," she said wistfully. "After ten years as an actress I, too, often wonder if I'd ever be completely happy in any profession that requires less consideration of my own function in it."

In fact, Claudette is so pleasantly down-to-earth as an interviewee that once her words are in print, the writer is apt to stare at them and wonder they weren't a part of some agreeable dream—or if the whole interview wasn't just one big typographical error!

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FASHION *Letter*



Tony Martin admires Mrs. Tony Martin (Alice Faye) as final touches are added to the tulle wedding dress worn in "Sally, Irene and Mary"

Photo by Maupin

BY GWENN WALTERS

DOES a thrill run up your back when you attend a wedding? I hope so, for you will be better able to understand my mood as I commence this letter. I have just come from Twentieth Century-Fox Studios where I watched Alice Faye take marriage vows in "Sally, Irene and Mary." I'm brimful of romance and dying to chatter about brides and trousseaus, for I think there's no greater fun in all the world than helping a bride-to-be plan and select her lovely clothes.

As I was leaving the studio I ran into Gwen Wakeling who designed Alice's exquisite wedding gown and from her I gathered trousseau notes galore.

Miss Wakeling's first suggestion for the spring bride was that her clothes be gay—even her wedding gown! For instance, an ice-blue tulle gown printed with miniature bouquets of spring flowers and styled with a bouffant skirt, a tiny waist, a shirred bodice and piquant sleeves—the veil of ice-blue tulle, short, and held to the head with a

cluster of flowers to match those printed on her gown.

Miss Wakeling also urges the bride who is to be married in a going-away costume to skip the conventional and plan something really exciting—an outfit that will be sentimentally packed away in a trunk and saved forever for its beauty as well as its memories.

In this year of color Miss Wakeling suggests pastel chiffon tweeds for a going-away ensemble. A frock of slate blue, golden yellow, leaf green or pink beige, simple in cut—straight-line—trimmed only with a novel choker necklace or clip with duplicate bracelet; plus a topcoat of matching color in deeper hue, unfurred (or if furred, preferably with lynx); a hat of felt the shade of the frock with contrast trim to match shoes and bag. Choose the latter in navy blue for green, pink beige or blue, and rust for yellow. Altar-bound, this type of costume is surprisingly flattering; it is smart as punch for honeymoon travel and practical wear.

*It's time to talk of trousseau notes
and bridal gowns and brides. Here
are some of the smartest wedding
proposals ever made in Hollywood*

The topcoat of this wedding costume will serve with equal chic to ensemble several other frocks. Let's pretend your coat is dusty blue. Alternate it with frocks of dusty rose, steel grey, green and a gay print or tulle. You'll have several complete outfits—each as individual as the other (in fact, it's breaking what smartness you can achieve in any wardrobe with one well-chosen coat and a set of accessories plus varied frocks).

A trousseau should include at least one jacket frock. Miss Wakeling suggests one of navy sheer woolen with a matching half-length box jacket of Chinese influence that boasts loose sleeves, a tiny upstanding collar and a trim look about the shoulders. For the frock, short-sleeved and slim, with a tiny waist and bosomy blouse in red, and wear one of those smart navy straw sailors made by Byron with a tiny veil tied around the edge of the brim.

Then from this one smart frock make several by adding a half-dozen extra little jackets. Say a brief bolero of tweed, or embroidered fabric; one of suède in color with matching gloves; a bust-length jacket of fur or one of brushed angora; and, later on in the season, have some of printed linen—and one of white piqué.

I COULD go on forever about clothes for the spring bride, but I must get on with the month's news of Hollywood fashions.

"The Joy of Loving" stars Irene Dunne. Edward Stevenson has done a magnificent job of dressing her for this picture. In fact, on the set the other day Miss Dunne looked lovelier than I have ever seen her. She was wearing a purple pansy chiffon wool dress cut with a high neckline, long sleeves and slim skirt which boasted slight front fullness. The waistline was girdled with a crush belt of the dress fabric, and a large cluster of grapes highlighted the right side of the neckline and matched a wide bracelet. Joseph of Hollywood created this exciting jewel.

Kalloch of Columbia is busy creating wardrobe for Joan Blondell to wear in "There's Always a Woman." The outstanding frock of the collection to date is a bohemian ensemble of navy cashmere. The frock is straight-line with crescent-shaped skirt pockets embroidered in white angora to match those that finish the circular corners of the bolero and trim the closing detail of the seaming fabric belt.

On the Warner Brothers lot Carole Lombard is stunningly gowned by Travis Bant as she films her next gay comedy with Fernand Gravet. Don't miss seeing her.

That's all for now. Next month, I'll write about resort and cruise clothes—giving you grand advance hints of summer clothes.

THE STAR OF WARNER BROS. "JEZEBEL"...BETTE DAVIS...

ACCENTS HER BEAUTY

with this

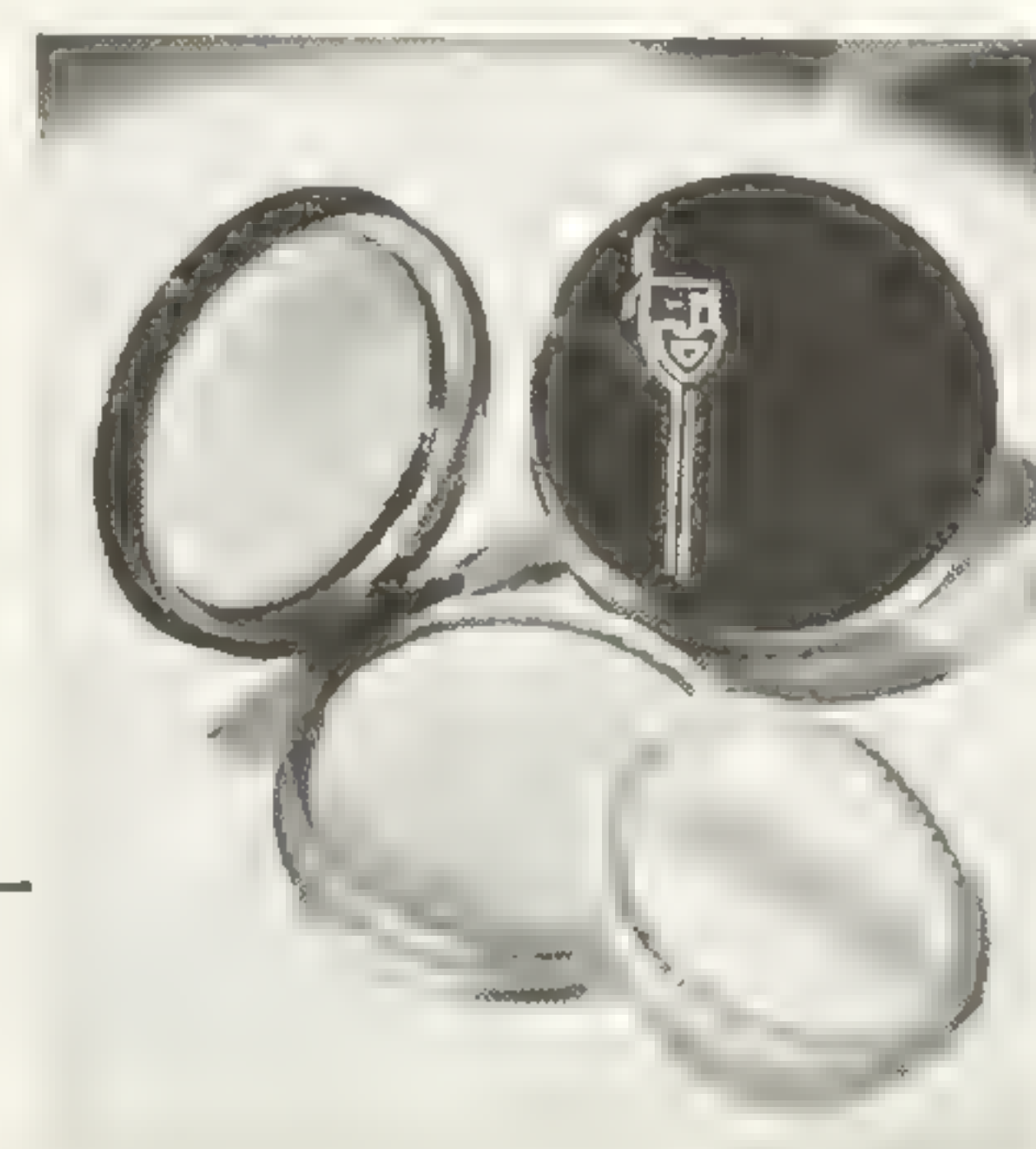
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ALL HOLLYWOOD has discovered, as you will discover, that color is beauty's secret of attraction. To emphasize this attraction, Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, created Color Harmony Make-Up...harmonized shades of powder, rouge and lipstick...to bring out the individual beauty of blonde, brunette, brownette and red-head. Originated for the stars, the luxury of this new kind of make-up is now available to you at nominal prices. *Note coupon for special make-up test.*



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Rouge must be in color harmony to give a lifelike touch of color to the cheeks. When you first apply Max Factor's Rouge in your color harmony shade, you'll see how much more attractive you will be...creamy-smooth, it blends easily...50¢.



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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
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Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (color) ☐	REDHEAD ☐
Olive ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN ☐ Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
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She Walks in Beauty

(Continued from page 32)

gold perfect face, but when face and hair and gown are part of her—when she descends the stairs to the drawing room a perfectly groomed, perfectly beautiful woman. He waits for this moment. So does she. And because of that she never discusses her make-up, hair or clothes problems with him. She shows him only the finished product—on her. He approves, almost invariably, because Mrs. Gibbons possesses unerring taste. She dresses herself dramatically and interestingly as one should who "walks in beauty like the night."

But, if the rare disapproval of Mr. Gibbons is bent on a certain gown or suit or chapeau, Mrs. Gibbons discards it . . . forever. She might have loved the little number, but if her husband doesn't, it loses meaning for her. She not only thinks his judgment is second to none in all this wide world, she also thinks no man living is so handsome. She is never without his picture in her bag, and on her dressing table.

Outside her very large, all-silver bedroom, which overlooks a garden heavily fragrant with the scent of more than sixty-five mystery-gardenia bushes, and the violet-blue slumberous Pacific beyond, is a long balcony extending around two sides of the room. Until this past year she sunbathed there daily. Now, she uses instead, a large, six foot deep, whitewashed cement pit dug into her back yard. Lying there, on the gleaming, cream-colored sand which she imports by the truckload thrice yearly from the famed Monterey beach, she avoids the breezes from the sea, and gains the advantage of the sun's reflections from both the whitewashed sides of the pit and the sand.

Dolores uses no oils, no creams. She exposes her body to the sun during the hottest weather, sometimes as long as four hours daily, yet she has never burned or dried her skin! But this, she hastens to add, is because of her heritage. And no one, unless he is descended, as she is, from the ancient Toltecs of Mexico who worshipped the sun and took it constantly, should try to emulate her. Sun bathing, incidentally, is Miss Del Rio's one ritual. She considers it Nature's great cure for nerves, and she cannot stress its value too strongly.

But you, she points out, and you and you, should take it easy. Expose in the morning, use oil. Regulate your increasing amount of sun daily. And don't think just because you haven't Toltecs back of you that you can start the line going. It won't work.

WE said sun bathing is Miss Del Rio's one ritual. That's a mistake. There is another. Diet. Just after her marriage to Mr. Gibbons, some years ago, she took to her bed for many long months with a serious ailment. Two things happened to her during that enforced hospitalization: Mr. Gibbons designed and built the lovely modern house which, the first time she saw it (and that was only when she was able to leave her bed), forever weaned her away from her beloved Mexican architecture. The second thing that happened was that in an effort to keep well thereafter she took up seriously the study of diet.

Her breakfast, for example, is composed of several different kinds of fruit, because each one has its individual food value. She prefers, incidentally, cooked fruit to raw. She has toast, an egg and coffee, also. And only one cup of coffee a day. The rest of the time it's milk. She says milk isn't fattening, keeps your

teeth strong, your bones healthy, and makes your flesh firm and smooth.

"Drink milk, milk, then more milk," she stressed to us; then added, "and for strong, long nails, eat either one egg every day, or a dish that contains one. Also, eat desserts made of fruit."

"Do you drink?" we asked.

"Hard liquor, never!"

"Wine?"

"Occasionally, yes." She added quickly, "But much water! Eight full glasses every single day."

"How about candy?"

"That has energizing value. Every so often a piece is very good for you."

For lunch she has three vegetables. If you don't know the vitamin content of vegetables, simply vary the color scheme and you'll get it that way. With the vegetables, she has a green salad and milk.

Dinner calls for some sort of hot broth, fruit salad, chicken or meat (only once a day, notice) and again, milk. She never eats between meals. These menus are sufficiently typical. If you want them technical, it's eighty-five percent calcium, protein and alkaline content, and fifteen percent starch. She works her menus out each morning with her cook. You can work out your own menus, too, and if you begin to tumble by the highway, remember the Del Rio chassis. If you haven't got it, get it. If you get it, keep it. By all means!

Food dispensed with, we next turn to sleep. Here again schedule is predominant. Eight hours nightly. Miss Del Rio quotes the late Arthur Brisbane, who said that it takes two weeks of regular sleep to overcome the shock of the nervous system resulting from one night's incomplete rest. Therefore, the star's bedtime hour is regulated according to her morning rising. Betwixt the two, eight hours must elapse with her head nestled on her big, fluffy pillow. She sees to it that it does.

And if you mention daytime relaxing she leaps into the subject with a vigor that displays her respect for it. "Be lazy," she pleads. "Let go." Then, indignantly, she will tell you that if women were more sensible, they would cease going to beauty shops for facials, and would, instead, lie down quietly in the peace of their bedroom for the same length of time, and arise more beautiful in face, and more peaceful in spirit.

PEACE of spirit is one of her great possessions. She works for it and treasures it carefully. She has two antidotes for the lack of that quality: if she is bored, she discusses with other people their private problems. It takes her mind off herself. It serves as a contrast. It reminds her to check her temper, of which she detests losing control. Her other antidote for spiritual peace is a spiritual life.

Dolores spends many tranquil hours in her bedroom. Her bed is large, low and silver. Over in a corner of the room, comfortably close, is its duplicate in miniature, on which sleeps Bonnie of Bligh, her champion bull terrier. There is even a duplicate, though not of real fur, of the mistress's bed cover. Possibly it is Bonnie's impressive number of blue ribbons which gives her this privilege; certainly it is not accorded to Michael, Dolores' other dog, but then Michael does not possess Bonnie's dignity (nor quite her record).

The rest of the bedroom is silver, too. It is of wide, spacious proportions, uncluttered, with a gleaming kind of softness about it. When the sun shines

brightly, a mirror on the wall, beaded with gold instead of the usual silver, glows radiantly like burnished copper, providing a spectacular and lovely effect.

Beyond is Dolores' smart, all-in-one bathroom, and beyond that, her dressing room, with its windows curtained in floor-length white silk fringe. The floor is an oversized leopard skin. The dramatic quality of these two rooms is in contrast to the silence of her bedroom, but all are perfect for Del Rio. They could belong only to Del Rio, and she is happy in them.

IN her dressing room is an impressive cabinet filled with perfumes. There are over two hundred bottles, most of them gifts from friends. There is a noticeable variety of scents, for Del Rio does not limit herself to any one scent, rather, prefers to suit her perfume to her frequently changing moods.

When she bathes she usually drops pine-scented salts into her tub. When she is ready to dress she uses a morning scent in bath powder, and a single perfume. She is a fiend on scents and odors. "Use them all the same, or not at all!" she tells you. "If each is different, they will fight."

She doesn't ever take a shower because she doesn't own one. She takes baths. She doesn't go in for salt glazes or ice rubs, (and never on the face for friction mitts, or anything like that). She doesn't have massages very often, either, unless she's particularly weary. And if you've read somewhere that she uses strained honey on her face, that's a base canard. The luscious quality of coloring of her skin are due wholly solely to the sun baths, careful eating, no drinking, sufficient exercise and a contented soul.

As for her method of cleaning, it's amazingly simple. She applies a cream, until she's sure her skin is definitely clean. No astringents, no mucous oils, no night creams, no anything! For make up she uses dark powder, with foundation whatsoever; mascara on eyes; no rouge on the cheeks. On lips she uses both lip rouge, (applied first, with a brush) and lipstick.

She whipped the lipstick out while they were talking and writing notes, and a brisk second, without a mirror, pushed it expertly around those luscious, curving lips.

"No mirror?" we gasped.

Naïvely she shook her head. "I know no mirror. I know where my mouth is. And she slipped the lipstick back into her bag, continued from where she left off in the saga of being soignée while we gulped in surprise.

SHE has a vast, fairy-tale garden in which white flowers predominate. She raises the great mystery-gardenias, her favorite posy, with great success; and then herself when she has the time, and places them lovingly in many white bowls of crystal, copper and silver, whence their deeply exotic fragrances drifts throughout the entire house. Her dreams are probably fashioned from the snow-velvet loveliness that is always beside her bed.

Beyond the garden, overhung with flowering trees, is the distant sea. On the other side of the house is her swimming pool; near by, her champion tennis courts which Vines declares to be the finest in all California. Del Rio is not a ranking player, although she plays nice enough game; but Mr. Gibbons

(Continued on page 80)



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This line is designed, hemmed, finished and ornamented to decorators' specifications in "Custom built" style.

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NO DATES IN MARY'S BOOK NO SONG IN MARY'S HEART



She says she "doesn't perspire" in winter—yet underarm odor spoils all her charm!

She's a popular girl, Mary—in *summer-time*! For she wouldn't dream of letting underarm odor spoil a summer romance! She *knows* that she perspires then because she *sees* it.

Too bad she neglects underarm precautions as soon as cold weather comes! It's so easy to think you "don't perspire" in winter—to foolishly trust a bath alone to keep you sweet.

Wise girls use Mum! They know that even when there is no underarm moisture, *odor* is there. A penetrating

odor that clings to heavy woollens, to tight, close-fitting sleeves. An odor that can be prevented *before it starts*—if

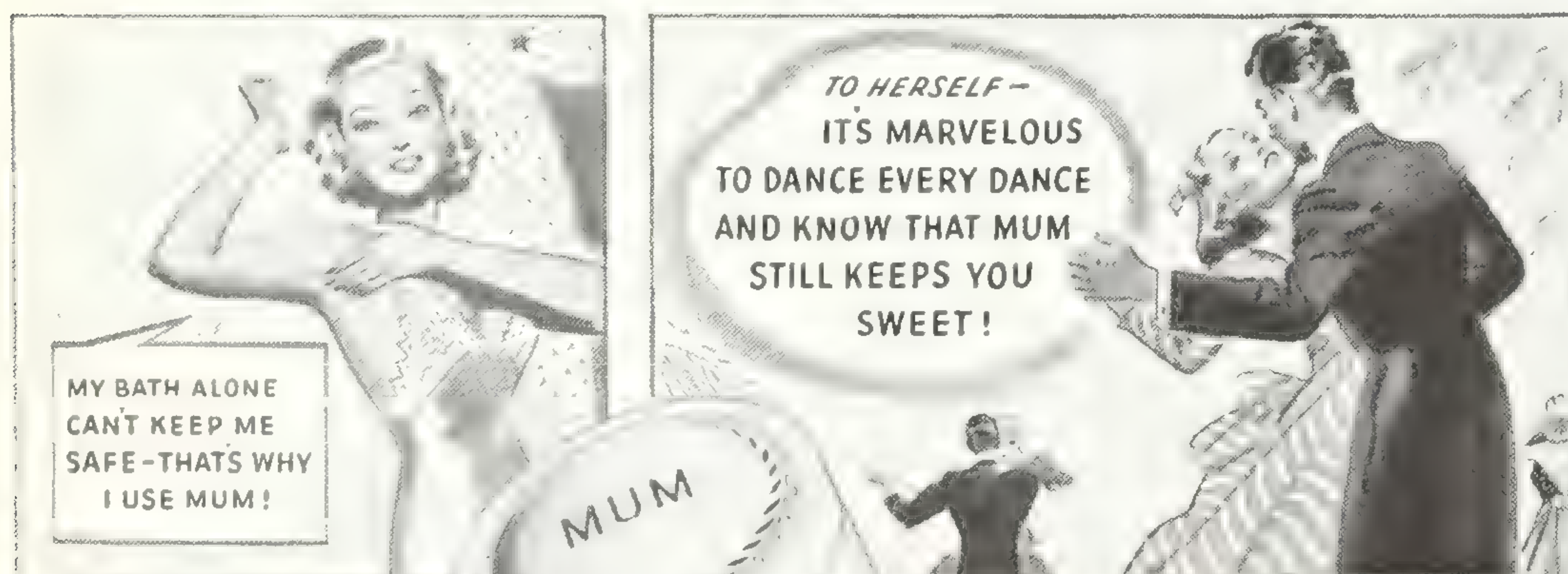
you follow up your bath with Mum!

MUM IS QUICK. Just half a minute to use! Apply it even *after* you're dressed. Mum will not harm fabrics!

MUM IS SAFE. Mum does not stop healthful perspiration, never irritates the skin. It's actually *soothing* even after underarm shaving!

MUM IS SURE. Mum's protection lasts *all day*. No worries about hot rooms or warm clothes. Mum makes unpleasantness *impossible*. Use Mum every day...you'll be a girl men like *all year 'round*.

IT TAKES MORE THAN A BATH — IT TAKES MUM



For this use, too...
Thousands of women use Mum for **SANITARY NAPKINS** because Mum is gentle, **SURE**. Don't risk embarrassment. Always use Mum!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

(Continued from page 78)

a tennis fiend, ergo, none but the best will do! Our heroine swims very well (and how she looks in her suits!) but is deliberately moderate about the time and energy she gives to sports.

However, walking is her pet diversion. She seems to average two miles a day when she isn't busy at the studio, and chooses, for her exercise, the lovely rustic roads of Santa Monica Canyon. Bonnie and Michael frisk happily alongside, and their mistress strides ahead, breathing deeply, with chest out and head high.

If, in her house, she wants a book from the library, or must discuss affairs with her cook, she walks to get the book, or see the cook. She doesn't send for either. In this way, making the dozens of little odd trips about the house, she consciously gets in more walking. And walking, my ladies, keeps hips svelte.

She wears great chunky hunks of jewelry made of all sorts of stones, semiprecious and precious. A clip, for instance, that she likes, is a great, unevenly shaped piece of onyx with an aquamarine and two large rubies flung roughly up in one corner. Her husband, incidentally, designs all her jewelry, which she has executed either here in Hollywood or in New York.

His designing of her jewelry started quite by accident. She was very bored with all of her lovely, but conventional things, and was hopelessly considering having them redone, knowing full well what they would look like, when Mr. Gibbons, seeing her despair, drew up some quick sketches for her. Delighted with their originality, the star took both husband and sketches to a jeweler, got the spouse's valuable advice on choice of stones and execution, and found herself the possessor of some unbelievably lovely jewelry. Her husband was amused by the success of his debut as a designer, and even more so when the jeweler himself, in excited tones, pleaded with Mr. Gibbons to name his own price and come to him as an exclusive designer of jewels!

Note: Mr. Gibbons is still with M-G-M.

ALONG with unusual jewelry, Del Rio wears unusual clothes. Dramatic clothes. She hates anything that is indefinite. She works out most of her own designs with Irene, now in Bullock's Wilshire. Long before that clever young lady married Mr. Gibbons' younger brother, she did a great many of the star's clothes, and now, related or not, she still flings up her hands and tears her hair at the ofttime seemingly outrageous ideas that our Latin lady presents. They discuss them, argue about them, and frequently Irene flatly refuses to carry them out, in which case, concessions are made. Invariably, when they are finished, Del Rio, surprisingly enough, has another gown or suit that carries on her reputation of being an originally and smartly dressed woman.

Neatness characterizes the Del Rio wardrobe. Every time Dolores takes off a dress it is thoroughly brushed before it is hung back in the closet. She is quite practical, too. For the amount of money she has, and the position she holds, she has fewer clothes than most stars.

Her favorite colors are all the shades of red; in fact, any warm color is immediately taken to her heart. She loves black and white combined, but has no decided color restrictions, except that she prefers definite colors with vivid tones to them, as she should, since they complement her own lush beauty of honey-gold skin and flashing eyes.

She adores weighty materials, crisp ones, rough ones, nubby ones. For night she prefers stiff taffetas, metallic bro-

cades, and silky fringe—all spectacular materials... although sometimes pending upon her mood, she dresses floaty chiffons. Rich furs, of which she owns quantities, she idolizes; and she bundles herself up in them, looking more exciting than ever.

She buys nothing, or orders nothing except for special events, with thought. Everything is the result of months of careful planning. Indeed, she deplores and wonders about the women who buy quickly, for it isn't logical to her that one can rush out and around desperately for a little coat with one's new print. She has things all ready. She consults the fashion magazines, and co-ordinates with her own desires and ideas, but then, usually to Irene, and then both go to work. The process usually takes three fittings, but the advantage of having a sister-in-law in the design business here takes on a rosy hue—tails, colors, new ideas, and materials can be discussed at lunches, dinners, while the two husbands are busily playing tennis with each other.

SAY, for instance, that Connie Benson or Countess di Frasso is going to a big party. Del Rio will decide what she wants something entirely new and something to wear. She'll tell Irene to pick up a number that is devilishly simple and unusual, tell her, perhaps, to do the marvelous shoulder treatment on the last grey chiffon. Irene will incorporate this suggestion, add her own and Del Rio's further ideas, and turn out something spectacular. And then, (and happened before) Mrs. Gibbons will look a bit apologetic, but her liquid eyes will twinkle, and she'll say, "Irene will not feel like this dramatically beautiful gown Saturday night. I will want to have on something gay and chic and naïve... I feel that way for Saturday night." And Irene will make it if possible; or, there is Magnin's where you can't go wrong... or, the next night might change again; but anyway, you'll have a Del Rio at that party who will make you gasp with envy.

Once she told Irene she wanted a gown of silver mesh—the kind of mesh they use for belts and fancy collars. Irene, with trembling, doubting her ability, designed something extremely simple, turned it over to a silversmith, who went to work welding together yards and yards of the glittering, heavy mesh. This took many days, but when the dress came out of the man's shop it was so stunning, so unusual, and so deliciously beautiful that it startled the envious glances off every woman who saw it. Unfortunately, the actress put her foot through the hem at a big party, so blithely she trotted it back to the silversmith, and again it was welded together, just as good as new!

When she wears her things a season she packs them all (except the very special favorites) into a trunk and ships it to Mexico. There an aunt distributes the clothes to nieces, friends, and need ladies. Everything is in beautiful condition... clean, pressed, and practically as good as new. For when Dolores was very little her mother taught her to be very careful of her clothes because they weren't meant for her enjoyment alone, but were to be given later to other little girls, and must therefore always be in perfect condition.

So, today, she still sees that her lovely clothes continue to give service and enjoyment to others, because her entire life is based on the premise: "Give a ye shall receive."

So, you want to be *soignée*? Here throughout these several pages you'll have many pointers, Del Rio version. Emulate her, and perhaps you, too, can "Walk in beauty like the night."

The Miracle at the John Barrymores

(Continued from page 26)

you. "Ask fate, ask Winchell." He was bored, maybe he was. In any case, Elaine Jacobs was lifted by a telephone call that evening. "This is John Barrymore. Are you the young woman who wrote me a letter? All right. I'll see you at the hotel tomorrow afternoon." Elaine Jacobs arrived—a dark-haired girl with a poise beyond her years, wise not of experience but of fearlessness. "Why do you want to interview me?" he asked her. "Because when I was twelve or thirteen I fell in love with you." He cocked that eyebrow. "Very interesting. What was I playing?" "Svengali." He lunged back his head and whooped, "You wouldn't? His amusement left him unperturbed. "Best gag that's ever been pulled on me," he moaned at last, wiping the tears from his eyes. "Bearded, greasy old so-and-so—" "That's the truth just the same," she asked him tranquilly. "When you said you'd brew prayer and died, you broke my heart—" The afternoon flew, an afternoon gay and colorful and sparkle in a week of gray. John Barrymore asked Elaine Jacobs to dinner the following evening at her mother's. He found that Mrs. Jacobs, as well as Elaine, talked his language. When he left the hospital he went to her room, and Elaine showed him a book full of pictures of himself in various rôles, including that of *Svengali*. It drew him to her—to her youth, yes; but more than that, to her young honesty, to her large-eyed humor, to a spirit and zest that he found his own. He found himself, falling in love with her. It was here in conjecture. One can guess that if Barrymore and Elaine Costello had been happy in marriage, Elaine, while she might not get her interview, would certainly have walked out of the hospital and lived the rest of her life. Inwardly, at any rate, and and wife must already have parted to the parting of the ways. Barrymore's sole and deep concern with respect of the affair is that onus should attach to no shoulders but his own. He has been sincere in my affections. He meant well. But accomplishment in my case often falls short, alas, of intention. I have many faults and, alas, a modest quality or two. By a curious contradiction, the faults are the more aggravated, the qualities are the more diminished by daily association. The result—"eloquently he spread his hands—" is a modern attitude toward divorce that doesn't make for headlines. Better a quick ending than prolonged. It was the stormy course of their love that turned both Barrymore and Elaine into newspaper copy. Their partings and reunions, their statements to the press, their Ariel-Caliban messages to each other. The newspapers, if they turn their minds to it, could turn the story of Paolo and Francesca into a day's mockery. And I, for one, do not inquire what's wrong with Ariel and Caliban? Think back to your own loves, and consider how much silliness your papsies and mopsies would sound, if ever the reporters had blasphemous hands upon them. The point lies not in the Barrymores' tiffs and reconciliations, but in

the fact that, despite misunderstandings, these two diverse people have clung to each other, are happy in each other. Like all the world, Hollywood laughed at them. Well, Hollywood, which now knows them better than the rest of the world, has stopped laughing. It has seen John steered from a sea of emotional upheaval into a haven of peace. It has seen John the mercurial turn into John the steady. It has seen him content to spend his evenings playing (of all things!) parcheesi with his wife and mother-in-law, laughing up his sleeve as he watches Elaine's discreet maneuvers to throw the play first to one, then the other, unmasking her at length, "You moved this piece to help your mother, now you've got to move that one to help me," chortling over her discomfiture, and asking no gayer evening's diversion. It has seen John (who once worked when he chose and, when he didn't, told studios they knew what they could do) give his best to picture after picture at Paramount, climaxing the whole with his superb performance in "True Confession." It has seen his tormented eyes grow clear, his haggard face smooth. And who but Elaine can have wrought the change? Why shouldn't Hollywood take off its hat to her? Rumor has it that another woman was in part responsible for his assignment to "True Confession." Ever since Carole Lombard came into her own as the lead opposite Barrymore in "20th Century," she's been chanting his praises. Again and again she has said: "He taught me more in six weeks than I'd learned in six years before knowing him." As for Barrymore, his eyes soften at mention of Carole's name. "Hecht and MacArthur wrote that play," he told me. "Gene Fowler had a hand in the screen version. When they got me, the whole fellowship resolved itself into a portrayal of the real nut. Then along came Carole like a simoom from the desert and found her destined niche. We people were all bitten by the same tsetse fly at birth. I never met Gene Fowler's mother or Carole's; they never met mine. But I think if those three ladies could have seen the thing together, you'd have found them in the powder room later in joyous collapse on each other's shoulders." Don't ask Carole whether Barrymore was cast in her picture because she insisted on having him. She'll turn into a small tornado. "Go fly a kite," she'll tell you. "I had nothing to do with it. Neither did anyone else but Barrymore. When a studio's lucky enough to have the services of the finest actor in Hollywood and a part that yells for him to play it, whom would you expect them to put into it—Mickey Mouse? They don't need me to teach them their business. If they did, my name'd be Zukor and I'd wear pants." Be that as it may, the rumor persists. And whether or not she's concealing the facts, Carole made no secret of her joy when Barrymore appeared on the set for work. She all but beat drums and clashed cymbals. Like a doting mother, beaming with pride and pleasure, she brought up members of the crew and cast to be introduced. Never what one would call a phlegmatic person, her spirits that day seemed to touch an all-time high. BARRYMORE, given his fattest part at Paramount, proceeded to furnish triumphant proof of the fact that he still belongs to the theater's royal fam-

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THE NEW Evening in Paris FACE POWDER with SKIN AFFINITY*

....the first to COMBINE the best features of BOTH super-fine, super-light face powders and heavier types

FACE POWDER that is attracted to your skin... a face powder with *Skin Affinity**. It's a completely new texture... Each particle of powder is from two to three times smaller than those in many other popular powders; much more uniform in size and shape.

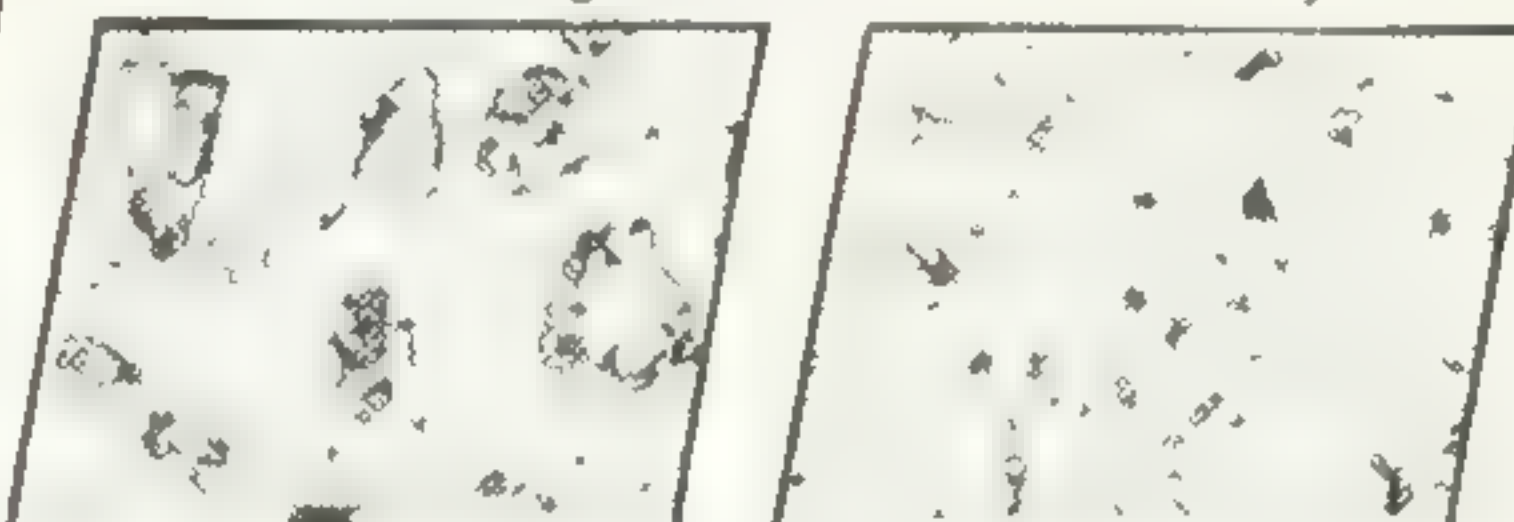
It means a combination of beauty advantages never before obtainable in one face powder! For the first time, you can get (1) the exquisitely natural-looking, smooth, clear, fresh-colored finish of an exceedingly fine texture... Plus (2) extreme lasting power and superior ability to cover skin and subdue the appearance of beauty flaws... These last are qualities usually possessed only by heavier face powders!

Colors, too, are the clearest, most glowing... not only richly flattering to your skin, but also so vivid that they kindle new high-lights in your eyes and lips.

Try it yourself... and see the difference! You'll be amazed; delighted! Ask for Evening in Paris Face Powder at any drug or department store. Generous, enlarged box, costs only \$1.10.

Let the microscope prove it to you

Photomicrographs made with the assistance of Dr. Clarence P. Harris, Consulting Chemist of New York City.



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Evening in Paris Face Powder with Skin Affinity*. Particles exceedingly small; more uniform in size, smoother in shape.

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6. Beautifies BOTH dry and oily skins
7. Clearest, most flattering shades

KEYED SCENTS. Evening in Paris Perfume, the "fragrance of romance" scents all the exquisite Evening in Paris Preparations. Use it with your Evening in Paris preparations to avoid "clashing odors". Evening in Paris Perfume, 55c to \$10.00.

*Trade Mark



Evening in Paris BOURJOIS

ily in more than name. When the picture was previewed, he was offered a long-term contract. He asked Elaine what she thought.

"Are you comfortable there? Do you like the people? Well then, why not stay where you're happy?"

Beyond that suggestion, she refused to influence him.

"Living with me," said her husband, "is a little like living with one of Sir Henry Morgan's buccaneers. When you put the long pants on them, they're likely to chafe a bit. When you give them advice, they look at the other side and it becomes intensely attractive, merely by virtue of its being the other side."

"Elaine doesn't give advice. If she fulfills the functions of a college professor, she's at least unobtrusive about it. Myself, I can conceive of no pleasanter lot than to be guided unawares by a college professor with the attributes of Elaine. She was born wise. She was also born, thank the propitious stars, with a sense of humor."

Looking back to the turbulent phase of their marriage, what was it that caused all the excitement? A girl loved a man and said so. That amazed the Hollywood natives. It also amazed the man John Barrymore for a while.

"When we got on a train," John said "the representatives of the press would come up and ask questions. I was always in a sweat. You must understand that through all these vicissitudes, I had become a little—ah—gun shy, I believe, is the word. I was always wondering what the devil Elaine would find to say next. Gradually, through our association, it was borne in on me that I was worrying about nothing. Whatever she found to say, she said it with a sweet simplicity and that directness which disarms. She was so damned direct that it flabbergasted people."

"When at first I attempted to correct what I mistakenly considered the error of her ways, she'd ask why—she's forever asking why

"Why?" she'd say. 'It's the truth.'

"You can't always tell the truth."

"Better than a lie. People know you're lying, and hunt for dreadful things behind it. If you tell the truth, there it is, like it or not, but at least there's nothing worse to hunt for."

"That gave me to think. I was once a member of your lo-athsome profession myself."

He caused his eyebrows to bristle severely at me. "And I knew the traditional ways of divas with the newspaper boys—their strange subtleties and divagations."

"Are you going to marry So-and-so?"

"Don't be ab-suhd. We are meat the best of friends.' Meah-ly, r you. As if that weren't the prime requisite for marriage. Anyway, she him to the altar that very evening."

"Are you going to divorce So-and-so?"

"The very idea!" From blasé

nette he slipped into simpering blo "I'm on our way now to our nest in the woods. Oh, just twenty-rooms with a sunken bath or two—don't put that in the paper—all o Hollywood stars have sunken bath Next day she's in Reno."

"AS between that and Elaine's directness, there is no choice. Reporters a living to make and a job to do you're square with them, I've known them to fail to be square you. If you're a jackass and give nothing, why, in the name of God, they get back to their typewriters shouldn't they give their imaginations rein and write what they please? tators are so constituted that they pay you for a sheet of blank paper. "This is the truth. We fell in love. There was this and that misunderstanding, due to this and that unfortunate circumstance. Now we're together I'm happy. I have every reason to love Elaine is. I'll do my best to keep so. You see, I've learned directness from her. I was born devious. e knows instinctively what it took years to discover." He flashed a sudden grin. "That's why we're contemporaries."

He hesitated a moment, then added quietly, "I've learned other things from her, too—a great deal of fun and relation and reality and peace."

With the directness he's learned the charm that's his own, John Barrymore had said his say. Having heard him, you'd know that his reticence was prompted by no desire to place himself on the side of the angels. He sees himself more objectively, gibes at himself more readily and good-humoredly to most of us. If he lacks some of the stodgier bourgeois qualities, he is free of the meaner bourgeois faults. Smugness, hypocrisy, cant are conspicuous by their refreshing absence from his make-up.

It's the law of life that some of us must grow apart. Change hurts, time heals the hurts. Barrymore is back in the profession where he belongs. The girl who became newspaper copy because she loved him is now wife. We drew plenty of vicarious thrills from their storm-tossed voyage. The least we can do to preserve balance, now that they're safely home is to wish them well.

March Versus Stage

(Continued from page 23)

Hyde.' Now don't make me out any noble spurner of cash. I appreciate money and what it can do for you as well as the next, and I was just as eager to get my due. But here I was earning more thousands than I'd ever hoped to earn hundreds, and I was supposed to go in and ask for more thousands. I couldn't do it with a straight face. So I didn't do it.

"ALL right. When my five-year contract was up, I wanted to free-lance. For several reasons. Primarily, because it would give me more freedom as to choice of story material. Because you're grateful to the movies is no reason, to my mind, for ignoring the fact that they have their weaknesses—even as you and

I. Mine's coca cola," he observed parenthetically. "What's yours?"

"A player under contract to a studio is an investment, a piece of property. I thought the studios sometimes failed to handle these investments wisely. I failed to build them up, realize all the possibilities. You go into a big picture like 'Jekyll and Hyde,' then you get shunted into some minor affair that no one sees. By so much, your value depreciates. It's one step forward and two back. I know it's not always the studio's fault. They don't have enough big pictures. Stories are their cry need and always will be. Luckily for me, I didn't have to solve the studio problems. Only my own."

"I also thought I was making

ny pictures—too many for the public, many for the bank account, too many for my health and morale. People get sick of you when they see you often—in person or out—and I can't blame them. You can keep more yourself by earning less, and with time you save you can rest or travel. That was how I argued. What I did to sign another two-year contract. Because they made me an offer that I couldn't afford to turn down. It was going to mean complete security for my wife and the two children. That was worth another two years, I decided. I'd free-lance.

That time I stuck to it. I felt like practicing golf ball, with every coming a whack, but I stuck to it. If I'm in style, offers pour in from all sides. They call your agent. Your agent says, 'He wants to free-lance.' I say, 'Boloney! Let me talk to him. I'll call his bluff.' Your agent says, 'He's made up his mind.' They say, 'I'll unmake it for him.' They say, 'I'll look at Tom and Dick and Harry. Try to look at 'em. You can't even find 'em.' 'Why? Because they free-lanced.' 'Finally they write you letters—in the deadliest spirit. 'I'm telling you this is for your own good, Freddie. At the end of a year, if you persist in your course, you'll be earning half your pre-salary. At the end of two years, you'll be washed up. Keep this letter. It's away in your safe. It'll save you the pain of a personal I-told-you-no.' He shook his shoulders. 'That's shuddering,' he explained. 'What did you do at the end of the two years?'

I grinned. 'Like a noble fellow, I gained from gloating and tore the es up.

'Free-lancing wasn't the worst of it, though. That was bad enough. But if I dared hint that you'd like to go back to the theater for a while, you'd jump yourself screwy.

One of our best actresses was rehearsing for a fine play on Broadway. I wanted her here. Her agent said, 'I can't get her. She's rehearsing.' 'Rehearsing for what?'

'A Broadway production.' 'Nonsense! She doesn't want to do lay.'

'It seems she does. She's been rehearsing for three weeks.'

'Well, what's the cost of the rehearsal? I'll pay her. Get her out here quick.'

'Listen,' said the agent. 'I'll talk to her and plain. It's not a question of pay or money. She wants to do a play. See? She wants to do it.' 'I don't believe it,' said the producer. So the agent hung up.

I don't think that could happen to the industry's growing up. In all departments—including publicity, saving your presence. I remember when movie stars were told to keep their faces and husbands in the dark—it was posed to enhance their romantic appeal or some such poppycock.

AND I'll never forget the time when a writer came and asked me in seriousness, 'If you and Mrs. March are getting a divorce, would you go to Reno or Paris?' I give you my word, good there with my jaws open and I didn't snap 'em shut again.

'It's for a symposium,' she said. I was asking half a dozen players the question. Purely theoretical, you understand. They're all happily married. It's just to give our readers an idea—'

By that time I'd got my breath back. We've never lent the matter any thought. We're never going to. Give our readers that idea, will you?'

Not long after, this writer was mar-

ried herself. I phoned her. 'If you and Mr. So-and-so were divorcing, would you go to Reno or Paris—or Timbuctoo?'

'She sputtered for a moment, and then she caught on. 'O.K., Freddie,' she said, 'I had it coming.'

'Well, that couldn't happen today, either. And yet when you talk about going back to the stage, there's still this business of curling the lip and giving you the wink—let's call it a half curl and a quarter wink—since it's not quite so incredulous as it used to be.'

He turned to me abruptly. 'Do you like string beans? My mistake. But suppose you did like string beans. That wouldn't make it a crime to like cauliflower, too. I happen to like both. Each has its points.

'Having played to millions, I want to play to thousands again, or to hundreds, or tens. Having gone out in a can, I want to go out in the flesh, get the feel of the theater, that sense of audience reaction. I've got no picture commitments at the moment, we've found a play, and I'm free to go. That's all there is to it. Simple as that.

'Another thing. Mrs. March has it coming to her. When we came to Hollywood, she was an established actress, far better known than I was. She gave all that up. I'm not painting her as a lily-white martyr, or saying she made a terrific sacrifice. She wanted a home and she wanted the children, and out here she could have them. Just the same, once the theater's in your blood, it's there to stay. Now I'm no lily-white martyr, either. Get this straight. If Mrs. March weren't involved, the stage would still have a pull for me. With her in the same boat, the pull's that much stronger.

'Don't think we have no misgivings. We're bound to have. In fact, if you want the truth, we're both scared to death. But that's part of the game. If you knew in advance what was going to happen, you'd miss half the excitement. It wouldn't be the theater, it would be a rest cure. Which is all right, if that's what you're looking for. Only we're not.

'We think we have a good play. If the public doesn't—' He shrugged. 'If they pan the daylights out of us, we can take it. At least, we'll have tried.'

So Mrs. March went on ahead with the children, while her husband finished 'The Buccaneer.' Tony and Penny had been to New York before, and were wildly excited at the prospect of returning. So was their cocker spaniel, Coco.

The day I saw them, Coco had come in to help with the packing. A dozen times little Penelope had to fish him out of a trunk drawer where he'd settled himself in token of his readiness to depart.

Far away in New York, they drew, for Daddy's edification, pictures of all they see and do—with captions dictated to their mother.

'This is Penny and Tony playing in Central Park.' 'This is Penny and Tony waiting for the snow to fall but it didn't fall yet. When will it?' 'This is Penny and Tony in the elevator train. They have leashes in the ceiling to hold the people.'

And at the end of every letter: 'When are you coming, Daddy?'

He was practically on his way the day I saw him—to Florence and Penny and Tony, three of his loves.

From the stage, his fourth love, he was to know personal satisfaction, even though the play proved too steep for Broadway.

But, regardless, in Hollywood ready to welcome him on his return, waits his fifth love, the screen.

CALOX FOR TEETH THAT SHINE LIKE THE STARS!

DICK POWELL,
famous Warner Bros. star, now appearing in **HOLLYWOOD HOTEL.** You know his charming smile. Now—read what he has to say about Calox.

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Camera! Powerful, 2000-watt lights are thrown on the star's face and teeth. Teeth *must* sparkle, naturally. That is why the choice of the right dentifrice is so important in Hollywood. Many of the most famous stars use CALOX Tooth Powder.

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WHY HOLLYWOOD "O.K.'S" CALOX

- 1. Gives "High-Luster" Polish.** Five scientifically approved cleansing and polishing ingredients get to work! Teeth start to sparkle!
- 2. Calox is Double Safe Because it is...** Double Sifted through 100-mesh screens. It cannot contain any grit or pumice.
- 3. Releases Oxygen.** Oxygen is Nature's own purifying agent.
- 4. Made With Prescription Care** by McKesson & Robbins, who have supplied fine drugs to physicians since 1833.

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Now this new Cream with "SKIN-VITAMIN" does more for your skin than ever before



"NOW IT
NOURISHES,
TOO...
my skin looks
richer," says Miss
Geraldine Spreckels

Miss Geraldine Spreckels

of the famous California family: "I have always praised Pond's Vanishing Cream. It smooths skin so wonderfully after exposure. Now it is grand to know that it is doing more for your skin all the time you have it on. It certainly keeps my skin in perfect condition."

SOMETHING quite remarkable has come to women for their beauty care. Something unheard of only a few years ago!

The "skin-vitamin" is now in a beauty cream!

Four years ago doctors barely suspected that a certain vitamin was a special aid to the skin. They applied this vitamin to wounds and burns. And found it actually healed them quicker!

This is the amazing "skin-vitamin" which is now in Pond's Vanishing Cream.

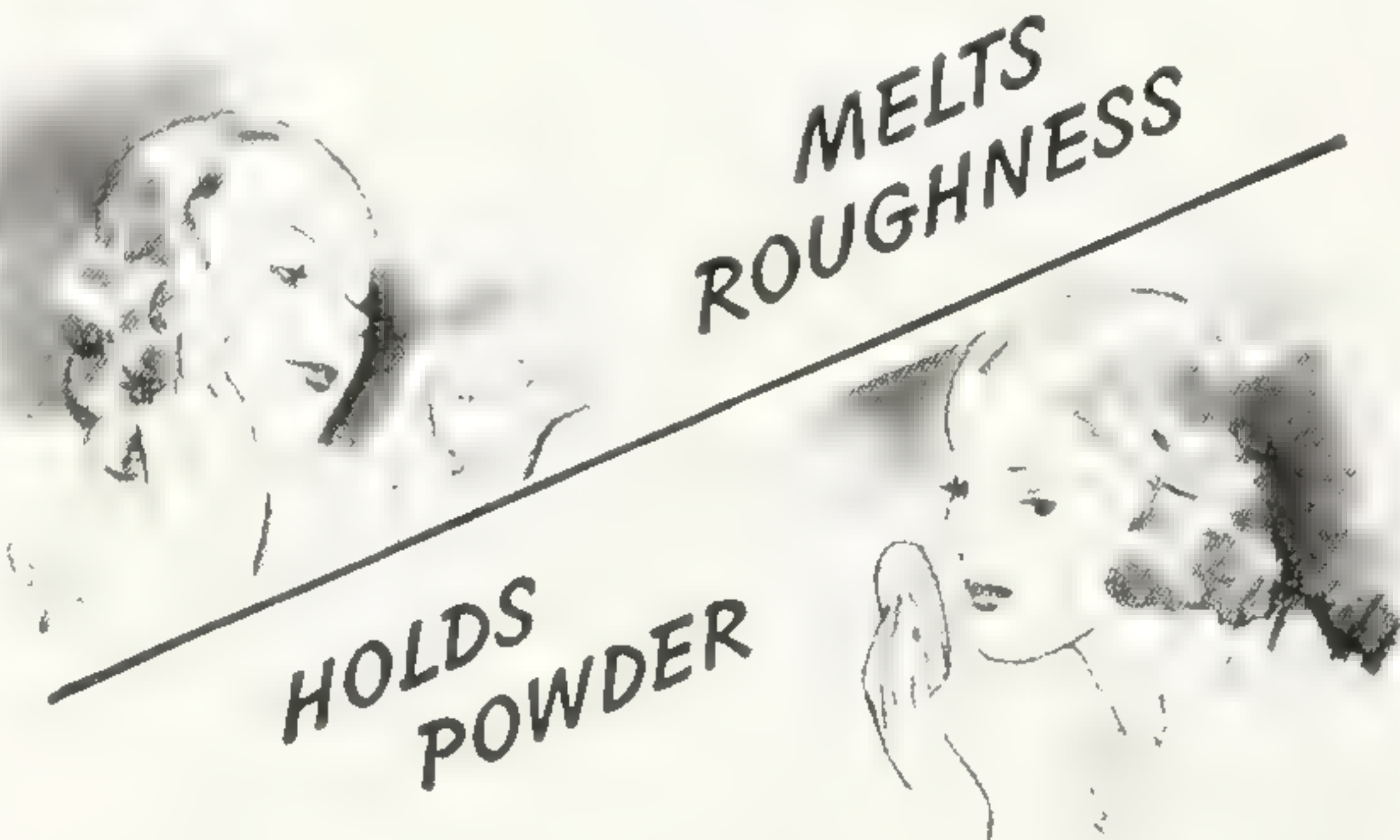
Pond's Vanishing Cream was always great for smoothing your skin for powder, and for overnight use, too. Now the use of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream actually nourishes your skin.

The regular use of this cream will make your skin look fresher, clearer.

Remember, this is not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. But the vitamin that especially aids skin health—the precious "skin-vitamin"!

Same jars, same labels, same price

This new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream is in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it for the same purposes as ever. And at night, after cleansing, apply a little more of it than you do for powder base. Women who are using it that way simply adore it!



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NEW CREAM!

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Pond's, Dept. 15-VP, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

equal Irene Dunne, whose loveliness is of the kind rarely found in Hollywood or elsewhere. Freshness that radiates that grand SOH (Sense of Humor) which is much better than the much advertised SA.

As a foil, Cary Grant is perfect. May we see many pictures with the three of you together.

ELEANOR ALLAN,
Buffalo, N. Y.

\$1.00 PRIZE
WEE WITTY WITHERS

Bouquets by all means—give them to Jane Withers. She's my favorite of all the child stars, and, according to her box-office rating, I think the general public likes her, too.

She is the *Tom Sawyer* of yesterday, modernized and dressed in skirts today; but at heart there's not really a great difference between the two of these lovable, laughable naughty children. They both represent the all-around 100% American child, the kind of healthy animal you love to see, the children who, despite all their misadventures, turn out to be fine citizens.

To me, Jane Withers is the most human of all the child stars. She acts the way all kids would if they dared—just the way you and I wanted to act when we were her age. She calls back a happy childhood to adults, and creates an exciting one for children. More power to her, and more fun for her fans.

MRS. RAYMOND J. ROSS,
Bridgeport, Conn.

\$1.00 PRIZE
WE SECOND THE MOTION

I'd like to nominate a new star for Hollywood. His name wasn't mentioned in the major credit lines, but certainly one of the greatest performances in all time should be credited to the special effects man who staged the superb sequence in Sam Goldwyn's "Hurricane."

With his guidance has come one of the most spectacular storms in cinema history. He has blended all known terror and suspense into an unforgettable quarter-hour cinema masterpiece. Surely the masterful skill and showmanship of the special effects man who made this scene prove his right to a place in moviedom's Hall of Fame.

I. E. WARD,
Long Island City, N. Y.

All credit to "special effects" man James Basevi for his twenty-minute "blow," which not only stunned the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands in the "Hurricane," but awed audiences everywhere. Mr. Basevi has also made earthquakes—as in "San Francisco"; locust plagues—as in "The Good Earth." Nice work if you can get it!

\$1.00 PRIZE
THANK YOU, MRS. SMITH!

I came to deride—I stayed to admire. My opinion of movie magazines was as a rose in a mud puddle—there might be a trifle worth reading in them but it wasn't worth all the mud one had to wade through to get there. When I brought home your January PHOTOPLAY my husband looked at me in astonishment. I explained I admired the photography (said nothing about having seen an article on style and beauty) and had decided to satiate my curiosity regarding the audacity of anyone's charging twenty-five cents for comments on the Hollywood factory and its workers.

After finishing PHOTOPLAY I realized the part movies play in America's culture, and understood for the first time that the beautiful women and handsome

men of pictures are real flesh-and-blood people from whose life stories one can gain real inspiration and courage. I know now that movies and criticism of movies should be part of my education for living and even discovered material for my two-minute weekly church talk. Thank you, PHOTOPLAY.

MRS. CLARE SMITH
Jackson, Michig.

\$1.00 PRIZE
BOYER, TAKE THE COUNT

Hats off to Charles Boyer in "The Sign of the Cross" on three counts: first, because of his sharply etched characterization of Napoleon. It is as though he had stepped out of the very pages of history to live the romantic and dramatic moments of "the little emperor." Napoleon's wild fantastic dreams of bringing Europe under one government, his cocksure confidence in himself, and his charm—all are here in Boyer's fine portrayal.

Second, because through him Charles Garbo becomes a radiant, vivid woman. As Marie Walewska, whose burden of hope is to save the Emperor from political destruction and to find security and happiness in their flaming love, Garbo becomes spirited and intense. It is as though Boyer challenged her to awaken and find the Garbo who thrilled to John Gilbert.

Third, because Charles Boyer succeeded in doing what no actor is supposed to do: steal the show from Garbo!

SALEMA PARKHURST
Seattle, Wa.

\$1.00 PRIZE
RAPS AND SCALLIONS

A couple of Boos and a bouquet of scallions to the makers of "The Barrier." Here was a splendid opportunity to make a thrilling screen drama of a fascinating story, but it turned out to be a series of close-ups of Jean Parker and James Ellison reciting endless dialogue.

Rex Beach's stirring tale of the rush days of Alaska was filmed some twenty years ago. It was a gripping screen play with a fight sequence that topped all screen bouts for a good many years. There was a fight that was a fight.

In the present version, Leo Carrillo finishes off the villain much too easily and most of the scrap is out of sight of the spectator. Then, when one is in the mood of the play of the Northwest, Jean Parker bursts into the scene while washing dishes by a stream, something about "Moonlit Paradise" and spoils the illusion. Carrillo sings. I don't think Beach thought that. In the old days, film producers stuck to the story and left the boys to their Tin Pan Alley alone.

HARRY BAILEY,
Los Angeles, Cal.

The first time "The Barrier" was filmed was in 1917. Rex Beach produced it himself with Mabel Julienne Scott as Necia, Mitchell Lewis as Poleon, Victor Sutherland as Lieut. Burrell. In 1926, it was filmed again by M-G-M with Marceline Day, Mario Carillo and Norman Kerry in the above order of rôles. Lionel Barrymore was the villainous Stark Bennett in the 1926 version. As "talkies" had not arrived then, naturally both the above were silent pictures.

\$1.00 PRIZE
A BACHELOR SPEAKS

You ladies may coo and sigh over Taylor, Flynn and Gable. You gents

ave about your Crawfords, Garbos
ietrichs. But this young bachelor
or none of them.

all the twinkling and glimmering
of Hollywood into a gigantic
bag and then let me dive in to
the two who have softly crept in-
heart and stolen it in the artificial
of the motion-picture theater.
time I'll come to the surface
g in my hand the wiggly package
ing the two little he-men, Billy
obby Mauch!

years we have waited the arrival
y actor who could portray rôles
e who love and admire Boyville's
ants could appreciate. At last,
in pulled in, and out have popped
uch lads, full of fun and mischief.
ngry hearts of several thousand
dly cold and emotionless bach-
re leaping and pounding with joy.
y I appoint myself official repre-
ve of the world's bachelors and
Billy and Bobby a mighty pat on
ck. (Slap!)

live the Mauch Twins and may
row up to be real pipe-smoking
nsported and unpampered, just as
give as to take. When I'm in
ss where I soon hope to be, I
all on them in person.

E. ("The Minnesota Blizzard")

DAVIDSON,

Kettle River, Minnesota.

PRIZE

MY POINT OF VIEW

g born and brought up in the
and with an aviator for a father,
tried to stay away from all war
s and avoid all aviation films.
the ships were so old you could
rather Time knocking in the en-
r they were so new that even
ky had never heard of them.

, on Armistice Day I declared a
with my dislike for these films
ent to see "The Road Back." It
own at a time when other coun-
re engaged in strife. It was one
most touching movies that I shall
ope to see. The characters might
ved in any country following any
e confusion, the turmoil, the up-
uld have been the same.

acting was near perfection, the
r brilliant, the dialogue showed
e colors the feelings of these men
ad lost "the road back." The pho-
hy was splendid. Altogether, it
a stirring drama of men who cried
peace and truth and look in vain
resumption of their old life.

y the movie in a post theater with
ience composed almost entirely
iers. I can pay no higher tribute
o say that these defenders of our
left the theater subdued and

HELEN DODD,

Hitchel Field, Hempstead, N. Y.

PRIZE

MS AND SLAMS

re is nothing so dismaying as car-
mitations of previous successes.
, we have been so surfeited with
mitations that we almost feel like

getting up in our seats and screaming.

Advertisements in newspapers read
"It's another 'Thin Man'" or "Another
'It Happened One Night.'"

Comedy can be overdone, and if the
producers think they are putting a
feather in their caps by offering their
best stars in the weak and ridiculously
silly slapstick-comedy pictures they are
turning out so fast, they're as crazy as
the "screwy" plots of the stories.

Metro's latest comedy opus, "Double
Wedding," is the biggest insult anyone
could proffer to the supreme talents of
the versatile and skillful stars, Myrna
Loy and Bill Powell. It was a cruel
blow to their vast audience. It's up to
Metro to get busy and rectify this mis-
take by giving those two stars a spiffy,
modern and smartly intelligent comedy
as soon as they can get around to it.
It's about time someone put an end to
this whole goofy, zany slapstick idea.
After all, we don't want to go back to
the old Keystone days.

WILLIAM L. McCAULEY,

Springfield, Mass.

\$1.00 PRIZE

GLAMOUR—JUST GLAMOUR

Thank you for proving what I have
for so long endeavored to prove. In a
recent issue you published two con-
trasting photographs of Marlene Diet-
rich, the first showing her as a plain
German girl, the other showing her as
the "glamour queen" of Hollywood.

I'm sorry, but I disagree with you. The
only beauty I see in the second picture
is painted on; the same effect can be
achieved by anyone, with a mask. That
is all Miss Dietrich's face is—a mask.
There is no emotion or real beauty.

But the other picture. To me, the
first picture shows real beauty, human-
ity, warmth and character. What is
glamour without character? Her face
plainly shows the determination, sensi-
bility and courage that put her where
she is today. In other words, why is it
bad taste to show your good qualities?

MARGY DAVIS,

San Francisco, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE

AUDIBLE AND ADMIRABLE

In the twenties there was Rudolph
Valentino in "The Sheik," John Gilbert
in "His Hour" and Ronald Colman in
"The Night of Love"—all breathless ro-
mantics, all heirs to the glamorous tra-
ditions of the finest swashbuckler of
them all—Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.

But Valentino has ridden into his last
sunset, and Gilbert has lived and died,
finding failure after success as cold and
barren as the Russian steppes across
which he pursued his heroine. Only
Colman remains to come back in "The
Prisoner of Zenda" after a series of
Bulldog Drummonds and *Sydney Car-
tons* to remind us that romance and ad-
venture are still the most pleasing in-
gredients of a cinema play.

As I see it, his performance is the
resumption of a tradition. In his *Ru-
dolf Rassendyll* all the great swash-
bucklers of the silent era are audible.

SHIRLEY DOWD,

New York, N. Y.

THREE DAMP FOOLS

SCREWBALLS by birth
(and preference)—all the world's a stooge
for those merry zanies—the RITZ BROTHERS.
Read their hilarious story in—

APRIL PHOTOPLAY

Make a *FRESH* start and swing over to a *FRESH* cigarette



A Fresh Start made a Fresh Star

Salesgirl in a department store, Joy Hodges
made a fresh start. Landed in the movies!
Starred in "Merry-Go-Round of 1938"!
Now charms Broadway in "I'd Rather Be
Right"! Joy's fresh start made a new star
who brought fresh joy to millions.

YOU'LL miss a lot in life if
you stay in the rut of old
habits and never risk a FRESH
start. Take your cigarette, for
instance. If your present brand
is often dry or soggy, don't stay
"spliced" to that stale number
just because you're used to it.

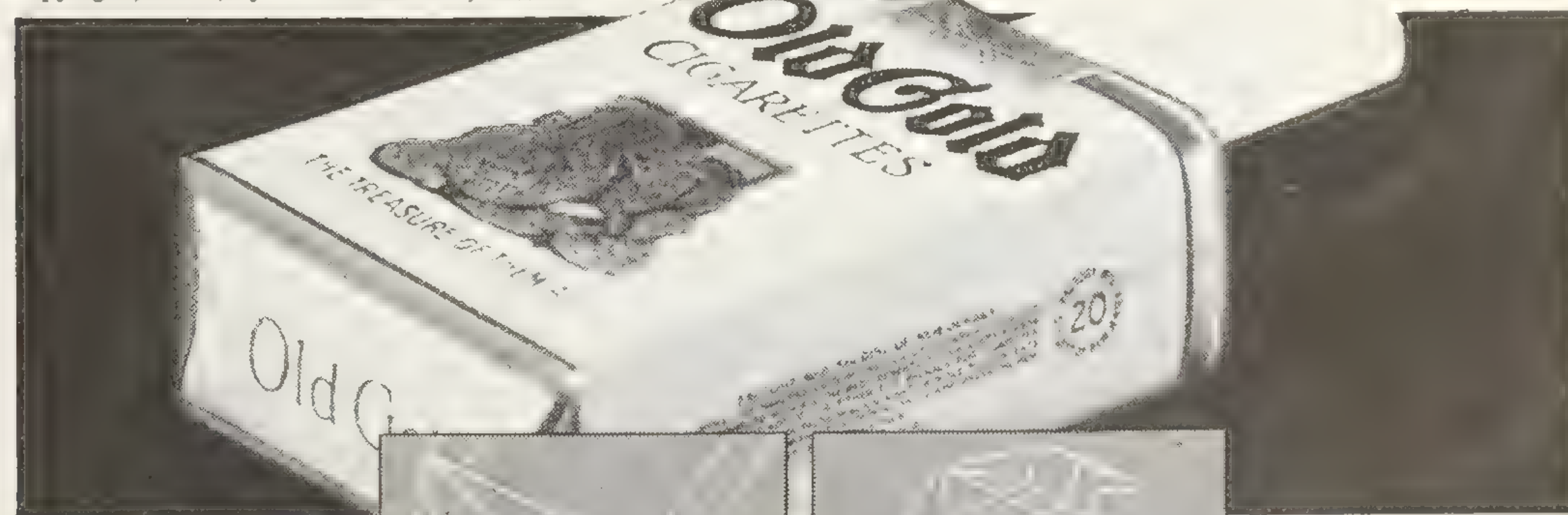
Make a fresh start by swinging
over to FRESH, Double-Mellow
Old Golds . . . the cigarette that's
tops in tobacco quality...brought
to you in the pink of smoking con-

dition by Old Gold's weather-tight,
double Cellophane package.

That extra jacket of Cellophane
brings you Old Gold's prize crop
tobaccos with all their rich, full
flavor intact. Those two gate
crashers, dampness and dryness,
can never muscle in on that
double-sealed, climate-proof O.G.
package.

It's never too late for better
smoking! Make a FRESH start
with those always FRESH
Double-Mellow Old Golds.

Copyright, 1938, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.



Outer Cellophane Jacket
Opens from the Bottom,
Sealing the Top

The Inner Jacket Opens
at the Top,
Sealing the Bottom

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tues. and Thurs. night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

(Continued from page 20)

laughter at life, that grand vitality, that bigness of personality which the screen later captured. She always seemed to me to fit the screen as though it had been tailored for her. The theater was never big enough, somehow.

IN the beginning, neither of them recognized what was happening to them. She had never had a real love affair. She usually just went along because she was such good fun on a party. Her popularity was great, but it was impersonal. Everybody loved her, but no man was in love with her. And her heart was hungry for love, understood love, visioned its great and extravagant beauty and its heights and depths so much better than the hearts of some of the girls who won it or its imitations so easily.

They drifted, without much thought, into a constant companionship. He said once to a friend of hers that she was the only woman he had ever known who was "all there." He missed nothing in his close friendship with her. Even then, I am sure, there was a quality of grandeur about her which perhaps grew in scale as she grew older. And of one thing concerning him we may be sure. It was in him to love the highest when he saw it and that is something rarer in men than we sometimes realize.

If he had known, in those months, that he was falling in love with her, he would have told her sooner the secret that had to come out at last. That, at least, is what she always believed. Perhaps, quite literally, he forgot. He was a forgetful young man, easily carried along upon the pleasant stream of life, enjoying and grasping the moment. Or it may be that, in what he regarded as a friendship with this woman who made him laugh, who was so fine a comrade, there was nothing that made it necessary for him to reopen old wounds and drag out the dead past.

When he did tell her, it was too late for either of them. Whichever way they moved then, heartbreak stared them in the face.

It was, I suppose, a commonplace little story but, if you will stop to think, you will realize that stories grow commonplace because they happen so often to real men and women.

He was married.

I do not know, of course, a great deal about that early marriage. But it had been, from his point of view, very unhappy. He had been very young when he married; there had been children; and then, as she knew, a long parting before he had come to her. He told her little about that marriage except that he hadn't lived with his wife for years.

But he admitted from the very beginning that there was no possibility of a divorce. His wife, he said, did not believe in divorce and would fight against it under any circumstance.

THE news, coming so soon after the glory of discovering that at last she had found love and a great love, must have been a crescendo of despair. For she was, above all things, the sort of woman who wanted marriage and children. A mother woman, as Hollywood knew; for she mothered everyone that came within her reach for years.

They faced all the facts together.

They were, you see, two very real, very human, very *alive* people. And I think they were both honest with themselves and with each other.

She was by nature a giver. A *giver*. She gave bounteously, with her hands; she couldn't deny love and comfort and peace to anyone. Yet she had been brought up in a rigid moral code. To live without him seemed impossible like choosing a living death. The long, long years ahead without hearing his voice, feeling the touch of his hand, seeing his blue eyes looking at the sight of her was like asking to stand and cut out her heart.

That's the way she loved—through the way she could love—with all of her heart.

To live with him meant a struggle against her own code and code of conduct meant giving up forever the child she longed for, the wifehood and motherhood that she had been brought up for.

I don't think she had any idea really. It simply wasn't possible for her to give him up, to send him away into grey loneliness and anguish. He had ruled her, then and always. She couldn't have borne it for herself; she couldn't have borne it for him.

THEN came the War.

Of course he went, among the first. Born adventurer, he couldn't stand still. So she gave him to his country and the great wave of song and beating drums that we called patriotism.

And got him back after a long absence. What was left of him.

Sometimes you wonder how she could endure daily heartbreak. You feel your own heart break and you put it away together and go on, and time passes somehow.

But to break it anew every day, to carry your head high and keep your eyes bright is to me so great a thing that I believe it stands at the very top of human courage.

The sight of him in that wheelchair was something that broke her heart the first time—and went on breaking it every day for years. The sight of him fumbling with his left hand because there was only an empty sleeve where his right hand had been, was fresh torment each time her eyes rested upon him. The pain that shattered him and that he spent, waves of pain that torn over and over again, was alive in his breast night and day.

But most of all, she could not bear the white, set stillness of his face. His eyes were gray and stern now, and the lines made by laughter, lines she had kissed so often, were overlaid with deep lines of pain.

She wanted, of course, to take him into her arms, hold him against her breast, and weep over him all the time that filled her being. He was more than the man she loved. He was a helpless child, dependent upon her for everything—for care and food and above all, for the miraculous understanding of his moods and pains. She alone could carry him through this strange life.

Oh, she must have wanted to weep over him.

But she did not. She was a strong woman. So, instead, she brought him to her at a price I think no one will ever love: the great gift of laughter.

She had to bring laughter back to him.

If she had wept over him, he would have died at once. Pity tears would have drowned forever the spark of spirit in the man, the man who tried dauntlessly to overcome the wreck of his body that was a twisted thing in a wheel chair.



Dreskin

Coolies

by CAMPANA

FACIAL CLEANSING PADS FOR PURSE and DRESSING TABLE

NEW...and Oh! So Useful!

• Now you can have a quick "facial"—a stimulating cleansing of your skin, wherever you are and whenever you want it. . . . These new DRESKIN COOLIES, scientifically treated with Campana's famous skin freshener, give you DRESKIN's deeper cleansing in compact-size pads—as easy to use as your powder puff. And even more important to your charm! . . . No chance for dust and grime to *settle* when you have Coolies ready for use anywhere and anytime. No need to worry about caked powder with a Coolie "facial," the perfect base for between-time powdering. . . . And best of all, you know DRESKIN COOLIES are good for your skin! They're scientifically treated with a cleanser noted for its purity as well as its effectiveness—a cleanser that's been a favorite with smart women for more than five years. . . . There's a smart Coolie compact for your purse and

a matching refill humidor jar for your dressing table. Ask to see them now at your favorite drug or department store. But please remember, only Coolies—by Campana—are made with genuine DRESKIN. Always ask for them by name. 25¢ compacts—60¢ and \$1.00 jars.



Special Introductory Offer

Large Jar Pads	\$1.00
Compact	.25
	\$1.25

SPECIAL 98¢

Dreskin COOLIES—by The Makers of Italian Balm and Dreskin

had always been able to make laugh. Could she do it again?

INK the day he laughed aloud for first time, forgetting his pain and helplessness, must have been the moment of her life, though she knew many great moments when the world paid her homage.

At long last, upon the crest of sorrow, she came into her own. If she could make him laugh, she could make the world laugh, too.

As she sat in the wings of the theater in her wheel chair, the unseen guest at every performance she gave.

Her fame leaped upward. Audiences loved her, they loved her, they loved her with affection and with never-failing laughter.

But she wasn't playing to her audiences, though she loved them. It was that white-faced figure in the wheel chair whose ears were still deafened by the roar of the guns—you see, why so much of her stage comedy was pantomime. He could still see. It was why she invented pantomime was the cleverest thing Broadway had ever seen.

Used to wonder often what those shrieking, cheering audiences must have thought if they had known the man in the wheel chair, that she gave him a last kiss and just before she stepped in front of the footlights, known that she went to him and pushed his wheel chair into her dressing room herself when the man went down.

Never a woman clowned with a beating heart she did it in those days. She worked harder than she had ever before, and she nursed him herself day and night. There were those operations that became nightmares to so many

Watch for the Next in This Series of Great Love Stories, Reveal Hitherto Hidden Chapters in the Lives of Famous Stars

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 56)

is a philosopher, is amused. He turned toward us to say: "Look closely at her. She does have a beautiful figure. But do you know why? Because her figure is normal, perfectly proportioned. You go to a race track and every horse you see is beautifully proportioned. Or you go hunting and every animal you shoot is like every other, they're all beautiful. In all the animal kingdom, only humans vary so from the natural shape of their species that a normal figure is the unusual one, a beautiful one. The one that earns big Hollywood dollars."

Thinking that Thought for Today in my mental scrapbook, we head for the Radio, where Irene ("The Awful Truth") Dunne is doing another comedy, "The Joy of Loving." It is about a glamorous star, envied by millions, who isn't getting any fun out of life, but doesn't know it, until she meets Fairbanks, Jr., happens along and gives her ideas.

The reason why she isn't getting any fun out of life is: her clinging family. As Alice Brady for a scatterbrained mother, Guy Kibbee for a pompous father, Lucille Ball for a jealous, but loving sister, Frank Milan for a brother-in-law who is a demon amateur athlete, and five-year-old twins named Dotsy and Betsy for double-trouble nieces.

Neither Irene nor Doug is working. But the family is present, assembled around a breakfast table set up on a stone terrace—for a scene that is their characters none too gently, amusingly. For the onlookers on the set the focus of attention is Lucille,

wounded men, desperate efforts to put back together the boys we'd sent to France. Hope was a rare visitor. She never left him. When he woke in the night screaming with nightmare memories, she was beside him.

They clung to each other, fighting off the inevitable end, holding each moment as something rare and precious. They talked as two people, I think, rarely talk. So close they were.

THEY knew it couldn't be for long. It was as though she held off Death itself with the bright shield of her laughter. As long as she could make him laugh, love and life would help her.

When, and only when she had closed his eyes and knew they would not open again, did she take him at last in her arms and weep for him the tears that had distilled under her laughter.

One more thing she had to bear for him. The woman who had a legal right to all that was left of him came to take him away. But the woman who had loved him and cared for him watched that with her head up, proudly. I think she was sure, by that time, that, having loved much and served well, she had been forgiven. And no one could ever take him from her. He lived in her heart as, somewhere, she lived in his.

She went on for many years, then, continuing to give that rich laughter to the world. But I have told you the story now, so that you may know how great a woman she really was, and how infinitely she believed in the goodness of God, and how love had been the greatest thing in her life, had given to that laughter something so fine and tender that it won the heart of the whole world. I hope somewhere there is a heaven where they have found again their love and their laughter.

garbed in a startling blue-feather breakfast coat, playing mother to twins. This is her biggest rôle to date. It may take her far.

Between "takes," someone asks her if this is the first time she has been a mother on the screen. And the flip Lucille has an answer that may go down in Hollywood history. Her answer is: "Yes. And it didn't hurt a bit."

AROUND the corner at Paramount, we come upon a bedroom set. This is for "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," co-starring Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper. Only Claudette is in sight. In silken white negligee, she is sitting on a luxurious-looking bed, talking with a publicity man. Stretched out on the bed, lies Director Ernst Lubitsch.

No one ever saw the dynamic Lubitsch relaxed before. This is a scoop. The electricians finish lighting the scene. Lubitsch wakes up, starts his usual pacing back and forth behind the camera, chewing an unlighted cigar, telling Claudette how he envisions the scene. Claudette, dabbing powder on a shiny spot, nods and goes to work.

This "take" is silent, in pantomime. Claudette turns away from a window, the camera focused on her face, and registers, first, indecision—then bright-eyed determination. Lubitsch watches closely. "Fine!" he says. "Let's take another," he suggests. Two "takes" later, he still is saying "Fine," yet suggesting a retake.

"What does he say when he's satisfied?" we ask.

The answer is: "Okay."

Romance
'round the corner

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? I'M JUST NOT POPULAR

I THINK IT'S YOUR MAKEUP...IT JUST DOESN'T FIT YOU!

SHE TOOK THE HINT
...DARLING...YOU'RE THE LOVELIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD!

TO END MISFIT MAKEUP...

Rochelle Hudson

star of "Look Out Mr. Moto" a 20th Century-Fox Picture

ADVISES

"CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES"

TO BE LUCKY IN LOVE, says this famous star, you must look your very loveliest. There's danger in misfit makeup... odds and ends of unrelated cosmetics that can't possibly look well together—or on you!

ARE YOU SURE your makeup matches? Are you sure it matches you? You are, when you wear Marvelous, the new matched makeup. For the face powder, rouge, and lipstick—the eye makeup, too—are in complete color harmony. It's makeup that matches you... for it's keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes, the color of your eyes!

ARTISTS, fashion experts, beauty editors—and thousands of girls who wear it—agree this eye-matched makeup flatters all your features—your skin, your hair, your type! Stage and

screen stars, lovely women everywhere, find Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup brings them immediate new beauty.

THE PRICE IS LOW... and you needn't wait to buy a complete set. Start now... buy that lipstick you need... or rouge... or face powder in Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup... only 55¢ each (Canada 65¢). For your type any drug or department store will recommend...

If your eyes are:

- BLUE... wear Dresden type
- BROWN... wear Parisian type
- HAZEL... wear Continental type
- GRAY... wear Patrician type

TONIGHT... why not be a heart stirrer—try this matched makeup that matches you!

COPYRIGHT 1938, BY RICHARD HUDNUT

Harmonizing
LIPSTICK · POWDER · ROUGE

55¢ each

MARVELOUS EYE-MATCHED MAKEUP by Richard Hudnut



Try my way to
make **HIS**
easy chair
really
EASY!

LIGHT CONDITION *with* *New and Brighter* G-E MAZDA LAMPS



Buy the new and brighter
1938 G-E bulbs where you
see this emblem displayed.

It's simple to do. And
you can begin to light condi-
tion at surprisingly little cost.

Put a new G-E bulb in your
three-light I. E. S. Better Sight
Lamp... 100-200-300-watts
only **65¢**. Then watch the man
in your family relax as he reads.
See that your I. E. S. bridge and
table lamps have a 100-watt
G-E bulb... **20¢**. Brighten up
your kitchen with a 150-watt
bulb for only **25¢**. And for
general use, 60-watt G-E Bulbs,
or smaller... only **15¢**.

GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**
MAZDA LAMPS

She Gets Away With Murder

(Continued from page 27)

from one angle, and it does seem as though she might have a few of the boys buffaloed.

Let's begin back in 1934 when the monetary compensation provided by Carole's Paramount contract was already a four-figured affair. One fine fall day, shortly before that contract was to expire, Carole approached her bosses and informed them that she wouldn't sign another contract unless they tripled her salary.

Well—they laughed at her. But the determined actress stood by her thunderbolt. She thought she was worth that much to them. They could think it over.

They had cause to think. When they discovered Carole was serious they stopped laughing. They countered with offers of considerably less sums. They pleaded and cajoled, and one or two of her bosses were guilty of a few histrionics of their own—but Carole got her salary tripled.

TWO years later, we hit another high spot in her career: a spot at which we find her at odds with her producer over what was then her current picture. For obvious reasons, both the picture and the producer had best remain unnamed.

The picture had been two weeks in production when the producer decided it was all a terrible mistake, and that he'd best scrap the whole shootin' match.

Carole differed. She went straight to the producer's office and said so. Pardon her, but if they'd just make these few changes—why—the story would be as good as any they had on the lot.

In the end, Carole's suggestions were put into effect and the picture was completed, which amounted to historic leniency on the part of a motion-picture producer. The success of that picture surpassed everyone's wildest dreams—except Carole's.

A few months later, the same situation occurred in reverse. Paramount assigned the blonde explosive to a picture, and this time it was Carole who wanted it scrapped. She refused to put on a single false eyelash unless the studio would assign her a gag writer (of her own choice) to go over the script scene by scene. Such adamant behavior does not usually enhance one's desirability in the eyes of producers—but again Carole's demands were granted.

PEOPLE also refer, quite colorfully to Carole's last contract with Paramount. On the strength of that agreement, M. Lombard functioned more importantly in the guidance of her own career than any other contract-star in Hollywood with the possible exception of Garbo. Again she asked to have her salary tripled, and it was. She named the number of pictures she would make a year. She had the privilege of making her own deal for one vehicle outside the studio every twelve months—and usually most producers would cut off their noses rather than grant that request, particularly to stars like Carole, whom they could have demanded \$250,000 on a loan-out deal.

Besides those items, Carole exercised a ruler's control over almost every phase of her productions. She chose her own stories and sent scripts back to be rewritten.

She chose her own directors and okayed her own supporting casts. She named her own cinema photographer and her own "still" man. Whether she worked on or off the Paramount lot, Paramount's Travis Banton designed her picture wardrobes. No one could ask her to work after six o'clock in the evening and she refused to begin a picture, a picture, unless the script was complete before the starting date. Not a single "still" picture of her could leave the studio until it had passed through her hands. She made no fashion sitting. Her attitude toward publicity was most strict, and while several Hollywood correspondents had a few things to say about it, no authority at the studio questioned it. She refused interviews right and left, and she expressly instructed the studio publicity department to forget about her.

When that contract expired in March, 1937, Carole did not sign another. No, she has only a "gentlemen's agreement" with Paramount to deliver her services for two pictures a year, and with David Selznick for one picture a year—if they offer the right stories.

Today, then, Carole is her own firm agent; virtually, an artistic dictator who doesn't have to make a picture for anybody unless all matters are arranged to her suit. So it's no wonder, really, that people are gasping.

But consider that other angle.

If Carole lacked anything between t



"Fooley, I'll stick to ice cream," said young Bill Powell when his more sophisticated father lured him into trying Crêpes Suzette

people could well accuse her of being all the gravy and none of the f. But the boisterous blonde from ana, the girl with the million horse-er personality is, in truth, a very aordinary person, and that puts a face on the facts.

Carole Lombard has the hardest busi-head of any actress in Hollywood, oh boy, how that girl works in re- for what she gets!

One could possibly accuse Carole of being a tyrant's advantage of her im-ance. She's among the first on her in the morning. No director has had to send a bus boy looking for when she's wanted.

She doesn't work after six o'clock—no. if the overhead is piling up, or if e member of the cast has only one scene before finishing the picture, star will be the first to suggest that work beyond her time limit. Carole that six o'clock deadline only be- e her vitality suffers if she works er than nine hours a day—as whose d'n't? And no one on her sets ks harder than she.

One can justly accuse the fair- ed lady of being a troublemaker, er. If she has any squawking to do es it before her picture starts, and, oing, she never makes it tough on underlings. She never quibbles. goes to the place where it will do most good—straight to the front e.

nce her picture is in front of the era, nothing short of the plague will ice her to hold up production. It be told now—that when Carole was y on location at Arrowhead for e Confession," she suffered terri- from the altitude as a result of those uous scenes in that ice-cold moun- lake. She finished the sequence er a doctor's care, and it's character- of Carole that she asked the studio to make any heroics out of it.

She okays her supporting casts—yes. no actress gives the people who k with her a better break. Holly- d's supporting players cheer lustily n they're signed for a Lombard pic- —they know Carole won't muscle in heir best lines.

o actress has ever been more gener- to her leading man than Carole was red MacMurray in "Swing High, ng Low." As the star of that picture, s Lombard allowed Fred the hog's e of scenes—and you know how n that happens.

efore it went into production, she e the script of the same picture back e scenario department, not to have

her own part ballooned, but to have two pages of dialogue added to Dorothy Lamour's rôle.

Smart girl that she is, Carole knows that her picture will be better if her supporting cast appears to its best ad- vantage.

Another point in Carole's favor is this. People hereabouts often forget that no one has any right to accuse an actress of getting away with murder unless her bosses do—and Miss Lombard's bosses don't accuse her of anything of the sort.

Producers respect her because she is the only actress in Hollywood who looks at the business of making motion pic- tures from a producer's point of view. For instance, "True Confession" re- ceived a wonderful public reception, but when I asked Carole to name the thing about it that pleased her most, she beamed and said, "Why, we brought the picture in under its budget."

You see, Carole isn't interested in making "prestige pictures," or being fea- tured in press columns. She's interested only in enhancing her own value to producers by making consistently good pictures that will make consistently good money.

That she has done. Today, there isn't a major executive in Hollywood who, if he had the chance, wouldn't put Carole under contract at her own price.

So, no matter what she gets away with—she can't be wrong.

THE day I talked to Carole she was ensconced in one of Warner's rococo suites, waiting for a call to the set of her latest picture, which she is making with Fernand Gravet. It was rather difficult to keep on our tracks, what with all the visitors and telephone calls that kept butting in between commas, but you'd have enjoyed it just the same. There's always fun when Carole, and her loyal friend and buffer, "Fieldsie," are around.

However, if you are looking for a fool- proof formula for success, take a tip from this dynamic young person who is considered Hollywood's foremost com- medienne:

"It's important to be cooperative," said Carole. "I've never fought unless I honestly believed I was right, and that the thing I was fighting for was really important."

Then she smiled—

"You know," she observed, "the rea- son that more people don't get more things they feel they deserve is because they're afraid to ask for them."

So, all told, it appears that the only thing Carole Lombard really gets away with—is being Carole Lombard.

The Calendar said: "SOME OTHER TIME"

MIDOL

said: "NOW!"



In the Palm of Your Hand

(Continued from page 68)

grade of intelligence of the person se hands you are analyzing.

normal-sized thumb with a medium ng will reach to the middle of the er part of your first finger.

supple thumb, one which bends tward easily, belongs to the person is extravagant, emotional, brilliant, atile, a person who can adapt him- to any situation and to any com- ion.

his thumb needs square tips to guide its owner is to make the most of his liance.

stiff thumb is one set high, close he hand, refusing to budge even un- pressure. It belongs to the person o is economical, practical and stingy. ow that you can't change him and 't waste your breath and strength.

ow we come to the study of each arate finger.

Your first finger is known as Jupiter; the second, or middle finger, Saturn; the third, Apollo; and the fourth or little finger, Mercury.

To be normal in length, Jupiter should reach to the middle of the upper part of Saturn. Saturn, the balance wheel, should dominate your entire hand. Apollo should reach the middle of the upper part of Saturn. Mercury should reach to the beginning of the upper part of Apollo. Any divergence from these lengths adds to the strength of one finger and takes away from the strength of another. For this reason be sure to discover if one finger actually is long, or merely seems so because of the unusual shortness of the one with which you are comparing it.

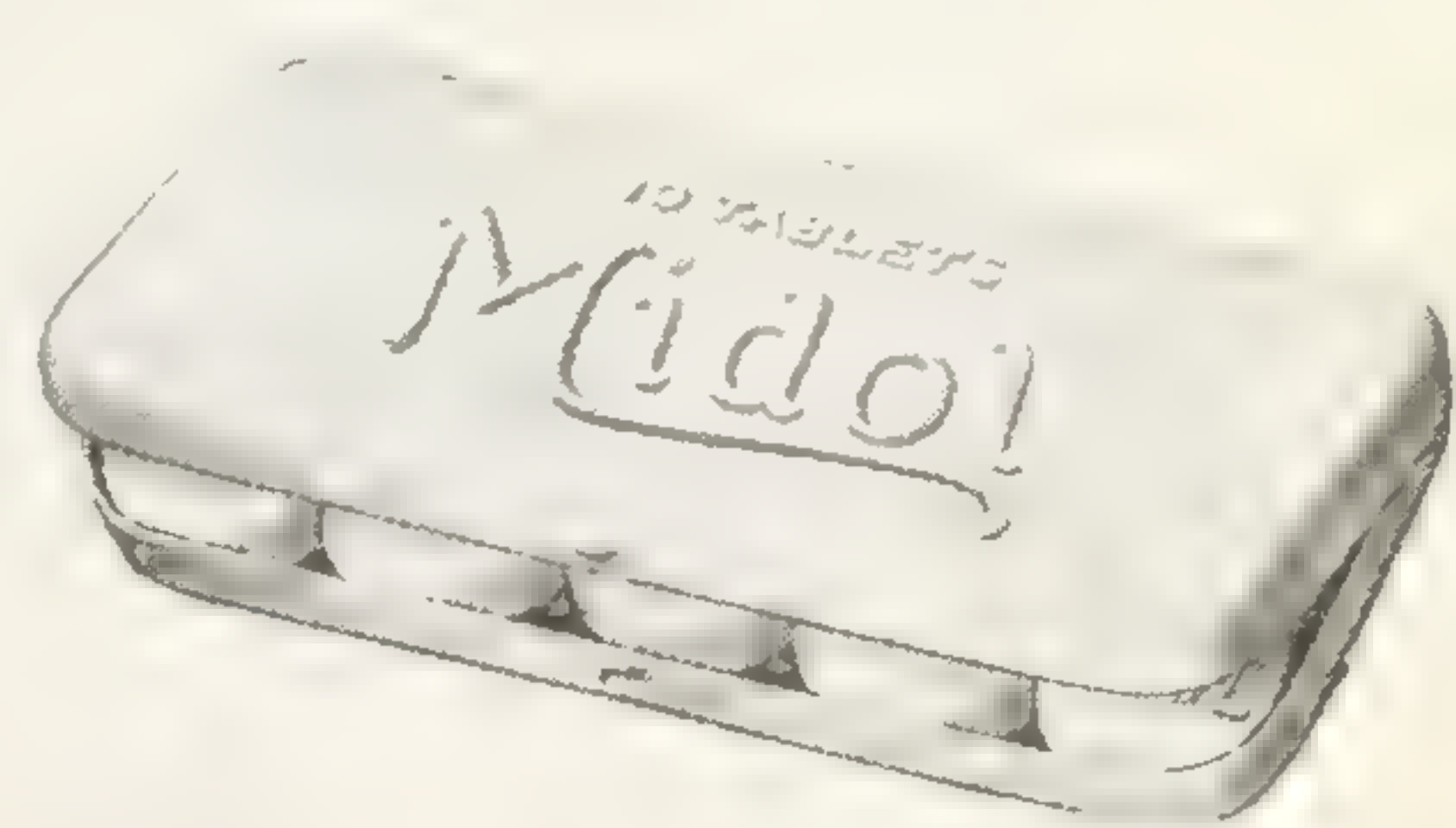
Also, notice very carefully if the finger which appears to be shorter only seems so because it is set lower on your palm.

TODAY, more and more women who once let the calendar dictate many of their activities have discovered how needless it is to live in *dated* dread of severe periodic functional pain.

You should be one of them, enjoying this new freedom. If you are not, get *Midol* before another month rolls around. For, unless you have some organic disorder demanding a physician's or surgeon's attention, Midol in all probability can help you "carry on" in comfort.

Most women who try Midol find it permits them to go through the days of menstruation physically and mentally carefree. Midol is offered for this sole purpose—easing the unnatural pain of a natural process. It acts quickly. In all but unusual instances it brings definite relief. Many women declare they have no pain at all—or even discomfort—since they learned to rely on Midol.

Get Midol, and "be yourself". Instead of favoring yourself, saving yourself, let Midol take care of the pain. Two tablets should see you through your worst day. Drugstores have Midol on the counter in convenient purse-size tins.



ON THE COUNTER AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S

WHICH COLOR WILL BE YOUR LUCKY STAR?



See how one of these ten thrilling new face powder colors will win you new radiance, new compliments, new luck!

Doesn't it make you happy to get that second look from others—that interested glance which says, "You look stunning!"?

But maybe you haven't heard a compliment on your skin in a month. Be honest with yourself—have you? If not—did you ever wonder why?

But don't be too quick to blame yourself—when maybe it's not you, but your face powder that's at fault. For you know that the wrong powder color can actually hide your best points instead of bringing them out and giving you a lift.

"Why, my face powder isn't like that," you say. But how do you know it isn't? For there's only one way to find out. See with your own eyes the electrifying change that comes over your skin when you apply a lifelike, friendly, flattering color.

Where is this transforming color? It's in one of the ten glorifying new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. But

you don't have to buy these colors to find which one may be your lucky star.

For I will send you all ten, free and postpaid, because I'm so anxious to help you help yourself.

Let me help you find your color

When my gift arrives—try on every shade. Try each one carefully. Then STOP at the one and only color which whispers, "I am yours. See what I do for you. Look how I make your eyes shine. And how dreamy soft I leave your skin!" You'll see how the color seems to spring from within . . . it's so natural, so lifelike, so much a part of you.

Have you a lucky penny?

Here's how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you FREE and postpaid all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, and a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream. Mail the coupon today.

If it is set low on your palm it takes away some of the qualities of that particular finger. If all your fingers are set evenly on your palm, it means that you possess some of the qualities of each finger, and that you are well balanced and versatile and will stand a very good chance of accomplishing your dreams.

A good example of a woman's hand, well balanced as to shape, length and proportion of fingers, and markings, is that of Cecilia Parker's, illustrated on the opening pages of this article, with the analysis of my findings below. Her hands show independence and determination. They are the hands of one who has won her way on her own.

FINGERS:—please note that the two middle fingers of Cecilia's hands are held closer together than the other fingers. This tells you that Cecilia is broad-minded, agreeable to a certain extent; but that she feels the conventions must be respected and that the future must be faced.

FINGERTIPS:—conic. This tells you of romance, quick perception, intuition and gaiety.

THUMB:—small with conic tip. The upper part of Cecilia's thumb shows determination to the point of stubbornness if pushed; but the lower part indicates a person who will both listen and yield to reason. She is very romantic and the man who woos and wins her must appeal to that side of her nature. However, once married to him, she will stick through all sorts of adversity. Love means more to her than money. Cecilia's hands also offer a good example of the low-set thumb.

LINES:—if you will study the lines of Miss Parker's right hand with a magnifying glass, you will discover the wide separation of the head line and heart line. This shows a person who is independent in thought and action.

HEART LINE:—this line goes toward the first finger. This shows idealism; a person who is inclined to put those she loves on a pedestal.

HEAD LINE:—slopes slightly. Some imagination, but an imagination under perfect control.

LINE OF APOLLO:—Cecilia has a good talent line.

IT IS very important to decide which finger or fingers predominate on a hand.

The characteristics of your first finger, Jupiter, are ambition, leadership, religion, a keen sense of honor, vanity, justice, early marriage, fondness for rich food and drink.

If Jupiter reaches beyond the middle of the upper part of its companion finger, Saturn, you possess these characteristics to a marked degree, and should be successful in politics, church work, writing, club work or as an army or naval officer. You are a born leader and organizer and people instinctively turn to you for guidance. If the rest of your hand is good, you can not fail to make your mark in the world.

If the upper part of Jupiter predominates, you are idealistic, and will prefer religion, or writing about leaders and politicians and great battles.

The middle part predominating will cause you to lead in the business world, or to enter some form of politics where you can and will make plenty of money.

The lower part predominating may cause you to spend so much time in eating and drinking and the pursuit of sensual pleasures that you will have little strength or ambition left with which to carve out a career.

Saturn, your middle finger, is, or should be, the longest finger on your hand. If it is not, there is something out of balance in your make-up.

The characteristics of Saturn are prudence, wisdom, sobriety, gloom, super-

stition, love of mysticism, caution, criticism, skepticism, love of the outdoors and a decided preference for solitude.

As you can see for yourself, we need some of these qualities for so balance. However, if Saturn is especially long, you possess these characteristics in the extreme and you will most successful as a chemist, an engineer, a mathematician, a doctor, or anything having to do with the occult.

In investments you should stick to real estate. You do not care for social nor will you make any effort to inconvenience yourself for others. You are little for art, but you love music; particularly music that is sad. Often make good composers of this type music. As writers you excel in history, scientific works, mystery stories and works dealing with the occult.

You seldom marry young and, if you do, your husband or wife will probably have a hard time because you prefer solitude to companionship and because you are inclined to be moody, opinionated and morbid. You doubt and question at everything and you are very suspicious.

If you are a true Saturnian, you are tall and lean and have skin with a yellowish tinge to it. You don't in the least mind having all the above characteristics, so I don't have to worry about having wounded your feelings or vanity.

THE finger of Apollo is the finger of talent. Its leading characteristics are musical ability, acting, dancing, creative powers, brilliance, gaiety, vivacity, keen intuition and a desire for fame and the companionship of celebrated people.

If this finger is the same length as Jupiter you are indeed fortunate, for means that you will probably succeed in your desires and ambitions. If Apollo is longer than Jupiter, you will excel in the arts. An Apollo as long as its finger mate, Saturn, makes you a born gambler and not always a wise one. You will take any risks in an attempt to carve out some ambition. If Apollo is longer than Saturn you have no control over your gambling instincts.

If the finger of Apollo dominates over the other fingers, you will be successful as an actor, a writer, singer, dancer or artist. If you have a single strong vertical line directly under the finger of Apollo you are a genius and will have both fame and fortune. Mr. Alexander Woolcott has this talent line. Whenever you see such a line you will know that its possessor is unusually gifted in some manner. If he is not already famous it will be interesting for you to study the rest of his hand to discover for yourself where and why he failed.

If you are a true Apollonian you can adapt yourself to everyone and every place. You love to be the center of the stage. You love luxury, ease, beauty and harmonious surroundings; also a pleasant companionship.

You are extravagant and, while you are a good friend and a delightful lover you are not always a faithful lover. You can talk well on almost any subject; in fact you can fool the public into thinking you know a good deal more than you do. You have a quick and a hot temper, but you can not hold spite, even though you may wish to on occasion. You have an excellent opinion of yourself and see no reason why other people should find this annoying. You marry early and often, unless you were fortunate in your first selection.

If the upper part of Apollo predominates, you will succeed as an artist, writer or poet.

The second predominating will make you outstanding in business organization, artistic merchandising and commerce.

The third part predominating will

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

(10)

Lady Esther, 7118 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me your 10 new shades free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

you to love display, to love show color both in people and in your and also, I might add, in your per- appearance. You will make a publicity man or woman, a suc- ul promoter of flashy enterprises, a writer of blatant advertising.

MERCURY is your little finger, and ally, should reach to the line which es the upper part of Apollo from middle part. If Mercury is longer this, you are a Mercurian. If er than this, you are lacking in y of the Mercurian's characteristics. a Mercurian you are quick men- and physically and know how to everything to your own advantage. are tactful, shrewd, persuasive, ful and agile. You love to study, ve into new subjects, and find new of doing things. You are a great nt of human nature. You know ly how to play upon the suscepti- s of your less astute acquaintances. more clever a person is the more enjoy your victory over him. rcurians make fine doctors, diag- nians, lawyers, mathematicians, nen or saleswomen, orators, busi- nen and women, actors, teachers, taries and social workers. You are clever as occult scientists. You money and you get it, for you are leverest business person of the four and it is not difficult for you to it the Jupiterians, Saturnians and onians. The person ruled by Mer- is a great imitator; also you may ne an actor. You are restless and of travel. You marry early and ond of your mate, loyal to and d of him or her. You are a devoted nt. You are high-strung. ere are some very bad Mercurians. e have long crooked little fingers, ed other fingers, shift eyes, yel-

low skin and nails like claws or bird's talons. They make excellent robbers, pickpockets, shyster lawyers, quack doctors and confidence men. They also excel in clairvoyance and fortune tell- ing, preying upon the trust and confi- dence of honest but unhappy persons. Watch out for them, and don't let them get you in their clutches. They have a low order of intelligence and a high or- der of shrewdness, craftiness and ro- guery. Their love of money, and ease in obtaining it by dishonest methods, has caused many tragedies. Again let me warn you to beware of this type!

If the upper part of the finger of Mer- cury is longer than the second and third parts, you are very eloquent and will make money as a salesman, orator, actor, mimic, writer, advertising man.

When the middle part predominates, you make splendid doctors, lawyers or scientists. With the third part predom- inating, you will succeed in any business.

Before closing this branch of the study of the hand, let me call your attention to the hand that has fine lines running over the whole surface of the palm in a fine network. Look at the picture of Jane Wither's palms shown you on the opening pages. Study those palms under a microscope. Here is as good an example as you will ever find of this network of lines condition, and it indi- cates a person so impressionable as to be psychic. These are the palms of a genius and Jane Wither is only at the beginning of a remarkable career.

One who understands the mysterious markings of palms (notice that the lines are different in every hand) can readily foresee his own and other people's fu- tures. In April PHOTOPLAY, Miss Trotter will explain how easily you can learn to read palms.

Spencer Tracy Faces Forty

(Continued from page 31)

ture without a good bout of stage t. I haven't got a very good dis- ion, as I am apt to be moody. But y by myself when I'm feeling low. can't live by schedule because it o monotonous. I eat and sleep when I like eating and sleeping, not when clock says so. I don't sleep very I get up at 5:30 or 6 o'clock every ing. I have an electric percolator eady to perk on my bedside table. g it in when I wake up and have p, or several cups of coffee as an pener. I do my reading, then, in early mornings. Or I go out and around the farm and clean out swimming pool or something. e don't like big parties, Louise and d never have 'em. We have a few ds in for dinner now and then— Vic Flemings, Joe Mankiewicz, the k Borzages. A lot of evenings we get in the car and cruise around the try, going nowhere, stopping when eel like it to look at the moon or ave a hot dog at some roadside d. I still like to browse around in ely neighborhoods, talking to men would feel more at home with ebeestes than with actors . . .

O there it is and here I am," laughed cer. he first forty years of a man's life, average man's life (and I'm the av- e man, you bet), are all a matter oneering, of laying the groundwork your job, of making your family re against misfortune if anything uld happen to you. Once that's done, time to look around. That's what doing now. And this is what I've

discovered. *It's time I did something for my fellow man.*

"What I mean is, we've gone through the period of establishing ourselves, Louise and I. We've got the farm all paid for and I can rest easy about the family if anything should bump me off. I've made my mistakes and Louise has forgiven them. Now I'd like to do some good with the talent I've got."

Spence sat there, across the table from me, slumped back in his chair, fiddling with his spoon, running his hand through his rumpled hair, trying to look unconcerned, trying to sound casual and offhand, even kidding about what he was saying; but failing to convince that he wasn't nervous because the light in his eyes betrayed his heart to me.

Spencer talked on, looking fixedly at his teacup. He reminded me of a stal- wart kid who takes the Scout Oath with his eyes fixed indignantly on the ceil- ing, the while his heart flames.

Spence said, "I want to spend my next forty years helping folks. Yeah, a Crusader, if you want to put it that way. *Why not?*

"I've been reading de Kruif's articles in the national magazines, articles cru- sading against the social diseases. That's the kind of thing I mean. That *helps*. Well, why shouldn't an actor help, too, use his medium to wake up people to the miseries and ignorances around them? Why shouldn't I use the popu- larity I've earned or had manufactured for me, whichever way you look at it, for something better than putting on a buck and wing or doing a parlor, bed- room and bath farce?

"People will listen to us—the Gables

Cordura! A THRILLING NEW FABRIC IN "LOVELIES" BY MUNSINGWEAR



• These new 1938 "Lovelies"

by Munsingwear are fashioned of a remarkable new fabric . . . shimmering pin-striped Cordura Rayon. Cordura looks luxuriously gossamer and is decidedly long-wearing. It wears and washes and comes up smiling. There are panties, bandeaux, briefs, slips and sleeping and lounging garments . . . and every one beautifully made of this smart new fabric. To get them, simply ask for "Munsingwear" at the Munsingwear store near you.

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HOW YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE A BEAUTIFUL BODY

New, simple principle brings out the loveliness that is in every feminine figure.

No strenuous exercises.

No apparatus.

No dieting. No drugs.
Eat what you like.

Do what you please.



What does your mirror say? Are you satisfied with your figure? Does it sag or bulge in the wrong places? Are you overweight or underweight? Do you get tired early?

You want to correct these faults or protect yourself against them. You want to be attractive. You want admiration. You want a lovely figure—a body radiant with bewitching beauty. And what you want you can have. **YOU CAN HAVE A BEAUTIFUL BODY.**

Every feminine figure is inherently lovely. But in many women this beauty is often asleep. ERECTITUDE, the amazing new and natural key to loveliness of body, awakens your sleeping beauty.

How? Here is the secret—ERECTITUDE lengthens the line between waist and chin—that part of the body that so invariably and so quickly sags and bulges in the wrong places. ERECTITUDE is a scientifically planned series of graceful postures and gentle movements which stretch the body up and back, so that the abdomen is made flat and firm, the hips and waist tapered, the bosom lifted. The whole body acquires a new balance—the

balance that Nature intended—a balance so perfect that you are not conscious of your own weight.

Think for a moment. Almost everything you do—eating, dressing, bathing, cooking, playing bridge, driving, typing, etc., etc.—bends the body forward. No wonder the figure becomes so unlovely and so out of balance. And when, after a long spell of leaning forward at some task, you experience a pain in the back, what do you do to relieve it? You bend back. In that simple experience you have the proof, of the correctness of the principle of ERECTITUDE.

But ERECTITUDE is not just standing up straight or bending backwards. It is a dynamic posture that revitalizes the whole figure and suffuses it with poise and "aliveness."

ERECTITUDE explodes the old exercise theories of standing up stiff and straight and of bending to the earth. ERECTITUDE "reaches for the stars." The old-fashioned exercises made one strong. ERECTITUDE makes you lovely.

Lilyan Malmstead, discoverer of ERECTITUDE, is one of the foremost lecturers and writers on Beauty and Health in America today. Graduate of the famed Sargent School of Physical Education, she has worked under the direction of the renowned Dr. Lorenzo of Vienna and has lectured before leading educational institutions of America, England and France. Miss Malmstead is living testimony to the success of her own teaching. Her figure used to be unattractively hefty. Today her proportions are those of a modern Venus. Her figure is perfect in its dimensions and her body radiates dynamic poise and vivacity.

Miss Malmstead's famous system of ERECTITUDE is the result of 15 years' study and experience. Thousands have paid her top prices to attend her private classes. Now the system which has beautified so many has been placed in a book.

With clear descriptions, easy-to-follow instructions and complete illustrations (posed by Miss Malmstead) the entire system of ERECTITUDE is transferred to the printed page so that you, too, may have a beautiful body. And the price of this book is only \$1.50.

Remember, no strenuous exercises, no dieting, nothing to do except adopt a few simple postures and movements for 6 minutes a day—just before you retire at night. And you do not have to spend even that much time for long. In 2 weeks you will note a marked improvement in your figure. Soon you will achieve the poise and balance of ERECTITUDE naturally, and no more practice will be necessary.

AWAKEN YOUR SLEEPING BEAUTY

By LILYAN MALMSTEAD

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☐ Money enclosed. (Postage free) ☐ I'll pay postman. (Cost plus postage)

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300 Fourth Ave., NEW YORK, N. Y.

and Munis and the rest of us because we have captured their interest and imagination. We should use that interest, not only for ourselves, but to do good, the kind of good that will live after us.

"Not that I underestimate the value of entertainment. It's necessary. It's medicine in a way. But we actors could do even more than that if we used the appeal our popularity as entertainers has gained for us."

I said, "Just how would you go about it?"

"Well, I'd like to get a sponsor for, say, four radio talks at a time, talks on health and peace and cancer research, the parole system, juvenile delinquency, whatever I might feel to be the most crying need in the world at the time I could make the broadcasts. I'd like to make such a series of tall, and use the money for whatever move... I was trying to help.

"I'd like to give talks that would blast the listeners into alertness and into action, into such awareness that they could never say again 'I didn't know.' I'd like to rouse them into doing something about the evils and sufferings we all avoid because it's more comfortable for us to keep our eyes and ears shut.

"Then, from now on and insofar as it is within my power, I'm only going

to give those character portrayals which I can do some good.

"I believe that my part as the part in 'San Francisco' did the kind of good I'm talking about. My fan mail more than trebled after that picture was leased. And it was those letters confirmed my belief that an actor can be more than an entertainer. I think 'Captains Courageous' did good also. I think 'Fury' did some good... a thing that shows up the cruelties inflicted upon their fellow men does good whether it be the cruelty of grown-ups to kids or the cruelty of the mob to a trapped wretch or the cruelty of the rich of us who just don't bother. Look ahead, I hope that the part of the part I may play in 'Boystown' may be a help; I have great hopes for the part I am to play in 'Northwest Passage'.

Clark Gable wigwagged to his fellow "Test Pilot" from across the commiss Victor Fleming raised beckoning eyebrows as he passed our table.

Spence shrugged himself to his feet. He said, "Now that I'm facing forth, I just want to help the other fellow so that's all. Those of us who have been lucky enough to reach that age to do with our health and jobs and families have got to help the other guy who didn't. Anyhow, that's what I think. That is my ideal, at middle age."

Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 8)

To make a receding chin look firmer, you highlight the chin with the lighter foundation.

Mr. Stephanoff says that the difference between white and dark is what makes your eyes appear large or small. So, to bring out deep-set eyes or make them look larger, you frame your eyes with a dark pencil to make the whites stand out. Of course, you have to blend out this dark line so that you hardly see it, otherwise you look terrifically made up.

If your eyes are too prominent, use shadow all around them. You can use blue shadow on the top lids, or whatever shade you usually use, but use a brown shadow underneath your eyes.

To make your eyes seem longer, you blend the line out at the sides. The corners of your eyes are naturally darker, so you can extend them with a brown pencil (never black)—and make a triangle at the outside corners of your eyes. Then you highlight them with a touch of the lighter make-up. That's how Mr. Stephanoff got that lovely long-eyed effect on Sigrid Gurie.

Carrying out this same theory of using dark make-up to minimize your defects, Mr. Stephanoff says that if you have a large mouth and want to make it look smaller, use a dark lip rouge and apply it very thinly on your own natural lips. To enlarge a small mouth, use very bright lip rouge applied with a brush just over the ridge of your lip.

Hollows or dark shadows under the eyes are annoying and can make you look dissipated and tired even though you've been going to bed at 8:00 o'clock every night for a week. Drinking lots of water is very good for the shadows. Furthermore, to make them less noticeable you can use a lighter foundation under the hollows and shadows under the eyes.

I think you'll find all the trouble worthwhile when you see yourself looking like a new and more lovely person than you ever did before.

If you wish personal advice on your beauty problems, write directly to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY magazine, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Be certain to enclose a STAMPED self-addressed envelope.

WHO ARE THEY?

Here are the answers to the "check your memory" test on pages 36 and 37

Top row, left to right:

Warner Baxter in "Those Who Dance"
Clark Gable in "Strange Interlude"
Richard Dix in "Cimarron"
Paul Muni in "The World Changes"
Leslie Howard in "The Scarlet Pimpernel"
Gary Cooper in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"
Irene Dunne in "Cimarron"
Fredric March in "Les Miserables"

Middle row, left to right:

Fredric March in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"
Shirley Temple in "Curly Top"
Norma Shearer in "His Secretary"
Claudette Colbert in "Four Frightened People"

Bottom row, left to right:

H. B. Warner in "The Adventures of Marco Polo"
Marion Davies in "Ever Since Eve"
Sidney Blackmer in "This Is My Affair"
Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young in "The Hatchet Man"

Listen, Hollywood!

(Continued from page 29)

s for the mother, who today washed and ironed the overalls for her husband, the young sister, a pretty, dark-eyed girl with blue-black hair and brown eyes who will be tall like the mother—they have been crying. There has been a tragedy in their life. It came about in this way: the serious-looking young man of twenty-two, you see sitting there between the mother and sister, both of whom occasionally turn to glance at him—they are afraid . . . they are unable to understand him.

It happens that this particular little tragedy is rather up against it. The mother owns a farm at the edge of town, until a few years ago, he was fairly prosperous. He had his farm paid for, owned an automobile. He was planning to send his son, who had just graduated from the town high school, to college.

The young fellow, whose name is Bud, has always been a hard-working, rather serious one. He did well in high school; in fact, graduated at the head of his class.

He was ambitious, wanting to go up to the city, wanting to be a mechanical engineer.

But hard luck came along. The mother you see sitting there was taken suddenly ill and there was an operation. It cost a good deal of money.

When there was a crop failure and the father got into the farmer's cattle. The mother saved for the boy's start in college, went for the operation and the father had got into debt.

He thinks he can pull through but, so, he needs the young fellow's help. Only a few days ago he spoke of going to college. I had picked him up in my car. He hated to ask the boy to put his own car aside for the time, for a few years, but I must. I need him at home now." There was that talk with the father a week ago, on the road from town, and then, only last night, when I was returning from town in my car, there was something else.

There was a little group, the farmer and his wife, each at an arm of the young man, now sitting with his mother and sister in the movie house; but then the young man was very drunk.

He had been told that his plans for going off to college would have to be given up.

He had been asked by the father to stay on at home, perhaps for two or three years, working with his father on the farm.

You know, Bud, I haven't any money at now to hire help."

Yes, Dad."

I can't pay you any wages."

It will be all right, Dad."

The young fellow had made no promise to his father. He had worked with him all day in the field and in the evening had gone off to town alone. He had been very silent during the evening meal. He had simply wanted to adjust himself.

Where are you going, Bud?" his mother had asked, and, "Oh, nowhere," he had replied.

He had thought it meant just that.

"I am going nowhere."

He is only twenty-two. At twenty-two life seems already half gone.

"It is the end of me, of all my hopes," the young man was thinking.

He did something he had never done. He went off alone to town and went to a town bootlegger. He got helplessly drunk and was picked up, dead drunk, in a street, by the town marshal; and the marshal, knowing his father, had phoned out, not to the father, but to a neighbor.

So the father, with the wife and daughter, had set off to town. The son had been put into the town jail, but there had been no real arrest. He was turned over to his father and mother and when I had seen them in the road they were escorting him home.

He was very drunk. He babbled. "You don't understand," he kept saying.

Seeing them in the road, I had stopped my car. There was the mother and the sister, crying. The father is a church man and a prohibitionist. He fears his son may become a drunkard.

In the road, I stopped my car and offered to take the family to its home, an offer the father refused.

"He is in no fit shape to get in anyone's car," he said.

He said this after the mother had told me an innocent lie, trying to protect her son—"He's only a little sick."

The young man's legs would barely hold him up. He kept shaking his head and muttering words, trying to make them understand something—that it was only an outbreak, a sudden unaccountable thing; that it meant nothing; that he was ready now to face the fact that all his plans, his dreams, had gone awry.

There would have been this drunken attempt to explain and then, later, when they got him home, his father and mother steering him along the country road in the darkness, the sister in the road behind crying; later, on the young fellow's part, silence.

The father and son would have worked together all day in silence.

There was a tense strange silence in the house when they came in from their work. The sister and mother looking at the young man in a new, strange way.

"But why did he do that?"

"Will he keep on doing it?"

The tenseness finally broken by the father.

"Come on. Let's all go to the movies."

At least, here, they are all, for a time, carried away from the strange baffling time of misunderstanding.

BUT a man wonders. There is a hunger. He comes out of the movie theater wondering.

Why can't these simple tragedies, comedies, these stories out of our everyday lives come more into the movies?

It is such a vast field. The possibilities stagger. I came out of the movie theater wondering.

Would it work?

Could these simple, real stories out of everyday lives be told in this new strange far-reaching medium?

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BY ERROL FLYNN

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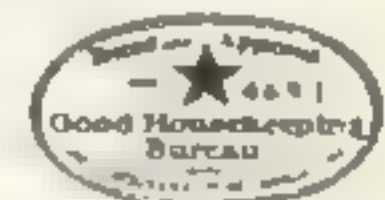
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Happy Hellion

(Continued from page 17)

begun. It started in a summer when crooners sang through loud-speakers ambiguously, first of blue skies and then of muddy waters; when, in the brand-new Paramount Theater in Manhattan, Gilda Gray was repopularizing the hula; when the world was learning that a Peace Treaty is written, after all, on the kind of paper that tears; when Marquette University was developing an unprecedented kind of headache.

It had it in common with universities all over the nation, and it had to do with drinking by students of juniper juice highly flavored—in a bathtub—with alcohol.

Don, newly an undergraduate at the university, found (and accepted without astonishment) a newly organized form of young society in which you could go to school three hours each week and roust around the rest without any thunderbolts coming down.

HE lived in a room with four other boys, and remembers now that the room had an open fireplace where you could toss empty beer bottles. The place, in his memory, is drawn in terms of sketchy sensations: waking up in the morning with a tongue of blotting paper; breaking down, that first time, and having a cigarette before breakfast; law books grey under a fine coat of ashes and dust, ringed where glasses had been.

There were other things. There was the first girl he had, and the second, and the third.

He stuck with one at a time, then. It was simpler. They were of a type, usually—coeds with shingled caps of peroxide hair, like blown chrysanthemums, or with hair dyed and cut like Clara Bow's. They wore cloche hats, when they wore any, and four-inch heels, and they made collections of cigarette cases, sometimes of men's flasks, and they said things like "So's your Old Man," and "Whoopee."

cent comprehensive paper on that history, and afternoons long after sundown in the library.

The nights were different. A haze of glamour suffused them. The cluttered room took on disguises, shadows and glowed in the firelight. Then the girls put on sequins, or mink satin, or cascades of organdy and a hard polish of their make-up softer to loveliness, and hints of perfume drifted lazily about them in all they could.

In the night you walked up a grassy path to a country club, caught the tantalizing shreds of music, heard the shuffle of feet sliding over corn meal. You played poker with the guys up dawn, averaging forty a week for a year and living royally without ever having the job your folks thought you had.

You did these things because one day because people were doing it.

DON heard the pounding at the door three times in his heavy sleep before he opened one eye and sat up. The sun was streaking through cracks in the shades, promised heat for the day; summer had come early. He got up, stood waiting expertly for a moment until his head returned to his shoulders, and then went to the door.

He accepted the telegram, nodded, dropped it unopened on the table and went back to bed. It was, after all, on eight o'clock.

At twelve, after his shower, he remembered and opened it. "Mother and father in accident," it said. "Mother expected to live come at once."

He didn't even leave a note for the fellows. On the train his mind worked frantically, clouded with self-analysis for the first time. Once he said aloud "Why, you dirty—!"

By the time, a month later, when word came saying Mother would live after all; that she might not be paralyzed that perhaps plastic surgery might even

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IN APRIL PHOTOPLAY

These were the two worlds Don lived in.

The one beginning at noon, when he awoke, and lasting until dinner; and the one beginning with the first snort of the evening, and lasting until bedtime.

The few times he managed to get to class. The cool, appraising glance of the profs. Torts, and their uses—I'm sorry, Sir, I seem to be unprepared. Riding for cooling hours in Micky's vociferous little car. Football. Two letters from Nora: the first reminiscent, filled with poignant nostalgia and loneliness; the second crisply informative and objectively friendly. Autumn, and the days pleasantly sad with remembered summer, with the bright leaves, sharp with the promise of snow. Winter, and your breath riding in front of you, and I am sorry, Father, but if you'll be a good guy and let me cram I think I can do a de-

restore the left side of her face, Don was already working with a road gang. He hadn't had a drink since the morning that telegram came.

But it was almost fall again before he could stand, bronzed by the sun and clean-cut after months of sobriety, before his mirror and keep his eyes from shifting. The hard physical labor, precluding thought, had worked its physical reformation; his own integrity had done the rest.

He believed that sincerely.

Fraught with excitement and prodigal by an indefatigable luck, Don Ameche's spectacular life carried him to New York and the stage, got him a job with the radio, brought him new romance and the revival of an old love, and marriage. In the next installment come fulfillment, and Hollywood.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 53)

YOU'RE A SWEETHEART—Universal

BROADWAY stage show in the making is the background of this but fortunately the exploitation show provides the most important elements of the plot. Fortunately, Alice Faye and George Murphy the leads and prove such person- and talented young players that are splendidly entertained through-

phy really comes into his own as actor and singer in this film, and Hugh and Adamson have provided Faye with hit tunes which she sings as only she can. Ken Murray and, of radio fame, lend strong support as do also Charlie Winninger and Devine. Without its stars, this would have been just another musical; with the cast and the fine artistic treatment given it the picture lives up to its name. It's a nifty!

I'LL TAKE ROMANCE—Columbia

MAKES the best-constructed picture of the Grace Moore's remarkable "One of Love" is this new romantic film, an opera salad, starring the golden-haired diva, ably assisted by Melvyn Douglas. Guided by her aunt, Helen May, Grace tries to get out of a contract to appear in Buenos Aires to New York to plead with her father. The South American impresario finally chooses to make love to the dramatic star. As a romantic comedy, Melvyn kidnaps Grace and

puts her aboard a South American steamer.

But that's only half of the story. Miss Moore sings "She'll Be Comin' Raound the Mountain," along with "Manon," "Traviata," and other arias. Stuart Erwin is very funny. Miss Moore has vocal and physical allure. Douglas is a polished businessman lover. Discriminating film and music lovers will like this.

★ THE BUCCANEER—Paramount

WITH a stirring story woven from the fabric of our country's history, a cast of exceptional attainments, lavish production and some incredibly beautiful photography, C. B. De Mille once again proves his magic in the art of picturing action on the screen. From the opening sequence with the burning and gutting of the White House at Washington, to the climax in the heroic battle of New Orleans, it is stunning drama, and nothing Mr. De Mille has directed since 1913 can touch it.

The plot revolves around *Jean Lafitte* (Fredric March), a swashbuckling pirate who controls the swamps and waterways around New Orleans during the War of 1812. The British success in America depends on the capture of New Orleans. They set out to buy *Lafitte* with the connivance of traitorous *Senator Crawford* (Ian Keith). Meanwhile, *Lafitte's* ruffians have mutinied and burnt an American vessel on which the sister of the girl he loves is aboard. Only one person is saved, a little Dutch girl

(Franciska Gaal) who promptly falls in love with her rescuer. The Americans refuse *Lafitte's* help, but despite the slaughter of his men he refuses to sell out to the British. At the risk of his life he goes to interview *Andrew Jackson*, who accepts his offer, and the battle of New Orleans is fought and won—by the Americans.

The interview with *Jackson* is a highlight of the picture and Hugh Sothorn's characterization of "Old Hickory" one of the finest in the history of the screen. In fact, there are so many splendid performances it is hard to know where to begin to give credit, but mention must be made of Franciska Gaal—Paramount's little Hungarian import whose debut is auspicious. She can act and looks like apple blossoms besides; March puts over a fine job; Margot Grahame does well in a sympathetic rôle; Walter Brennan as *Jackson's* orderly is a standout, as is Akim Tamiroff as *Lafitte's* side kick. Our plaudits go to Mr. De Mille himself, however, for one of the most impressive screen documents toward entertainment and patriotic education ever presented.

LADY BEHAVE—Republic

SOMEWHERE between the newsreel and the main feature, this will flicker on and you will watch Sally Eilers, as a solemn teacher, getting into awful trouble—and romance—because of her sister. This one, already married to Joseph Schildkraut, gets tight and weds rich Neil Hamilton. No matter what

happens, you won't care much; but Sally does a nice job of comedy and Marcia Mae Jones is really very funny.

★ BAD MAN OF BRIMSTONE—M-G-M.

UTAH'S beautiful scenery forms a background for this equally rugged drama of the early Western bad man. Wally Beery hasn't been so good since "Viva Villa," and Dennis O'Keefe, as the son who never recognized his father in the killer, probably will give Gary Cooper a modicum of competition in the future. As part of the young marshal's job of bringing order to the frontier boom town, Dennis has to prosecute the judge—father of the girl he loves. There is a predominance of gun play, hard riding and tense dramma, but the story has light as well as shade, laughter as well as tears. Not a single poor performance mars J. Walter Ruben's direction. Virginia Bruce, Guy Kibbee, Lewis Stone and Bruce Cabot all turn in good acting accounts, but Mr. O'Keefe is the star of the piece.

The appearance of a review in these columns rather than on the opening pages of *The Shadow Stage* does not imply lack of merit in the picture reviewed. Frequently it indicates merely that the picture has been reviewed too late to be placed on the opening pages of reviews.



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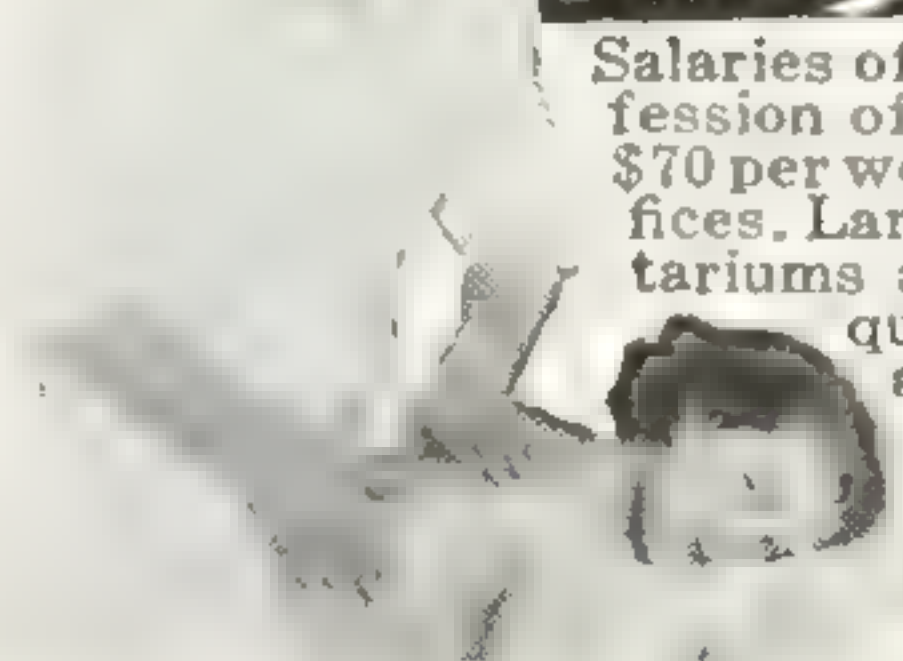
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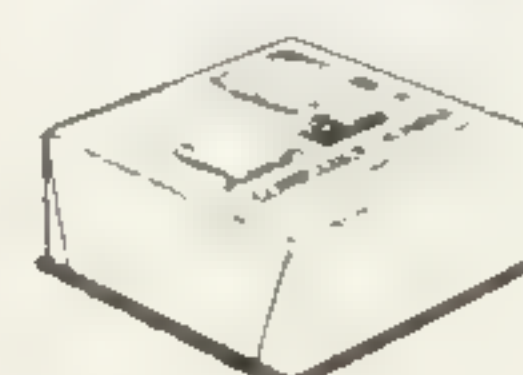
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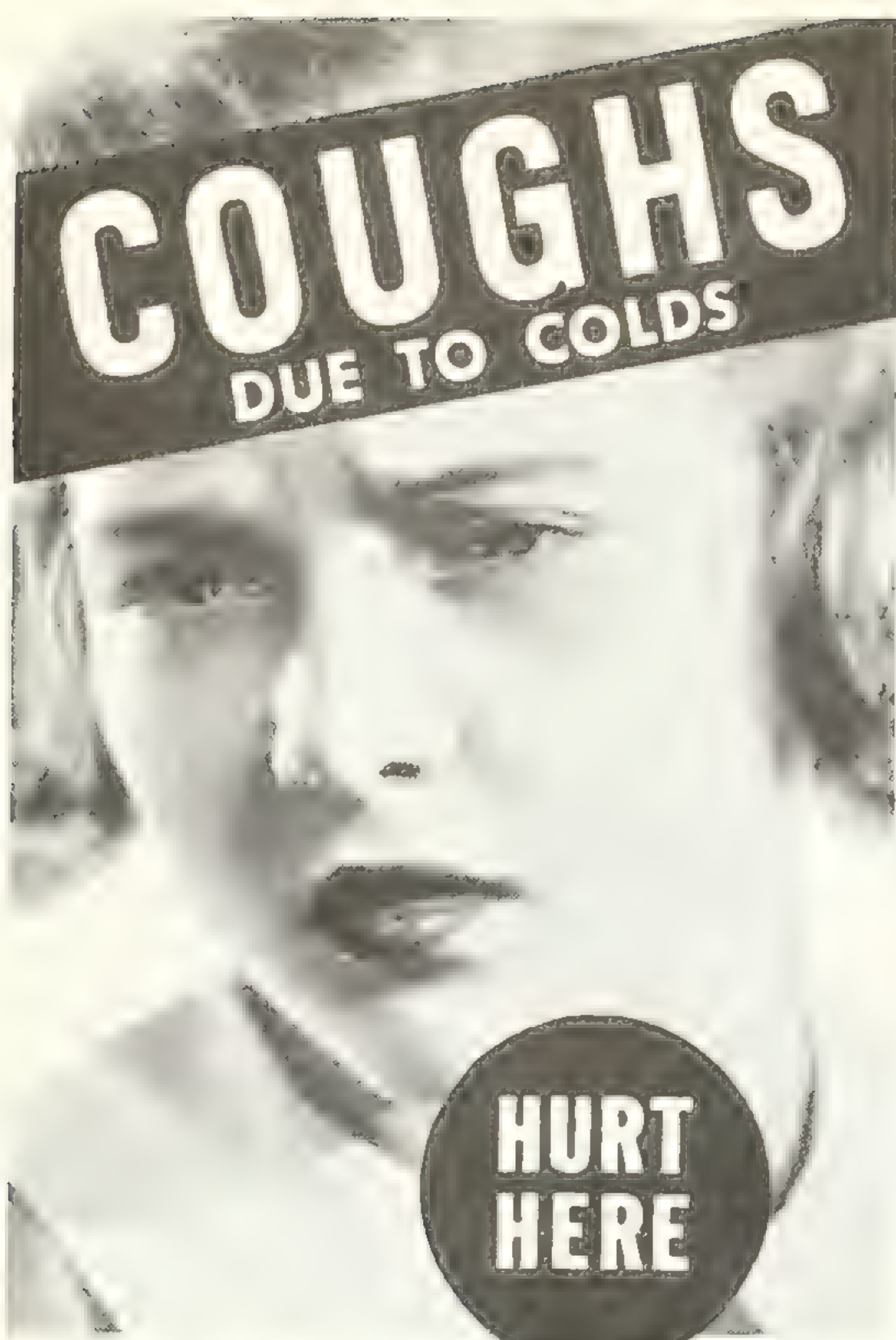
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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

EXPENSIVE HUSBANDS—Warners

Beverly Roberts plays a movie star on the skids in this tiresome pseudo-exposé of the Hollywood publicity racket. Patric Knowles is the rundown nobleman whom she first marries, later deserts for her rejuvenated career. You'll see "Expensive Husbands" at the expense of a good evening. (Dec.)

★ 52ND STREET—Wanger-United Artists

This musical saga of America's Montmartre is good entertainment. Scattered throughout the story of an old New York family's rise and fall when their street becomes overrun with speak-easies, are specialty numbers galore. The fine cast includes Ian Hunter, ZaSu Pitts, Leo Carrillo, Marla Shelton and Kenny Baker. (Dec.)

FIGHT FOR YOUR LADY—RKO-Radio

Add the rowdy comedy of Jack Oakie to the delightful singing of John Boles and you have entertainment plus. Oakie is a fight promoter who guides his charge from a broken romance into a duel, then on to a fresh love. Margot Grahame and Ida Lupino are the objects of Mr. Boles' affections. A gay and lively farce. (Dec.)

FIRST LADY—Warners

Replete with the gay situations and dialogue that characterized the stage play, this satire on Washington intrigue should amuse you. Kay Francis, multigowned as usual, does a brilliant job as the ambitious wife of politician Preston Foster, and Verree Teasdale takes honors as Kay's adversary over the teacups. (Nov.)

FIT FOR A KING—RKO-Radio

Herewith Joe E. Brown in a "you chase me and I'll chase you" comedy with all the usual Brown antics. Joe is a reporter sent to cover the story of a Kansas-born princess (Helen Mack) who is about to be assassinated. Poor Joe is scooped at every turn. Brown fans will adore every reel. (Dec.)

GIRL WITH IDEAS, A—Universal

Wendy Barrie wins a newspaper away from Walter Pidgeon by way of a libel suit and the help of Kent Taylor. Such antics can't happen in a well-run news office, but the trio provide many laughs, so who cares? George Barbier as Wendy's pa is a riot. (Jan.)

★ GOLDWYN FOLLIES, THE—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

This incredibly beautiful musical has a dizzy story of Hollywood's original "no" girl (Andrea Leeds) and the producer whom nobody "noes" (Adolphe Menjou). The "Follies" are glorified by Balanchine's lovely American ballet, Metropolitan Helen Jepson's soprano, Phil Baker's wit, Charlie McCarthy's deadly sallies, the Ritz Brothers' clowning, Ella Logan and Kenny Baker's tuneful tuning and the poignant music of George and Ira Gershwin—the whole wrapped in Technicolor. A \$2,000,000 picture you'll never forget. (Feb.)

★ GREAT GARRICK, THE—Warners

Set against the colorful background of the Eighteenth Century, this centers around the personality of England's greatest actor, David Garrick, played by Brian Aherne. The plot involves the efforts of the actors of the Comedie Francaise to make a fool of David by hiring an inn, manning it with their troupe. Olivia De Havilland, as Garrick's lady love, is completely devastating. (Dec.)

★ HEIDI—20th Century-Fox

A favorite of old and young is this tender little story of an orphan who brings a new hope into the life of a bitter recluse, and health and happiness to a crippled child. Shirley Temple, more grown-up, still retains her warmth and sweetness; Jean Hersholt, Mady Christians, Mary Nash and Marcia Mae Jones are excellent support. The best Temple picture to date. (Jan.)

HIGH FLYERS—RKO-Radio

Wheeler and Woolsey's farewell performance as a movie team is one of their gayest pictures. The boys set off in a seaplane to capture jewel thieves and their mad antics in the air furnish the laughs. Lupe Velez sings several peppy songs. It's fun for the whole family. (Feb.)

★ HITTING A NEW HIGH—RKO-Radio

Lily Pons lifts this none too brilliant comedy to a high level of entertainment. As a cabaret singer with operatic ambitions she coaxes E. E. Horton into thinking she's a bird girl from Africa. This setup allows Miss Pons to wear exotic costumes, sing both swing songs and classical arias with delicious results. John Howard is her heart trouble. Jack Oakie is around for laughs. (Feb.)

★ HURRICANE, THE—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

With a wind machine for a star and the Pacific for a set, Director John Ford has concocted a stunning picture of adventure and love among the natives of the South Seas. Newcomer-Jon Hall shows ability as well as most of his excellent anatomy; Dorothy Lamour is beautiful as his Island princess; the star-studded cast includes Raymond Massey, Mary Astor and C. Aubrey Smith. The hurricane is awe-inspiring. You mustn't miss it. (Jan.)

LADY FIGHTS BACK, THE—Universal

The natural scenic beauty here far surpasses the story of a girl (Irene Hervey) who fights when her



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favorite fishing haunt is threatened by the trial engineering of Kent Taylor. The darling the salmon are saved, the lovers are happy fun, eh? (Jan.)

LANCER SPY—20th Century-Fox

If you like espionage thrillers, you won't like here. George Sanders (remember him as the some villain in "Lloyds of London") all the World War by impersonating a Prussian officer in Berlin. Dolores Del Rio her Fatherland for hopeless love. Excellent fine cast. (Dec.)

★ LAST GANGSTER, THE—M-G-M

Edward G. Robinson returns once more rôle that made him famous in this magnificent effective but somewhat brutal picture. Returned from Europe with his bride, he discovers muscling in, kills them, goes to prison, is forced to disgorge his hoarded gold to save and son. Rose Stradner, the new Viennese is exceptional; the cast, including Jimmy Douglas Scott and Lionel Stander, extremely fine. (Jan.)

★ LIFE BEGINS IN COLLEGE—20th Century-Fox

Spouting energy and madness from every pore the Ritz Brothers literally bludgeon you with laughter in this All-American football musical around a washed-up coach, Fred Stone, an Indian who saves Stone's reputation for "Lombardy." Joan Davis does a Martha Gloria Stuart pairs with newcomer Dick for romance. (Dec.)

★ LIVE, LOVE AND LEARN—M-G-M

A smart and wisecracking comedy which is art for art's sake and scoffs at filthy lucre, Bob Montgomery marrying heiress F. Russell. Fame and a scheming Helen almost ruin his marriage, but Bob Bench faithful but boozy friend, finally rights matters. The performances are superior. (Jan.)

LIVING ON LOVE

You'll enjoy this smart little story of a young boy, James Dunn, and a working girl, V. Bourne, who share the same basement room out ever seeing one another. When they eventually meet, the fireworks begin. It's fun. (Jan.)

LOOK OUT FOR LOVE—GB

Tullio Carminati's many admirers will wish him back as the hero of this complicated whereby Anna (Queen Victoria) Neagle rises street singer to world-renowned dancer to Tullio's sacrificial efforts. Robert Douglas brazen and handsome villain. There are swish singable songs. (Feb.)

LOOK OUT, MR. MOTO—20th Century-Fox

Our little Japanese detective, Peter Lorre, look out for everyone including himself in a hokum tale of high treason, murder and the men of newsreel men in Siam. Rochelle Hudson, Kent and Chick Chandler are around. (Jan.)

★ MADAME X—M-G-M

No matter how many times you have seen famous tear-jerker you will weep again at this version. Gladys George is simply brilliant misunderstood wife who becomes a disaster slattern. John Beal as her son and Warren William as her coldly moral husband are both excellent. (Dec.)

★ MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND—Public

When a gangster buys a recording company is torn between his passion for jazz and his love for opera, amusing and exciting things happen—and do. Leo Carrillo, Tamara Geva, Regan, Ann Dvorak and four big-name bands town in rollicking rhythm. A-1 sauce for glooms. (Feb.)



The Melvyn Douglasses (she's Helen Gahagan of the stage) attend the Tauber concert

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★ MERRY-GO-ROUND OF 1938—Universal

Composed of much unoriginal hokum, a few good tunes, a nice clean romance and a variety of mad horseplay, this emerges as good entertainment. The story concerns a group of vaudeville troupers who take on the task of bringing up an orphan. Bert Lahr, Jimmy Savo, Mischa Auer, Louise Fazenda, Alice Brady, Billy House, John King, and Joy Hodges outdo themselves to make you laugh. (Jan.)

MURDER IN GREENWICH VILLAGE—Columbia

With a quip on his lips and determination in his heart, Dick Arlen, artist photographer, leaps into a murder mystery to shield Fay Wray. They fight, make up, and solve everything. Stupid. (Jan.)

MUSIC FOR MADAME—RKO-Radio

Nino Martini's famous voice counteracts the weakness of this wandering story about a singer accused of stealing a pearl necklace. Alan Mowbray's satirical take-off of a noted symphonic conductor is amusing; Joan Fontaine is pretty and the Hollywood Bowl scenes are impressive. You'll like the music. (Dec.)

★ NAVY BLUE AND GOLD—M-G-M

Credit for this fine football picture backgrounded at Annapolis is due primarily to the fine performances of Robert Young, Jimmy Stewart and Tom Brown. Coming from very different environments, the boys finally adjust themselves to life and to each other. Billie Burke, Florence Rice and Lionel Barrymore each contribute splendidly. (Jan.)

NON-STOP NEW YORK—GB

There's one thing this picture has plenty of—and that's suspense. Blonde Anna Lee is the English chorine wanted in America as witness to a murder. She manages by a clever ruse to outwit gangsters who seek to detain her, hops a transatlantic plane, makes life miserable for John Loder, Scotland Yard bloodhound. Desmond Tester is perfect as the inquisitive child prodigy. (Dec.)

★ NOTHING SACRED—Selznick-United Artists

Aided by color, a Ben Hecht script and the deft direction of Bill Wyler, Carole Lombard and Freddie March have turned in a comedy drama that beats the best results of the nitwit schools, so far. The story revolves around a reporter who is in the doghouse with his editor, and his schemes to get out of same by developing the season's biggest front-page news out of a girl ostensibly at death's door. Satirical, sophisticated and screwy, it is among the ranking laugh films of all time. (Feb.)

OVER THE GOAL—Warners

Here is an antique yarn built around a college hero, William Hopper, who is called upon to decide between June Travis and his alma mater. He manages to have his cake and eat it too. Johnnie Davis' scat singing livens things up generally. (Jan.)

★ PERFECT SPECIMEN, THE—Warners

Errol Flynn takes this high-voltage comedy in his stride, portraying the heir to \$30,000,000 who has been shut away from the world, educated by his tyrant grandmother (May Robson) to be "the perfect specimen" of his class. Joan Blondell lures him out of his cocoon, teaches him really to live. Dick Foran, Edward E. Horton, Allen Jenkins and Beverly Roberts all contribute. Fast, furious and funny. (Dec.)

★ PORTIA ON TRIAL—Republic

An engrossing modern courtroom story based on a mother-love angle, but not too maudlin about it. Frieda Inescort is splendid as the criminal lawyer who successfully defends the killer of her ex-husband, wins back her own son by her brilliance and courage. Walter Abel and Ruth Donnelly are outstanding support. Worthwhile. (Jan.)

QUICK MONEY—RKO-Radio

For those who like homespun movies woven with sincere and familiar threads this story will be entertaining. Fred Stone and Berton Churchill battle for acting honors; the former defending small-town rights against a chiseling big-time promoter. A number of clever youngsters are in support. (Feb.)

SECOND HONEYMOON—20th Century-Fox

Charming, amusing, utterly romantic, this again teams Tyrone (what a man!) Power and Loretta Young in a modern story of what the moon will do over Miami to an ex-husband meeting his ex-wife who has since remarried. Stu Erwin and Marjorie Weaver form a hilarious secondary team. Watch Weaver's star rise! (Jan.)

SHE LOVED A FIREMAN—Warners

There are a lot of thrills in this inside story of a modern fire company. Smart-aleck Dick Foran saves the life of Robert Armstrong, is brought off his high horse by Armstrong's sister, Ann Sheridan. Interesting and educational. (Jan.)

SH! THE OCTUPUS!—Warners

Screwball detectives Allen Jenkins and Hugh Herbert escort you through rapid and chill adventure in their search for the mysterious head of a spy combine. Most of the action is in a deserted light-house full of monsters, but the persistent comedy saves you from heart failure. Marsha Hunt and John Eldredge are around—just for instance. (Feb.)

★ SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS—Disney-RKO-Radio

Walt Disney at long last brings his million-dollar fantasy to the screen, and his loving labor of three years is not lost. Mingling real characters (Snow White, The Prince and the Witch Queen) with delightful dwarfs and animals, he succeeds as marvelously in giving you great entertainment as he did with Mickey Mouse or Donald Duck. The color

reproduction and the symphonic score are truly distinguished. We know you wouldn't miss it for worlds. (Feb.)

★ STAGE DOOR—RKO-Radio

The hullabaloo of a theatrical boardinghouse is the background of this great story of young actresses who battle Broadway for minor fame and a scant living. Ginger Rogers gives an excellent account of herself in a dramatic rôle; Katharine Hepburn does fine work, Andrea Leeds almost steals the show, and Adolphe Menjou as the philandering producer is highly amusing. Director LaCava deserves orchids for a brilliant picture. Don't miss it. (Nov.)

★ STAND-IN—Wanger-United Artists

C. B. Kelland's swell story of a narrow-minded banker (Leslie Howard) who invades Hollywood to save a studio from financial ruin. Joan Blondell is extra special as the former baby star who teaches Howard that all figures do not have mathematical connotations, and Marla Shelton as the glamorous gal he compromises does grand work. Warning: don't believe all this picture tells you about Hollywood. (Dec.)

STORM IN A TEACUP—Korda-United Artists

This is an extremely funny, oftentimes hilarious piece about the deflation in ego of a pompous Scotch politician brought about by a young newsman in love with the Scot's daughter. Rex Harrison, Vivien Leigh, Sara Algood, in fact the entire cast, is perfection. Do go and see it. (Feb.)

★ SUBMARINE D-1—Warners

An accurate revelation of the dramatic thrills of the navy's undersea service, plus an elaborate production, plus the splendid acting of Pat O'Brien, Wayne Morris and George Brent and the whole Pacific fleet, add up to the best Navy picture on record. The masculine contingent will eat it up. (Feb.)

THANK YOU, MR. MOTO—20th Century-Fox

This twisted tale of intrigue in an Oriental locale fails to daunt the imperturbable Moto, who, aided by Thomas Beck, tracks down stolen Chinese scrolls, finishes off Sidney Blackmer in fine style. Pauline Frederick as a Chinese princess stands out. (Feb.)

THIS WAY PLEASE—Paramount

A nicely scored and mildly entertaining musical, this permits Betty Grable, a theater usherette, to fall in love with crooner Buddy Rogers, usurp his place as stage attraction number one. Mary Livingstone smart-cracks, Ned Sparks dead-pans, and Fibber McGee and Molly (of radio) add their bit of fun. (Dec.)

THOROUGHBREDS DON'T CRY—M-G-M

Three youngsters with entirely different viewpoints meet in a jockey's boardinghouse and later find their experiences fit them for the years ahead. Mickey Rooney steals the show that was intended to introduce Ronald Sinclair, a newcomer. Judy Garland and Sophie Tucker take care of the feminine interest and the music. One of the better B's. (Feb.)

THRILL OF A LIFETIME—Paramount

A pathetically thin story of a pair of hoofers trying to marry off the dumb-dora of their act, this hotchpotch begins nowhere and ends there. The Yacht Club Boys, Eleanore Whitney, Johnny Downs and Ben Blue are all scrambled together in this. (Jan.)

★ TOVARICH—Warners

Brilliantly devised, from the famous play, brilliantly played by Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert, this depicts an incident in the lives of two titled Russians living in Paris after the Revolution. They hire out as butler and cook to a wild family, each member of which proceeds to fall variously in love with the new domestics. The suavest sort of drama combined with the new padded-cell variety of comedy makes this the best laugh bet of the month. (Feb.)

★ TRUE CONFESSION—Paramount

Enormously amusing because of the way it is played, but rather antisocial in theme, this depicts the misadventures of a congenial liar, Carole Lombard, who confesses to a murder she did not commit in order to give her struggling young lawyer husband (Fred MacMurray) some publicity. John Barrymore and Una Merkel are grand in secondary rôles. (Jan.)

★ WELLS FARGO—Paramount

Magnificently staged against a panoramic background of American history—the growth of communications in the wild and early West—this is a human story of a young married couple's battle for happiness against the dangers of a growing nation. Joel McCrea and Frances Dee couldn't have been more superlatively cast. Bob Burns, Porter Hall and a large cast of superior actors support. For sheer adventure, definitely a hit. (Feb.)

WITHOUT WARNING—Warners

This chilling murder mystery is laid in an island army post. Boris Karloff is suspected, of course, but it falls to Marie Wilson in her best dumb-cluck manner to solve the crime. (Jan.)

YOU'RE ONLY YOUNG ONCE—M-G-M

There is something in these homely little dramas dealing with simple human emotions. Here you have father Lewis Stone, mother Fay Holden, son Mickey Rooney and daughter Cecilia Parker setting off for a vacation at Catalina. Laughs and tears abound. Mickey, as usual, walks off with acting honors. (Feb.)

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Casts of Current Pictures

"BUCCANEER, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Edwin Justus Mayer, Harold Lamb and C. Gardner Sullivan. Based on an adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson on "Lafitte the Pirate" by Lyle Saxon. Directed by Cecil B. DeMille. The Cast: Jean Lafitte, Fredric March; Gretchen, Franciska Gaal; Dominique, Akim Tamiroff; Annette, Margot Grahame; Ezra Peavey, Walter Brennan; Beluche, Anthony Quinn; Crawford, Ian Keith; Governor Claiborne, Douglas Dumbrille; Gramby, Fred Kohler, Sr.; Captain Brown, Robert Barratt; Andrew Jackson, Hugh Sothorn; Mouse, John Rogers; Tarsus, Hans Steinke; Collector of Port, Stanley Andrews; Aunt Charlotte, Beulah Bondi; Dolly Madison, Spring Byington; Admiral Cockburn, Montagu Love.

"CHECKERS"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Lynn Root and Frank Fenton, Robert Chapin and Karen De Wolf. Based on an original story by Lynn Root and Frank Fenton. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. The Cast: Checkers, Jane Withers; Edgar Connell, Stuart Erwin; Mamie Appleby, Una Merkel; Jimmy Somers, Marvin Stephens; Tobias Williams, Andrew Tombes; Sarah Williams, June Carlson; Dr. Smith, Minor Watson; Mr. Green, John Harrington; Zeb, Spencer Charters; Daniel Snodgrass, Francis Ford.

"DAUGHTER OF SHANGHAI"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Gladys Unger and Garnett Weston. Based on a story by Garnett Weston. Directed by Robert Florey. The Cast: Lan Ying Lin, Anna May Wong; Kim Lee, Philip Ahn; Otto Hartman, Charles Bickford; Andrew Steele, Larry Crabbe; Mrs. Mary Hunt, Cecil Cunningham; Frank Barden, J. Carrol Naish; Olga Derez, Evelyn Brent; Harry Morgan, Anthony Quinn; James Lang, John Patterson; Captain Gulner, Fred Kohler; Jake Kelly, Frank Sully; Quan Lin, Ching Wah Lee; Ah Fong, Maurice Liu; Yung Woo, Michael Wu; Sam Blike, Ernest Whitman; Lil, Mae Busch.

"EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Mae West. Directed by A. Edward Sutherland. The Cast: Peaches O'Day, Mae West; Mlle. Fifi, Mae West; Captain McCarey, Edmund Lowe; Graves, Charles Butterworth; Van Reighe Van Pelton Van Doon, Charles Winninger; "Nifty" Baily, Walter Catlett; "Honest" John Quade, Lloyd Nolan; Band Leader, Louis Armstrong; George Rector, Himself; Fritz Kraufmeyer, Herman Bing; "Trigger" Mike, Roger Imhof; Cabby, Chester Conklin; Danny the Dip, Lucien Prival; Assistant Police Commissioner, Adrian Morris; Henchman, Francis McDonald; Henchman, John Indrisano.

"GIRL WAS YOUNG, THE"—GB.—Screen play by Charles Bennett, Edwin Greenwood and Anthony Armstrong. Based on a novel by Josephine Tey. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. The Cast: Erica Burgoyne, Nova Pilbeam; Robert Tisdall, Derrick De Marney; Col. Burgoyne, Percy Marmont; Old Will, Edward Rigby; Guy, George Curzon; Christine Day, Pamela Carme; Detective Grant, John Longden; Detective Miller, George Merritt; Solicitor, J. H. Roberts; Sergeant, H. F. Maltby; Policeman, John Millar; Lorry Driver, Jerry Verno.

"HOLLYWOOD HOTEL"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Jerry Wald, Maurice Leo and Richard Macauley. Original story by Jerry Wald and Maurice Leo. Directed by Busby Berkeley. The Cast: Ronnie Bowers, Dick Powell; Mona Marshall, Lola Lane; Fuzzy, Ted Healy; Georgia, Johnnie Davis; Alexander Dupre, Alan Mowbray; Alice, Frances Langford; Ken Niles, Ken Niles; Bernie Wallon, Allyn Joslyn; Callaghan, Edgar Kennedy; Dress Designer, Curt Bois; Cameraman, Eddie Acuff; Mrs. Marshall, Sarah Edwards; Asst. Director Drew, Wally Maher; Cleo, Libby Taylor; Bramwell, Paul Irving; Virginia, Rosemary Lane; Chester Marshall, Hugh Herbert; Jonesy, Glenda Farrell; Louella Parsons, Louella Parsons; Dot Marshall, Mabel Todd; Jerry Cooper, Jerry Cooper; Duane Thompson, Duane Thompson; B. L. Faulkin, Grant Mitchell; The Russian, Fritz Feld; Perc Westmore, Perc Westmore; Colored Man, Clinton Rosemond; Director Kelton, William Davidson; Seamstress, Georgia Cooper; Waiter, Joe Romanini; and Raymond Page and his Orchestra, Benny Goodman and his Orchestra.

"I'LL TAKE ROMANCE"—COLUMBIA.—Story by Stephen Morehouse Avery. Screen play by George Oppenheimer and Jane Murnin. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The Cast: Elsa Terry, Grace Moore; James Guthrie, Melvyn Douglas; Madame Della, Helen Westley; Pancho Brown, Stuart Erwin; Margot, Margaret Hamilton; William Kane, Walter Kingsford; Rudi, Richard Carle; Monsieur Ginard, Ferdinand Gottschalk; Pamela, Esther Muir; Pinkerton, Frank Forest; Johan, Walter Stahl; Juan, Barry Norton; Senor Montez, Lucio Villegas; Bondini, Gennaro Curci; Henri, Marek Windheim.

"IN OLD CHICAGO"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Lamar Trotti and Sonya Levien. Based on a story by Niven Busch. The Cast: Dion O'Leary, Tyrone Power; Belle Fawcett, Alice Faye; Jack O'Leary, Don Ameche; Molly O'Leary, Alice Brady; Pickle Bixby, Andy Devine; Gil Warren,

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"LADY BEHAVE"—REPUBLIC.—C story by Joseph Krumbold. Screen play by Krumbold and Olive Cooper. Directed by Corrigan. The Cast: Paula Kendall, Sally Stephens Cormack, Neil Hamilton; Michael A. Joseph, Schildkraut; Burton Williams, Mitchell; Clarice, Patricia Farr; Patricia, Mae Jones; Hank, George Ernest; Butch, Hymer; Alfred, Robert Greig; Howell, Richman; Inn Keeper, Spencer Charters; Mary Gordon.

"LOVE AND HISSES"—20TH CENTUR—Screen play by Curtis Kenyon and Art From a story by Art Arthur. Music and ly Mack Gordon and Harry Revel. Direct Sidney Lanfield. The Cast: Walter Winchell self; Ben Bernie, Himself; Yvette Guerin, Simon; "Sugar" Boles, Bert Lahr; Joan Davis; Steve Nelson, Dick Baldwin; Peters Themselves; Specialty, Ruth Terry; M Douglas Fowley; Sidney Hoffman, Chick Ch Irving Skolsky, Charles Williams; Count Raoul Guerin, Georges Renavet; Spec Chilton & Thomas and the Brewster Twin nouncers, Rush Hughes and Gary Breckner in Music Store, Hal K. Dawson; Oscar, Judels; Producer, Harry Stubbs; Gangster, Battier.

"MANNEQUIN"—M-G-M.—Story by erine Brush. Screen play by Lawrence H Directed by Frank Borzage. The Cast: Cassidy, Joan Crawford; John L. Hen Spencer Tracy; Eddie Miller, Alan Curtis; Ralph Morgan; Beryl, Mary Phillips; "Pa" C Oscar O'Shea; Mrs. Cassidy, Elizabeth R Clifford, Leo Gorcey.

"MAN-PROOF"—M-G-M.—From stor Fanny Heaslip Lea. Screen play by Vincent rence, Waldemar Young and George Oppen Directed by Richard Thorpe. The Cast: Swift, Myrna Loy; Jimmy Kilmarlin, Fra Tone; Elizabeth Kent, Rosalind Russell; Wythe, Walter Pidgeon; Florence, Rita Jo Meg Swift, Nana Bryant; Jane, Ruth Hussey Leonard Penn; Tommy Gaunt, John M Minister, William Stock; Gus, Oscar O'Shea; Announcer, Dan Toby.

"PRESCRIPTION FOR ROMANCE"—VERSAL.—Original story by John Reinhard Robert Neville. Screen play by James Muller Robert Shannon and A. R. Perkins. Direct Sylvan Simon. The Cast: Doctor Valerie W Wendy Barrie; "Steve" Macy, Kent Taylor; Mischa Auer; Lola Carroll, Dorothea "Smitty," Frank Jenks; Kenneth Barton, Hunter; Doctor Paul Azarny, Gregory Gaye; Goddard, Samuel S. Hinds; Sergeant Tobery, Roach; Joseph, Frank Reicher; Train Con Christian Rub; Carney, Ted Osborne.

"ROSALIE"—M-G-M.—Based on a pla William Anthony McGuire and Guy B Screen play written and produced by W Anthony McGuire. Words and music by Porter. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The Dick Thorpe, Neison Eddy; Rosalie, El Powell; King, Frank Morgan; Queen, Edna Oliver; Bill Delroy, Ray Bolger; Brenda, Massey; Oloff, Billy Gilbert; Chancellor, Reg Owen; Prince Paul, Tom Rutherford; Ca Banner, Clay Clement; Mary Callahan, Vi Grey; General Maroff, George Zucco; Mr. Call Oscar O'Shea; Joseph, Jerry Colonna; Miss Janet Beecher.

"WISE GIRL"—RKO-RADIO.—Story by Scott and Charles Norman. Adapted by Scott. Directed by Leigh Jason. The Cast: Fletcher, Miriam Hopkins; John O'Halloran, Milland; Karl, Walter Abel; Mr. Fletcher, Stephenson; Dermont O'Neil, Alec Craig; Guinn Williams; Joan, Betty Philson; Marianna Strelby; Mrs. Bell-Rivington, Mar Dumont; George, Jean de Briac; Prince Mi Ivan Lebedeff; Prince Ivan, Rafael Storm; Leopold, Gregory Gaye; Detectives, Richard and Tom Kennedy.

"YOU'RE A SWEETHEART"—UNIVERS. Original story by Maxwell Shane and Bill Screen play by Monte Brice and Charles Gra Directed by David Butler. The Cast: Betty Alice Faye; Hal Adams, George Murphy; King, Ken Murray; Oswald, Oswald; Frances Hunt; Harry, Frank Jenks; Daisy Andy Devine; Edwards, William Gargan; Yes David Oliver; Cherokee Charlie, Charles Winni Jeeters, Donald Meek; The Harpist, Casper I don; and the Novelle Brothers, the Five Play and Edna Sedgwick.

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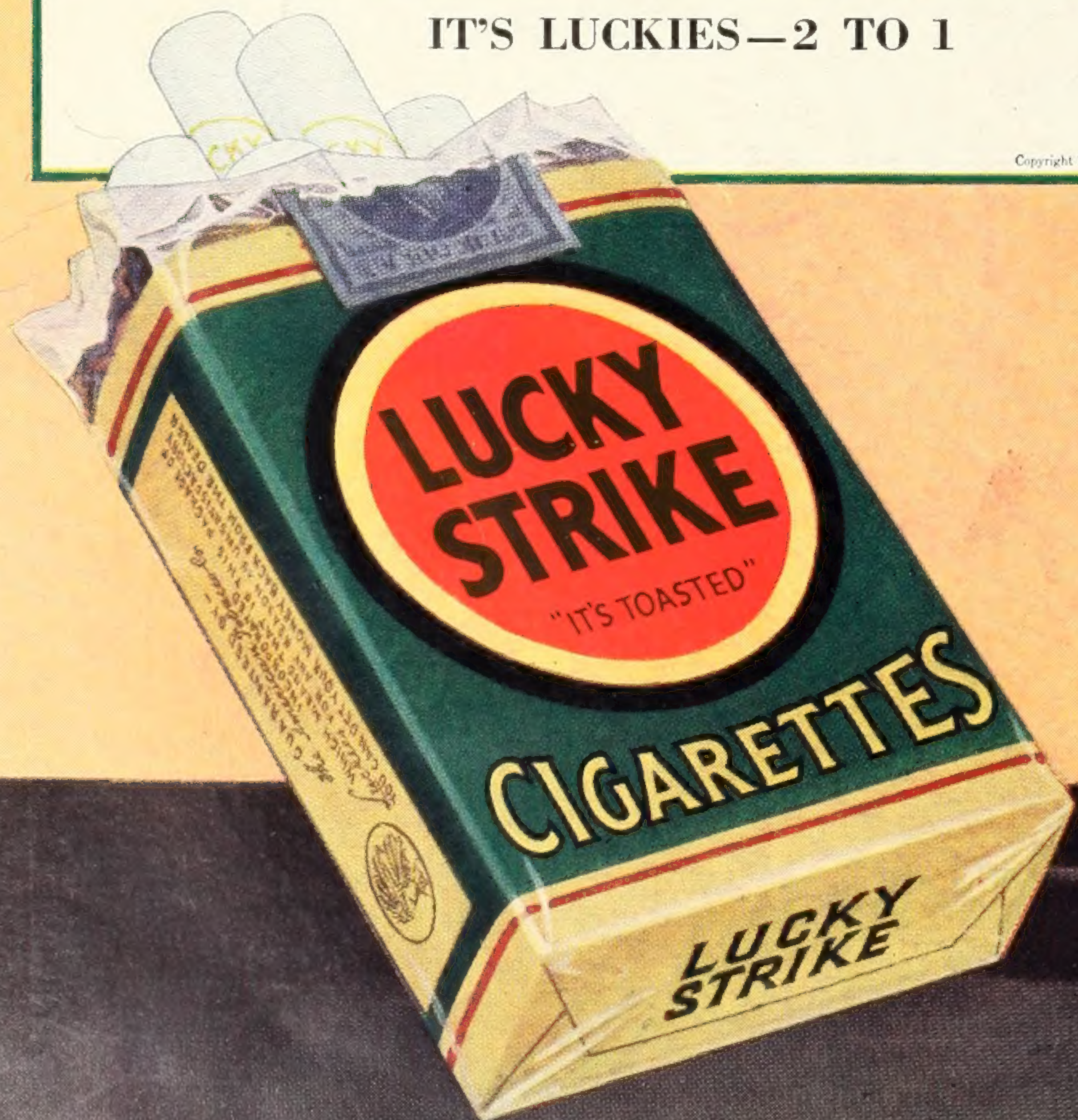
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